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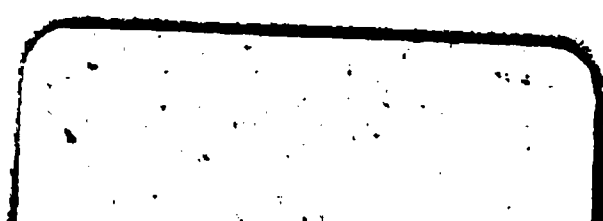
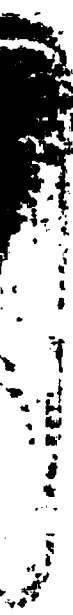
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THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE,
OR
Monthly Calendar
of the Transactions of
The Turf, The Chase,
AND
EVERY OTHER DIVERSION,
Interesting to the
Man of Pleasure, Enterprise & Spirit.
VOL. 21, NEW SERIES.
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Embellished with,

- I. Portraits of BLAST and BIJOU, two celebrated Greyhounds.
- II. WOODMAN, from a Painting by MR. J. PITMAN, of Worcester.

PORTRAITS OF THE TWO
CELEBRATED GREYHOUND
BITCHES, BLAST AND BIJOU.

THE above-named bitches, whose portraits embellish this Number of our work, were both very fast and close runners, and such killers that a hare seldom or ever escaped them. They were both bred by H. Biggs, Esq. of Stockton House, Wilts. The former was got by Mr. Pettat's Platoff, out of Bounty—the sort of which came from a celebrated kennel in Yorkshire. Bijou was got by Mr. S. Heathcote's red dog Hogarth, out of Fly, which was bred by the late Mr. Dalton.

The following are the performances of these greyhounds:—
BLAST.

At Amesbury November Meeting 1823, for the Cup, Mr. Biggs's blk. b. BLAST beat Mr. J. H. Vivian's bl. d. Valentine, Mr. Pettat's wh. b. Poll, Mr. Northey's blk. d. Newcomb, and Mr. Moffat Mills's blk. d. Marquis, and won the Cup. She also beat Marquis in a match for ten guineas.

At Deptford December Meeting 1823, for the Bitch Puppy Stake, three guineas each, BLAST beat Mr. Everett's blk. b. Erin, Sir Hussey Vivian's blk. b. Vapour, and Mr. Phelps's blk. b. Ray, and won the Stake.

A

At Ashdown Park February Meeting 1824, *for the Cup*, BLAST beat Lord Molineux's red and wh. d. Medlar, Mr. Edward Cripps's blk. b. Everlasting, Mr. Phelps's f. b. Rachel, and won the Cup by a toss, having run two severe undecided courses with Mr. Goodlake's f. d. Glow-worm.

At Amesbury November Meeting 1824, *for the Figheldean Stakes*, BLAST beat Mr. Dansey's blk. d. Dreamer, Mr. M. Mills's blk. b. Mouse, and Mr. Heathcote's yel. and wh. b. Harebell, and won the Stake.

At the Highclere December Meeting 1824, *for the Cup*, BLAST beat Dr. Meyrick's blk. b. Maid Molly, Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Gawrey, Mr. Chas. Long's blk. and wh. b. Leda, and Mr. Phelps's f. b. Ruby, and won the Cup.

At the Amesbury January Meeting 1825, *for the Tidworth Stakes*, BLAST beat Mr. Northey's blk. d. Nardock and Mr. Pettat's bl. b. Prattle, and won the Stake.

At First Union Meeting at Deptford 1825, *for the Cup*, BLAST beat Mr. Wyndham's blk. d. Woden, Sir H. Vivian's blk. d. Voltigeur, and Lord Molineux's red and wh. d. Medlar, and won the Cup. Blast won also many other matches.

BIJOU.

At the Deptford Meeting 1825, *for the Cup*, Mr. Biggs's w. b. BIJOU beat Mr. Capel's blk. b. Jemima, Mr. Phelps's red b. Rosebud (now Sir H. Vivian's *Votive*, who won the Gold Cup at the Deptford Union Meeting 1827), Mr. M. Mills's blk. d. Marmion (who won the Cup at Amesbury, January 1827), and also received a forfeit, and won the Cup.

BIJOU won many other matches and sweepstakes.

THE NEWMARKET OCTOBER MEETINGS.

SIR,

ON former occasions I have lamented that so little is to be seen on paper, and so little done on the turf at the First October Meeting. I can account for this in no other way than by the increasing sport at Doncaster, which so immediately precedes it, swallowing up as it were all other considerations connected with racing; besides the harass created by the extraordinary bustle of a long week's sport, long journeyings, and too often deranged finances—with the time too short for the fever to subside, the pocket to recruit, or the scene to become one of novelty. For the last thirty years, however, I never observed Newmarket suffering to the degree I saw it now, particularly when the fineness of the weather and the vast number of horses in training were considered.

At the mustering on the Heath at two o'clock on MONDAY, of charioteers, with horse and foot, I must own I never saw so scanty a meeting; and, what is worse, among the absentees were a great number of the turf's best supporters; but to our comfort, and as some prospect of their soon coming back, I assure you the show of fine, well-dressed, agreeable, pretty women, was never exceeded in the best of our days.

As usual, the first race was the Trial Stakes. Seven started, and kept well together, running more like trying for the prize than the speed of horses; presenting a well-dressed front for a long time, when the three best made an advance to do their utmost. Pastime went in first, well rode by

Robinson, little thought of; Belzoni, as little, second; and Lamplighter third, to the surprise and dismay of those who had backed him against the field at *six to four*, which was the current betting. Lamplighter must be going down the ladder a little. At one time he was thought to be as good as Pastime, giving his year away; or he has, which is most likely, been too long living in indulgence in the Colonel's country quarters, and has lost some of his discipline. If he was in the possession of certain people I could name, the jealous and discontented would have said, looking at the betting, "All is not right." But the characters of Colonel Wilson and Frank Buckle are above all suspicion—leaving nothing more to be said, than "one man may steal a horse, while another must not look over the hedge!"

The next race in a great measure goes to prove this position. Glenartney was as *great a favorite* in this, the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, as Lamplighter was in the former; but with the betting only at *five to four* on him against the field. Eight came to the post, in better twig, as they call it, than they had met for the Derby; but even this difference, both in health and condition, could not wipe away the false notions many had imbibed at Epsom. Being now handsomely paid for, I shall leave them in quiet possession; or, as I have some friends amongst them, will borrow a hint from my birthday (which is just over), and wish them "many happy returns of the day." In describing this race, the same words as those used in the Trial Stakes would explain it—they started the same; came together the same; the favorite took

the same place in front; lost it the same; and was placed third the same—a very bad place indeed, being more than twenty yards from the winning horses. The winner, Espagnolle, was finely rode by Frank Boyce. He ran a long way in distress, pretty well knocked about by Gaberlunzie, a large horse, also in distress, second; but a judicious little pull, and a small ascent in the ground, gave the little horse the advantage of a *head*, and did not, I assure you, Mr. Editor, leave the jockey without one.

We had four races on the TUESDAY; the first, 50gs. free for any horse, weight for age, beginning at four-year-olds and upwards, Beacon Course. Mortgage, Black Swan, and Memnon, only entered. Memnon could not have lost, if he had started; but, as kings do handsome things to their subjects, it is but fair that subjects should shew they are sensible of them. Mortgage and Black Swan should have started; but, either through mistake or obstinacy, Mortgage ran the four miles alone, went home, and was just upon the point of "setting a feeding," when a messenger was sent after him, saying it was a false start (out of compliment and in imitation of Doncaster); so the poor fellow had to walk over again, and run back against the Black Swan, making it a trip altogether of sixteen miles; but his winning quite in a canter did away with the vexation.

The Duke of Grafton's Problem 8st. 7lb., beat Lord Jersey's Dragon, 8st. 11lb. Here the elder Buckle gave us as fine a specimen of jockeyship, though more than sixty years old, as any "prime-of-life" man in this or any other age;

and, could I trust the friendship I bear him, I should say far superior.

Mr. Mills's Lunacy beat the Duke of Grafton's Chloris very easy. Sam Day's fine riding was more than sufficient.

Sir John Shelley's Johnny, 8st. 7lb. beat Mr. Prendergast's Garnish, 7st. 11lb.—a very fine race. Jem Robinson rode the winner, to whom we are mainly indebted for the hearty laugh and smiling face of the merry Baronet.

We had only one race on WEDNESDAY, which was the Newmarket St. Leger; and out of the fifteen named in it, five only started, which all got places. High odds again on Glenartney:—The same infatuation prevailed in the people, who would not be denied, but persevered, as if his list of winnings exceeded in number the Duke of Wellington's victories; whereas he has never won a race yet, and in my opinion never will, so long as he meets better horses than himself; which he has hitherto done. There is no doubt but the horse *can run*, and that his owner would let him *win if he could*. Then, as an excuse for losing their money (for few people wish in right earnest to be thought fools), they say the horse is bad tempered. I grant he is; but having seen all his public races, I have observed invariably that he becomes angry when he becomes distressed, and is cursedly tormented by the whip and spur. I know that even my own sweet temper would be a little ruffled under similar treatment. They had much better say, they were dazzled by appearances; for he is, I have no doubt, the finest creature as a horse living; but what has that to do with speed? He is also of the most extraordinary bulk; but what has that to

do with strength? In the race before us he had every chance of proving what was said of him for the Derby. Good play was made for him; the distance and form of the ground were similar; he got the whip hand, with every other advantage; as well as the place of second, to which he is accustomed. When the three that followed him—Turcoman, Snowdrop, and Theorem—all but stood still, Buckle, on the Antiope colt, at last a very easy winner, acknowledges that he was very much frightened considerably within a hundred yards of home. But Glenartney is a very decisive character. When he once finds himself in difficult circumstances, he immediately gives all up as lost—no hope, no perseverance; neither will coaxing, threatening, nor actual punishment have any effect upon him, unless to make him stand still a little sooner. The Antiope colt is a beautiful little horse, just returned from Doncaster, where he had run for the St. Leger under very unfavorable circumstances, his feet being so bad at the time that plates could not properly be put upon them: but, barefooted and unfortunate as he was, he was amongst the throng of the body of the horses. For the Newmarket Leger he ran in shoes, which seemed to answer all the purposes of dancing pumps. Besides affording greater protection to the foot, they kept on more securely.

For the Town Plate, on THURSDAY, the entry was not only small as to numbers, but poor in pretensions, with the exception perhaps of Grampus, who was a decided favorite. The race was, as might be expected from the materials, a slow performance. A cry was

raised, just after passing the Duke's stand, in favour of Mr. Goddard's Anticipation colt, who, for the moment, seemed to have something left; but his courage, and the noise that seemed to raise it, died away together, leaving the emoluments, which are small, and the honours which are still smaller, in the possession of Mr. Wyndham and Grampus.

The next was a race arising out of peculiar circumstances, which I take upon myself to say should never be resorted to. A man's character ought not to be placed in a situation in which it might be affected by the hazardous changes everlastingly taking place in horse-racing. It may be remembered that Goshawk and Recruit ran a Match some time back, which Goshawk won. A reflection was cast upon Robinson, the then rider of Recruit, that this was not Recruit's form; out of which so much anger arose, that Robinson lost a good master in the Marquis of Exeter, and his Lordship a most excellent servant in the person of James Robinson. In this match, which was for 100 sovs. each, with weights, ground, and distance precisely as before, Recruit won; so that Robinson lost on both horses; and to those who did not see the race, *appearing in error*—proving also, as I said before, that a man ought not to place his reputation on things so precarious; for Goshawk would not run with him a single yard.

The next was a Handicap Stakes, six subscribers, 10 sovs. each, Ditch Mile, which Upas won, rode by his owner, Mr. George Edwards the jockey. The youngster, finding he had been pretty well treated by the handicap makers, went off at a first-rate pace, and was never

headed. Moslem was second, but without a chance of winning.

The King's Plate, for 100gs. Round Course, the last day of the meeting, and the last race of the day—Monarch and Lamplighter carrying 10st. 7lb. each, as four-year-olds, and Chateaux Margaux 11st. 7lb. for being five. These were all that came to the post. More, most probably, would have been brought out, but for the dreaded name of *Chateau Margaux*, who, after all, proved as innocent as a bettermost sort of small beer. Monarch, hacked about the country as he had been, made the running, which was not only *true*, but far from *slow*; the others following very *respectably*, when the weights, and the *ifs* and *buts* as to condition are considered. At about two hundred yards from home the three were head for head, each at his best; when Monarch first shewed symptoms of defeat; Lamplighter then caught the infection, and his hymen-like torch burnt blue, leaving Chateau Margaux to find his own way. In making too free, however, in ascending a small rise in the ground, Chateau was in his turn compelled to fall back, till he again came abreast with the Lamplighter, making a dead heat of it; sorely against his will. Colonel Wilson and Mr. Wyndham then agreed to divide the Plate between them, fearing that if they ran another heat, which must have been desperate, the horses in their present state would run great risk of being spoiled. Lamplighter afterwards walked over. The betting, which was two to one on Chateau, was then settled in the following way: the man that betted ten pounds to five, put the two sums together, then each taking half

would leave the better of the odds, a loser of 2l. 10s.—Thus ended a spiritless meeting.

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

The increased bustle in the town, and a well-covered list of great matches, good Sweepstakes, large sums of money, and high-sounding names, gave promise of a brilliant Meeting; and, as far as wealth, grandeur, and numbers of strangers go, I am ready to admit that it was a very good one: but in the regular substantial turf supporters, I fancy I see a woful falling off both in numbers and spirit. Three forfeits out of four matches for the first day will go some way to prove it.

The first race was a Handicap for three-year-olds, 10 sovs. each. Lord Wharncliffe's Carthusian won it, carrying the top weight all but 4lbs. in such a canter, that, had his been the highest weight, with three in addition, he could not have lost it. Memina was a bad second; and the rest, five or six in number, no where.

One third of a Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, was the next object of attraction. Gaberlunzie, the favorite at almost any odds, won it—his natural great stride making it so easy that it was very little more fatiguing than a walk over—Colonel Wilson's Rubens filly second, and the other two quite lost.

Donna Clara, 8st. 5lb. beat Lord Exeter's Pantina filly, 8st. 2lb., the latter scarcely going fast enough to keep the other in a gallop.

For a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, four subscribers, T. Y. C. four young ones started. A Merlin colt (now called Richmond), his dam Mona, won it easy; Mr. Greville's Elinor second; Bernardo,

mentioned in the Derby for the last time I should think now, being beat fifty yards, at a slow pace, third.

The last race of the day was the Garden Stakes, for which six started—Souvenir first, Babel second, making but a poor show. The owner of Babel may accuse himself of rashness in trying to give such a smart little thing as Souvenir nearly two stone at this time of the year. If he had cast his eye upon old Sligo, which was last, he might see there what weight will do.

Lord Tavistock's Hostage by Abjer, his dam Pledge, beat in a match Mr. Mills's Lunacy. This was the first race on TUESDAY. George Edwards rode Hostage in rather a superior style. Sam Day upon Lunacy looked somewhat crazy; to be sure, a beaten horse does not shew a man to the greatest advantage. At the Bushes he exhibited no unfavorable symptoms; made his running into Abingdon's Mile Bottom in perfect sanity; took a gentle pull, which was all well enough; but in making his last rush, he was *outrageously* too late.

Fifty Pounds for two-year-old colts and fillies, Two-year-old Course. Twelve started, or rather should have started. They succeeded, however, after at least twenty attempts, and an hour's miserable suspense, to get off, some in good and some in bad situations, depending at last altogether on accident. By way of amends they ultimately made one of the finest races of it ever seen, finishing with a dead heat between Lord Exeter's Tramp filly, her dam Bess, and Mr. Bush's Pentagon filly, by Skim; after which the Bess filly walked over. She having some good engagements, a compromise

must have taken place, though from all we could see, Bess would have won had they tried another heat.

For the Clearwell Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., nine started and seven paid. Here we had again a number of false starts. Surely these *tricks* ought to be looked into; for I will take upon myself to say that in nine cases out of ten they are nothing else. Indeed it runs in families. If a gentleman has a horse so badly broke that he will not start—or has the misfortune, which much oftener happens, of having a jockey too obstinate to let him—it is too bad that the well-disposed should suffer, by having a poor young thing half galloped to death before the race takes place. Why not, at the end of three starts, let those which are left behind remain so, and he who chooses to retain a bad tempered horse or a stupid jockey in his possession, be the only sufferer? When they did get off, we had a very fine race. Chiffney rode the Quail colt by Merlin (called Merchant), and won in his fine favorite stile; waiting patiently behind while the others cut each other up, till within about seventy yards of home, when he made one of those grand rushes, which appear in *him at times*, when the race will admit of it, like something beyond the natural powers of man. Mr. Wyndham's Urganda was second. The pace was good; so good, that if this is the worst of Mr. Thornhill's three for the Derby, he has some trimmers behind.

WEDNESDAY.—One race only, but of great interest—the Oatlands Stakes of 30 sovs. each, Bunbury's mile. Six started and one paid—Helenus—in consequence of his match the next day.

They got off very well together, with strong running by the light weights. John Day rode Pastime, the winner, carrying 9st. 6lb. in a way that does him credit; giving every pound of her *great load* due consideration; waiting against the hills with the greatest forbearance; making his running on that ground best suited to her circumstances; creeping up at last inch by inch, and winning by a head only—Brocard second, beating Recruit, who was third, by a head; so that the heads of the first three were as beads upon a string. If the weights given by Pastime are investigated, this performance places her as the first racer in the South; and were she matched against any other she would find plenty of backers.

THURSDAY.—The first race was a Handicap Plate of 100l. for four, five, six, and aged horses, Across the Flat. Lamplighter was made to give Goshawk, the winner, 11lbs. at high weights, both of a year, and Shigo, till now considered a good fair horse, 7lbs. and two years, with similar favours to others. There appeared to be eight in the race as they passed the judge. Goshawk won rather cleverly, rode by Robinson; The Vicar second—the only two placed. A complaint was brought to the stewards that the rider of Goshawk started after he was *by* the post, and not *at* it. This, with Epsom and Doncaster fresh in memory, made them hastily conclude that the second horse should have the Plate; but on investigation it turned out that Robinson was not the transgressor this time. Much angry feeling being raised (and justly too) against such unfair conduct, a mode of punish-

ment is in contemplation against future offenders.

Lord Exeter's Redgauntlet, 8st. 2lb., beat Mr. Payne's Helenus, 8st. 7lb. The start and pace throughout were tremendously fast; but at the end, it became evident that the 5lbs. given might be safely taken off without danger to Redgauntlet.

Belzoni won the Second Class of the Oatlands rather cleverly, and is now within about 7lbs. of the horse he always promised to be, both this year and last: Protestant, a three-year-old, receiving 23lbs., close up to his heels, *second*: four others, all bad, and in bad places.

Mr. Irby's Toso, or rather Mr. Buckle on Toso, beat Mr. Payne's Babel, the latter giving 27lbs. All the latter part of the race Babel, though going her best pace, was held fast, while Toso, in appearance, ran a long way suffering severely under defeat: but Buckle contrived to reserve a little, and so thoroughly concealed it from his opponent, that in a well-chosen moment he so used it as to win the race.

A large field for the Town Plate of 50l., the winner to be sold for 200gs. if claimed according to the conditions. Garnish won rather handsomely; Lionel Lincoln second: but respectable as he is, he did not claim the winner; neither did any of the rest that I have heard of, though it is said she had the honour of trying Mr. Thornhill's colt, and other good winners.

On FRIDAY, Lord Anson's Noureddin attempted to give the Duke of Richmond's Gulnare (the winner of the Oaks) 11lbs. for the year, but failed.

Mr. Greville tried to do the same with Dandelion against Oppidon, Brother to Colleger, giving 26lbs., with the same success—the ground in the most perfect state for horses giving weight.

Renewal of the Prendergast Stakes of 50 sovs. each, twenty-seven subscribers.—About twelve came to the post, making a splendid show, and, considering their ages, and a little lecturing on *false starts*, got off well together; Chiffney on Merchant, by Merlin, out of Quail, very soon took his favorite situation, rather in the rear of those contending with the most energy, watching as it were for the moment of their greatest distress, when he rushed by them without opposition, took the lead in the most gallant style, threatening with one hand certainly, but holding his horse under restraint by the other, and won with splendid superiority—Lord Exeter's Folly colt second; but, like the rest, without a chance, unless the *Merchant* had become *bankrupt*. Indeed, he was not considered *solvent* a few days before, besides having a bad cough.

We had the Frogmore Stakes (for a finish) of 100 sovs. each, thirteen subscribers. Three only came to the post. Espagnolle, the winner, took the lead, always to appearance with comfort to himself, and misery of his followers. Grampus ran a good horse, and a good second—Glenartney a bad third, and a great rogue.

The Nobility and Gentry remained with us to the last; amongst them we remarked "Mr. Mathews at Home."

Yours, &c. OBSERVATOR.

Norfolk, Oct. 20, 1827.

CRICKET—NEW SYSTEM OF THROWING.

SIR,
THE Cricket season has closed with the match between Sussex and Kent, with Saunders and Searle given. You doubtless are furnished with a statement of the game, and I need not trouble you with the full particulars. Sussex won by seven wickets, but they added nothing to their former fame. They brought into the field the strongest eleven they ever played—much stronger than that with which they played All England—whilst the Kent were astonishingly weak. Ashby, Mills the thrower, and Mr. Jenner, failed to attend, and their places were supplied by three gentlemen on the ground, who kindly did their best, but were found no very formidable opponents. Caldecott played in the room of another absentee, and in batting was a desirable acquisition. Throwing was the order of the day; but, on the part of Kent, there appeared no thrower or bowler, except Mr. George Knight. Searle, however, was tried, and luckily performed very well. Kent went in first, and obtained eighty-eight runs. Sussex headed them fifty-three runs. Searle and Caldecott then went in, and forty-one runs were scored without a wicket. This was the most interesting period of the game, there being a difference of only twelve runs, and Caldecott and Searle in fine batting. Dinner was then announced; and after dinner Searle and Caldecott soon lost their wickets, and with them all hope of a good match vanished.

Nothing but the powerful play of Saunders could redeem the game, and he was bowled by Brown

just as he had begun his brilliant hitting. Sussex were put in the last innings for forty-eight runs, of which twenty-three were got by W. Broadbridge, who ought to have been caught by Mr. Dyke soon after he went in. Some other chances were missed, and the fielding of Kent, upon the whole, was bad. Many were very stiff and slow in getting to the ball; and their inactivity was obvious, even contrasted with the Sussex, who may be characterised as hard, steady, and veteran-like players, but mostly destitute of the life and buoyancy of spirit which enable men to accomplish wonders in the field.

It is in fielding that gentlemen ought to be superlatively excellent; and though some of the most splendid players of the day are of that class, it is grievous to know that the majority of gentlemen field badly; and for this reason, principally, that in practice their whole attention is devoted to batting, instead of being equally divided between that and fielding. None can excel in fielding that are not fond of it for its own sake.

It is a singular circumstance, that Lillywhite did not hit a wicket during the whole match, nor was the wicket at which he threw hit by either of the other side.

I must now make a few remarks on the system of throwing, which has been acted on so much this season, and which Mr. G. Knight and a few others wish permanently continued. At present you are aware it is not allowed by the articles of cricket, and I have yet heard no sufficient reason for its introduction.

It is agreed that the game is now generally too long; and, it is

said, it would be curtailed by the throwing. This I do not admit. I think fewer runs would be obtained, but that the game, after a time, would be equally long. I consider it would engender a stiff, tame, cautious mode of play, with only now and then a mow, or a chopping hit. The fine lively scientific hitting would be lost. There would be comparatively no cutting to the point or slip; no turning to hit to the leg (for a thrown ball shoots too quickly); and no driving forward.

I have bestowed much pains in learning the sentiments of not only performers but cricket spectators, and I venture to assert that nine-tenths of the cricket world are against the proposed alteration of the existing rule.

The Marylebone Club are looked up to as the legislators in cricket; their authority has never hitherto been disputed; and if they mean to preserve their power and influence, let them, like other wise law-givers, respect the feelings of their subjects.

Introduce throwing, and three-fourths of the present lovers of cricket will cease to have an interest in the game. They will be unable to appreciate a style of play they have never learned; and with those advanced in years, it will cease to revive recollections of their youthful days, and will produce nothing but disappointment and disgust. The County of Sussex, from throwing being allowed, has attained a celebrity it never before acquired; but, even there, the feeling is decidedly against the system.

Those who excel in throwing naturally wish the system success; and among these must be reckoned Mr. G. Knight, a very power-

ful supporter: but he is too liberal, I trust, to force down the throats of the public what is nauseous and revolting, merely because it happens to suit his palate; and I am sure his zeal, activity, science, and manliness, will ensure him a sufficient reputation as a cricket player, without resort being had to a system in which he may shine for a time, but where he may be eclipsed next year by many men who know nothing of the principle of cricket, who could never distinguish themselves in a legitimate way, but who may chance to discover a happy knack of throwing a ball.

Of this I am satisfied, that if throwing be allowed, there will be not more than half a dozen grounds in the kingdom where cricket can with safety be played; and very many members of the Marylebone Club (though they keep to their own ground) will, with shattered limbs, have to deplore the alteration in the law: for let them not suppose they have yet had a fair trial of the throwing, although Beagley and others were invalided at the last Sussex and All England match. The wolf has hitherto appeared in sheep's clothing, in order that alarm might not be excited.

When throwing is once established, Broadbridge and others will shew that they cannot be faced on hard ground without the most imminent peril. I despise danger as much as any man, and have no anxiety on my own account—though I confess it would not be pleasant to receive an injury in the month of May that would deprive me of all play for the remainder of the season—but there are many men to whom broken fingers, straight joints, &c.

might prove of the most serious consequence. That the players, or professors as they are now ridiculously enough termed, are against the system, is evinced by the declaration published in your July Number. Of that declaration I disapprove, and I am happy to find it never was intended for publication.

The All England match was purely experimental, and not subject to the rules of cricket as far as concerned bowling. This the players understood, and they acted upon the understanding by playing the first two matches; but when taunted they forgot this, and signed the declaration, but never authorized its publication; they afterwards saw their error, and made a proper acknowledgment to Mr. Kingscote, the maker of the match, one of their best friends.

I believe, Mr. Editor, you concur with me in hoping that throwing will not be allowed: rather widen or heighten the wickets, which would induce freedom of play; or even, if necessary, admit the straight-armed bowling, allowing it to go as high as the shoulder, *so that the back of the hand be kept under when the ball is delivered.* But the best remedy that I can suggest is, to begin the game at nine o'clock, instead of eleven or twelve, and the grandest matches would then be disposed of in two days, in fine weather.—I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

A LOVER OF CRICKET.

SNIPES AND GROUSE SHOOTING.

SIR,
BEING encouraged by your invitation to "Lovers of the Trigger" (in the last October Num-

ber) to send any practical hints on shooting, I beg to offer these few observations; for, if nothing more, I think I may without danger style myself a lover of the sport.

Your correspondent Bognor-Ten, amongst his thoughts on snipe shooting, says, that snipes ought always to be sought for down wind, in which respect I cannot agree with him; for, undoubtedly, if they have the wind in their favour, their flight must be greatly assisted by it, and also the noise of your approach must reach them much sooner. The great scarcity of birds of this description to what is remembered twenty-five years ago, is much to be lamented, arising not only from the draining of land, but undoubtedly from the increased number of shooters in this improving age. But enough of snipes.

It has struck me as to the breeding of grouse, that frequently the prevalence of bad windy weather during the first ten days' shooting, makes sportsmen imagine it a bad year, when that is not really the case; for no sort of shooting depends so much on the weather as that of grouse; and, from the exposed situations in which they are found, the wind of course has much greater power, and the birds in consequence of it are continually on the run, never lying still as on a quiet fine day. When grouse shooting in windy weather, the only chance you have is, directly your dog points to make a large circle, so as to get the birds between you and him; but frequently, even if you do this, the birds rise a couple of hundred yards off, perhaps unseen by any of the party, who consequently imagine the dog is to blame for making a false point.

I think setters, for moor shooting, are infinitely to be preferred to pointers, for their superior speed and wider range: that breed of black ones, called (I believe) the Duke of Athol's breed, in my opinion surpasses any other, both for staunchness and beauty.

As I fear I have already trespassed too far on your pages, I will conclude with the motto of a volume on sporting most highly and justly approved of—

Si quid novisti rectius istis
Candidus imperti, si non, his utere mecum.

AN AMATEUR.

October 2d.

ANSWERS TO RACING QUESTIONS.

SIR,

AS none of your correspondents have yet sent you any answer to the racing questions of ONE AS CAN GO, in your Magazine for August last, I beg to offer you an opinion on each, which if you think possess sufficient weight to claim a place in your columns, you will oblige by inserting them; and should any of your correspondents differ in opinion with me, I shall be happy to see them adduce some substantial reason why they think I have viewed the subject in a wrong light.

I am, Mr. Editor, yours, &c.

ALFRED HIGHFLYER.

IN cases of dispute on racing matters, much generally depends on the wording of the stake in question; but I wish it to be understood, that, in the following opinions, I am supposing the whole power of decision to be invested in the Steward alone.

First, then, I conceive, that a Steward has an undoubted right

to prevent, *even by force*, any horse running for a stake for which he is disqualified; because the running of an additional horse in a stake will often cause a considerable difference in the running of the other horses; and should the owner of the unqualified horse entertain any animosity against the owner of any of the qualified horses (which is not unfrequently the case), it is affording him an opportunity of taking every advantage to revenge himself on that person, by running his horse (if it is even unfairly) so as to defeat the horse of the individual against whom he holds unfriendly feelings, and thus prevent him from winning the stake: and though he knows he cannot possibly possess any hope of obtaining the stake himself, acts like "the dog in the manger," and does his utmost to prevent others.

And again, if the Stewards, or any other authority, did not possess the power of preventing an unqualified horse from starting, any individual might start both a thorough-bred and a half-bred horse, and make the thorough-bred one run, to be subservient to the interest of his other horse.

Secondly. I conceive the owner of any horse brought out to start for a half-bred stake must produce, before starting, a certificate from the breeder of the pedigree of his horse, which must prove, *beyond doubt*, that he is either got by a *known* half-bred horse, or that the dam is not thorough-bred; and if the owner has a clear and well-attested pedigree of the horse, I consider that is quite satisfactory; but should the pedigree be a thorough-bred one with the exception of a single cross, and that cross be doubtful, then I think the owner ought to be compelled to prove,

from some undoubted source, that *that* cross is *not* a thorough-bred one.

Thirdly. I beg to observe I do not think that any Steward ought to dispense with the producing of the certificate of a horse, because he has (perhaps through the negligence or indifference of some other Steward) been permitted to run in public for half-bred stakes before that time; but that he ought himself to examine the pedigree, and be satisfied that the horse is duly qualified before he permits him to start: or, if he cannot at the moment be perfectly satisfied, he ought only to permit him to start and run on the contingency, that, should he win, the stake will be withheld until the owner succeeds in satisfying him of the qualification of his horse. The want of this precaution on the part of the Stewards of Croxton Park Meeting 1825, permitted Tom Paine (*alias Tyball*) to start and win the Billesdon Coplow, and his owner in consequence received the stake; though, had the Stewards sought into the qualification of Tom Paine, and not said they were satisfied that he was a half-bred horse, because he had been permitted to run in public for so many half-bred stakes prior to that time, Bogtrotter would have been declared (which he undoubtedly was) the winner, and his owner would have received the stake.

Lastly. When a person has a well-attested pedigree from the breeder, I do not see the necessity of producing a certificate from the breeder of the dam; because, if it became a practice, in many cases it would be impossible to obtain it, as perhaps the individual might be deceased, or his name or residence not known.

CAPPED HOCKS.

SIR,

IN answer to the inquiry on the subject of "Capped Hocks," I beg to inform you that this disease consists in an enlargement of the capsule of the hock; it is in fact nothing more than a diseased *bursa mucosa*. The extensor tendon of the *gastrocnemius externus* muscle is implanted into the summit of the *os calcis*; and that of the *gastrocnemius internus* passes over the *externus* (the relative situations of the tendons of these muscles being reversed at the hock), embracing it, and forming, by its partial implantation into the sides of that bone, by means of cellular membrane, a *theca*, or sheath over it. There is considerable motion going on between these tendons, so that it was necessary some provision should be made to guard against friction; and, for this purpose, the cavity between them, which is circumscribed, is lined for about an inch above and below the point of the hock by a thin pellucid membrane, the surface of which secretes, and is lubricated by, a synovial fluid.

A blow on the hock, either from kicking in harness or against the stall (which is mostly the cause of the disease), will occasion inflammation in this delicate membrane; this increased vascular action will cause a preternatural accumulation of the secretion, whereby the sac is over-distended, and the enlargement in question produced.

Bursæ mucosæ are not very sensible parts, and pain is rarely an attendant; consequently lameness is not often a result, unless they become so large as to interfere with the motions of a joint. Cold applications, or some evaporating and disaectient lotion, if applied in the early stage, will usually cause them

to be absorbed ; if of longer standing, a blister may be necessary.

In chronic cases there is often an alteration of the synovial fluid itself, and it becomes inspissated : there is also often found on dissection a thickening of the tendinous cap itself : such resist our attempts to disperse, and remain permanent blemishes.

I am Sir, your obedient servant,
V. S.

October 9, 1827.

MEASURING HORSES FOR GIVE- AND-TAKE PLATES.

SIR,
SOME time since a give-and-take plate (a system of racing for which horses, &c. carried a certain weight according to their height and age, which some years ago was very popular on the turf, though now nearly forgotten) was run for by ponies in Scotland ; and previous to the animals being weighted, much disputation took place as to the usual manner of measuring them—some arguing, that the owner was allowed to stretch the animal's legs as far asunder as possible, and thus to reduce his height when measured with the standard ; some, that they were not allowed to be stretched at all ; and others, that they were permitted to be stretched, but only to a certain extent. The difference of opinion on this point caused the stake, after it had been run for, to be withheld in dispute, and information was sought from several quarters on the subject. On application at Newcastle upon Tyne, where one of the parties recollected to have seen give-and-take plates run for, no satisfactory answer could be obtained, though the stone on which the horses [were

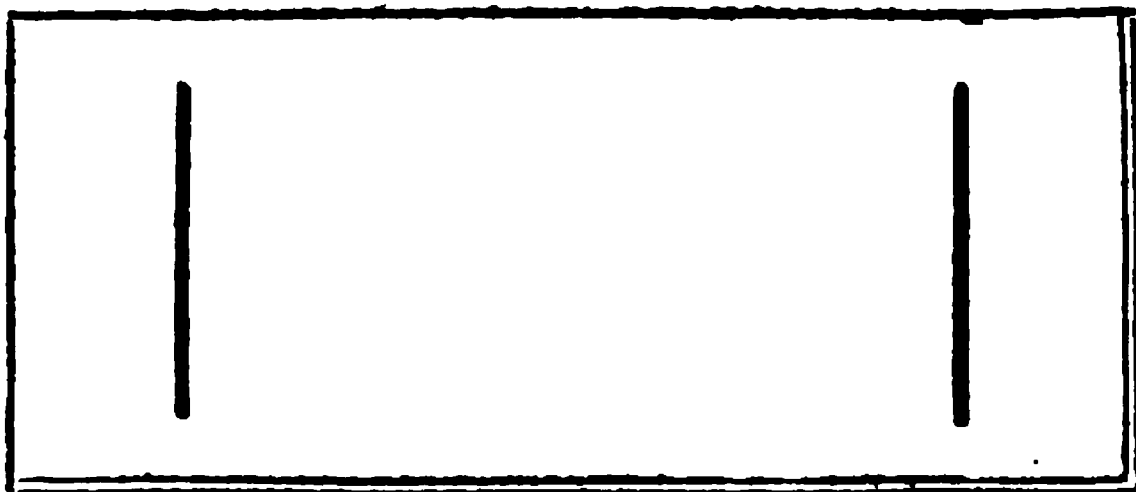
measured had only been removed a very few years. Other applications at various places met with like unsatisfactory answers, till at last application was made to me to solve this query. I was of opinion that they were allowed to extend the legs of the animal only to a certain extent ; but as I did not exactly know how far, I set about finding it out, and, after several unsuccessful inquiries, at last obtained the desired information through an old veteran, who for great many years has been employed as a ditcher and repairer on the York race course. He told me that he recollected having assisted in measuring the horses at York for give-and-take plates some years ago, and that they were always measured on a flat stone in one of the rubbing houses situated on the course near to the Grand Stand. It occurred to me that the stone might possibly be still remaining, and at my request he accompanied me to ascertain ; when on digging the dirt away we found it there perfect and entire, where I believe it is to this day. The stone fully corroborated the old man's account of the mode of measuring the horses. He told me that the owners were allowed to extend the animal's legs apart to a certain mark, which was cut on the stone, and no farther. He also informed me, that among one of "*the tricks of the turf*" at that time, it was a practice to make the horse shrink down when touched by any thing on his withers ; and thus, when they felt the standard, they, from use, would crouch a little, which of course made them appear less than they really were, and entitled them to carry a less weight than they ought in the race. This practice the stable lads used to train

them to, by constantly napping them on the part with a stick.

This little anecdote may perhaps be disbelieved by some of your sporting readers ; but I have subsequently been told the same by old turfmen, and am therefore inclined to give implicit belief to it ;

for we well know that the sagacious animal, the horse, can almost be taught (except the power of speech) to do anything that is desired.

The stone is six feet four inches long, and three feet three inches broad, and presents the following simple appearance :—



The two lines on the stone are, from my own measurement, five feet distant from each other, which was the space allowed between the animal's fore and hind feet, and the length of each line is two feet, which was the space allowed between the two fore feet, as also the same between the two hind feet.

The evidence of this individual, together with the appearance of the stone, in my humble opinion fully answered all inquiries on the subject, and the information was transmitted to the quarter where it was wanted, and I believe settled the dispute ; but as the case has never appeared in print, and being anxious that the old rules of the turf may not be buried in oblivion, I have taken the liberty of sending you an account of the circumstance for insertion in your valuable Magazine, where it may be placed for reference, and answer any inquiries that may be made on the subject at some future period, when both you and I may have run

our race, and reached the ending post of this short life.

I am, yours, &c.

ALFRED HIGHFLYER.

SHOOTING NOT ALWAYS SPORTING.

SIR,

I Have been much amused with the various accounts I have read in your interesting publication of the sport, in shooting, which some persons have had during the present and few last seasons. A few individuals seem indeed, of late years, to have taken some pains to advertize their feats, as if they thought the sport of shooting depended on the quantity of game which might be destroyed in a certain number of hours. Now I think all sportsmen will agree with me that this is not the case ; for in the present mode of *battue* shooting, and having men to beat up the game instead of using dogs, the manly way of sporting is entirely lost. It certainly is shoot-

ing, but it can scarcely be called sporting. Formerly, and indeed in many instances even now, the sportsman goes out with his brace of pointers, or his spaniels, attended by his keeper and servant, and perhaps a pony, and, trusting to his dogs for the game he may find, bags his twenty or thirty brace of birds, or his ten brace of pheasants, with hares, &c. for which he has probably fagged hard—whilst another, with numerous keepers, and attendants to fly his paper hawk, and having a double-gun always ready loaded for him, kills his hundred brace of birds with little or no fatigue but that of firing his gun. I believe it has never yet been tried to what extent this kind of sporting might be carried.

I am very fond of sporting, and have shot for a number of years, and have no doubt there are more good shots than there used to be, for there are a great many more people who shoot; but there were many formerly, and there are a great number now, whose names never appear in print, quite equal, either at pigeons or game, with those who are so continually advertised. I subscribe to your Magazine, and I constantly read the daily papers. I may, of course, credit your accounts of sporting incidents, and theirs, where names are mentioned.

I find, on reference to your Magazines of 1825, that Sir Charles Cuyler, on the 1st of September in that year, bagged, in two hours and thirty-five minutes, one hundred and three partridges.

In your last Number, I observe that on the 1st of September 1827, Colonel Hawker bagged fifty-one brace of birds and a hare.

You do not mention, whether he used charges of cavalry. On the 17th of September, Mr. Osbaldeston killed ninety-four brace of birds, twenty-three hares, and four rabbits. The shooting of Sir Charles Cuyler throws the others quite into obscurity.

I find, on reference to Mr. Daniel (*Daniel's Rural Sports*)—and I may of course credit his accounts of sporting incidents—that in 1801 Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, bagged, in five days, seven hundred and twenty-six partridges; *i. e.* for five days, seventy-two brace and a half per day. In the year 1797, in Germany, Prince Lichtenstein and eleven other gentlemen killed in one day, being out fourteen hours, thirty-nine thousand pieces of game, chiefly hares and partridges; and in a very short space of time, the King of Naples and Sir William Hamilton, in the neighbourhood of Casarte, killed eight hundred head of game, of which six hundred and forty were partridges.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Sevenoaks, October 3, 1827.

FISHING NETS.

SIR,

AN inquiry respecting a *fishing net* appears at page 421 of your last Magazine. The best net for taking the species of fish described, is the *flew net*, inch-and-half mesh, and the trammel, or walling, twelve inches, and to be hung *square*, not *diamond-wise*. The *lint* for a *flew*, *twenty yards long and eight feet deep*, should be *sixty yards* in length, and *eighteen feet* in depth. This proportion will admit of so much

play, that no fish that once touches can extricate itself. In the capture of *pike* and *tench*, this instrument will be eminently useful; *carp* will not readily strike a flew; and *eels*—unless in small meshed ones that entangle roach, which the eel tries to seize in the net—are seldom taken. The flew must be drawn quietly across the canal—no beating or disturbing the water, by way of *driving* the fish. After allowing the net to stand a few hours in one spot, shift it to another. If the water is to be *ferretted* with a *drag net*, use *two* flews, one placed before, the other behind the drag—the *latter* will be most destructive, as large fish always try to escape the drag, by returning with velocity to the water that has been swept by the drag, through any unevenness of the bottom of the river or canal, that has occasioned the lifting up of its *lead line*.

N. B. If the *lint* of the flew is made of *silk*, although more expensive *at first*, it will, with care, be cheapest *in the end*.

October 10, 1827.

W. B. D.

HINTS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN.

WE have been favored with the perusal of a little work, intitled *Hints to Young Sportsmen on the Art of Shooting Flying*, which, as far as it goes, is well enough; but we think more might have been said on an art so essentially necessary to a country gentleman. However, the author has made up for it by several very useful lessons in breaking dogs, finding game, &c. &c.; and we think that every tyro in the art may be improved by following the precepts therein laid down.

Vol. XXI. N. S.—No. 122.

It is rather singular that the author should have advised precisely the same methods with regard to snipe-shooting as our correspondent BOGTROTTER has in our last Number, it being impossible for him to have seen that article when his book went to the press.

HORSE RACING AND THEATRICALS.

SIR,

THE *Cheltenham Journal* of the 24th of last month (herewith transmitted) contains the report of a speech delivered by Colonel Berkeley at the Gloucester race dinner.

This speech, which was admirably well spoken, was cheered by all present, as a straight-forward manly animadversion (which in Col. B.'s situation was required at his hands) upon the anathema pronounced, just before the Gloucester Meeting, by a Reverend Clergyman of the neighbourhood, against the Turf and its frequenters.

As several thousand copies of the Rev. Gentleman's maledictory sermon have been printed for distribution on the race courses throughout the kingdom, by a Sect, styling itself, *par excellence*, the serious part of the community of the Church of England, it appears desirable that the bane and antidote should go together; and there is no channel by which the defence can be so widely circulated over the Turf as that which your publication affords.

If you will insert Col. B.'s speech in your next Number, with such observations as may occur to you on the subject, you will oblige an old subscriber to your Magazine; and you will encourage others to stand forward in defence of those

manly sports, which it is the object of your excellent work to record and to promote, against the unfair attacks of a class of gloomy religionists, who, like the untutored Indian, see their God only in the cloud and in the storm; who would proscribe every cheerful manly national pastime, and, mixing up their dismal notions with all the detail of a domestic day, would in the end, as in the days of Prynne and his puritans, leave no mean in this land between gloomy fanaticism and reckless infidelity.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

October 9, 1827.

"Cheltenham Chronicle Office, Sept. 24.

"The Races at Gloucester took place on Monday and Tuesday last. The weather being fine, the crowd of spectators assembled was beyond all former precedent. The Stewards, Capt. M. F. F. Berkeley, and J. W. Walters, Esq. were quite *au fait* in the discharge of their duties. The Stewards' ordinaries were also extremely well attended. On Colonel Berkeley's health being drunk, he took occasion (with great animation and effect) to propound the anathemas which have lately been so industriously fulminated against all those who are guilty of the enormity of being seen on a race-course or in a theatre; and as the gallant Colonel's speech was received with distinguished applause, and excited great attention, we feel great pleasure in laying it before our readers. It was nearly to the following purport:—

"Gentlemen—Having had the honour of acting as one of the first Stewards at the establishment of racing in this town, I cannot feel indifferent to its success, and to the results arising from it: and, consequently, it was with some astonishment, not unmingled with alarm, that I heard that a Clergyman of the Church of England, within ten miles of this spot, had denounced the most terrible anathemas against all who promoted or participated in races;

and, not content with the effect which this awful sermon might produce on those who had the good fortune to hear it, I was likewise informed that he had actually published it (with a gentle hint to his flock as to their temporal interests, in the preface), that all orthodox Protestants might be benefited by this valuable theological composition. Now as I fairly avow the ignorance under which I laboured, and still do labour under, of the sin, either of supporting or looking at a race, I purchased this sermon, and there found, that the Incumbent of Cheltenham had roundly sent to the Devil all those who frequented either race-courses or playhouses. Gentlemen, I cannot believe this to be the true doctrine of the Church of England; but, without taking upon myself to prove that it is *not*, I will affirm that if it is, the King, Lords (Spiritual as well as Temporal), and Commons of this realm have more to answer for than they probably are aware of; for, not only have they been guilty of conniving at and tolerating these strong holds of Satan, but deliberately, and in the plenitude of their legislative wisdom, have they passed Acts of Parliament for the special encouragement and protection both of races and playhouses. And yet no one Bishop has been found who has even remonstrated or protested, in the House of Lords, against the passing of Acts, which, according to this doctrine, can accomplish no other object than that of consigning thousands of souls to eternal perdition. If this be true, and that the 'Ministers of God are set as the watchmen of the church,' I cannot, will not, believe, that out of twenty-four Bishops and two Archbishops, among whom names are to be found as illustrious for their learning, zeal, and true piety, as for their detestation of cant and hypocrisy—not one would come forward, nay, that in a body they would not have risen, to endeavour, at least, to put down that which it was their bounden and solemn duty to crush by every means in their power. And this neglect on their part is the mere un-

pardonable, as the seats of their Bishoprics are, with very few exceptions, the scenes of these races, and consequently the evils arising from them must be periodically placed before their eyes. Notwithstanding which, they have been wholly passive, and have taken no steps to save the souls of those entrusted to their care from this pernicious influence. As for his Grace the Archbishop of York, poor gentleman! he ought to look upon himself as a joint-tenant of the See of Beelzebub; for, in that city they have their Spring Meetings, their August Meetings, &c. &c. with all the pride, pomp, and circumstances of Newmarket itself: and yet I have not heard, that any of the Dignitaries of the Church objected to a translation to the Bishopric on account of the races, or that, when there, they pointed out to the venerable (and I may truly add venerated) Earl Fitzwilliam the wickedness he was guilty of, in running for a King's Plate, or the still greater enormity that lay at His Majesty's door, in giving such a Plate to be run for. Nay, if the doctrines of this Clergyman are correct, there must be a most lamentable laxity of discipline in the spiritual corps; if the Archbishop of Canterbury has failed in convincing the King that every time His Majesty commands a play at Drury Lane or Covent Garden (by the bye, the proprietors of these two places have letters patent for the corruption of souls!), or goes to Ascot Races, to say nothing of the danger he incurs himself, he is actually giving incitement to the Fiend to ensnare his liege subjects. But the fact is, that these truly pious and enlightened Divines know well the value of a race: they know well that there is no animal in the world like the English race horse: they know that, without races, there would be no race horse: that without the race-horse we should lose the superiority in our breed of horses which distinguishes us from the rest of Europe: that to this superiority we were mainly indebted for our success in the Peninsular war: and, finally, when

they returned thanks to Providence for the glories of the field of Waterloo, they did not forget the share the British cavalry had in the events of that day. For myself, Gentlemen, I do not mean to claim any weight from my own private opinions. They are, however, totally unswayed by personal feeling. I support races solely because I believe them to be a national good, never having been master of a race-horse in my life, nor ever having won or lost 60l. on a racing bet.—On the subject of Theatricals I admit I cannot plead the same personal indifference: but I am inclined to think that the great body of the orthodox Church of England do not apprehend the same baleful effects from them as denounced in the publication I have mentioned. If they do, the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, at least, must live in a continual state of holy horror, and the former guardians of the Abbey must have slept on their posts: for there, numbered among the illustrious dead, we find the names of Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Cumberland, Davenant, Dryden, and Congreve, recorded; all, with one exception, for having written nothing else but plays; and sleeping in the same solemn sanctuary are the mortal remains of Booth, Garrick, and Henderson, placed there for no other reason but that they had distinguished themselves by acting plays! I trust, Gentlemen, that you will not think I have taken up your time with too long a sermon; but I hope, from the bottom of my heart, that I shall never see the time when an Englishman shall be reduced to such a state of mental degradation, as to believe that he cannot see a race run, nor a play of Shakspeare's acted, without having reason to dread the vengeance of offended Heaven."

SPORTING ANECDOTES.

SIR,

IF the following freak of Nature is worthy of a place in your most amusing work, it is at your

service: The truth may be implicitly relied on.

I am, Sir, yours,

A CONSTANT READER.

Newtown, Oct. 10, 1827.

ON Sunday week last a person residing near Newtown, Montgomeryshire, was out walking, accompanied by a small terrier bitch, when, observing his canine companion busy with something, he went up, and found a leash of young hares about a fortnight old, and to his great astonishment the terrier licking one in the same way as if she was fondling one of her own offspring. What renders this more remarkable is, that this terrier is and has been for the two last seasons in the constant habit of going out with a pack of harriers.

The following singular occurrence in piscatorial annals took place at Llandrindod Wells, in Radnorshire, about a month ago. A gentleman from Newtown was fly fishing in the Ithon (which runs past Llandrindod) for salmon, with a large brown-winged fly, with gold twist body made on a No. 1. hook, when a pike weighing nearly eight pounds rose, was hooked, and killed.

Should any of the brothers of the angle doubt this, the name of the gentleman, and also of two others who were present, shall be given. One of the gentlemen resides in *the small village*.

PRACTICAL REMARKS ON SHOOTING.

SIR,

AS to the safety of copper cap guns, I will state a few facts as I have found them; but I will not argue any observations on them, and for this reason—I have not leisure. When I first began to

use percussion, my caps and fume continually annoyed my face and optical senses. I at that time used fine-grained powder, and rammed it down very hard indeed, and also the shot, fearing my barrel's bursting. Since then I use, for percussion, always the large grained (proper percussion) powder, and the same caps, Joyce's, (*ante millia alia*,) and never ram the powder more than just sufficient to ascertain that the wadding is sufficiently well upon it.—(The wadding must be of strong box board, and punched a size larger than the bore of the barrel—a single explosion of the sister barrel does not loosen the shot with this method.)—Do as you like about ramming the shot; I do not ram it hard: and by these tactics I find I am not much annoyed with caps flying; though I always think it proper and really necessary, unless the skin is very hard, to wear a thick glove on the first or left hand; and I kill more, and as long shots as I ever did. I shot moor game this year with No. 6 and 7, which I did not find answer so well, though I got my share. Small shot answers best, I say, for covert shooting and partridges, but you do not so often wing a grouse. Perhaps the direction of their flight may prevent it; and therefore, I think for grouse, according to my observation, the best is No. 4—*experientia docebit indoctum*. When at leisure I mean to send you a few hints on the stocking of guns, as wholesome to the pockets of beginners.

I can only add, that I have been very particular in examining the make of the breeches and cocks of percussion guns that have come out of the hands of noted London gun makers, and can with great assurance say, that any sportsman

using copper cap percussion guns, made either by Forsyth or Purdey, and Joyce's caps, will shoot in perfect safety, and even more free from annoyance than with flint. In most other guns I find it a general fault that the anti-chamber is made too large for the percussion system, which I think allows a considerable quantity of powder

to explode through the pivot. The shooter is never annoyed by the tube and pivot plan, which, though not so neat, is perhaps the safest and most certain.

I hope to see a few more practical observations from the pen of "J. F. A." in the April Number.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

A LOVER OF PERCUSSION.

TO THE MEMORY OF
THE FOX-HUNTER ROUGH AND READY.

What! silent still?—is then desire
So soon extinct? I deem'd that one
More worthy would have tuned the lyre
In honour of a brother gone!
And must the Death-Song, once divine,
Degenerate to a muse like mine?

Think ye, are fairer laurels seen
Than those the gallant hunter grace?
Loves not the blooming evergreen
The daring votary of the chase?
Think ye the turf which decks the brave
Lies heavier on a sportsman's grave?

Or, is it that your manlier grief,
Loathing the borrow'd charms of Art,
In pensive Silence seeks relief—
True Sorrow's genuine counterpart;
Whose stem expands the Bud of Care,
Not to decay, but flourish there?

Twine, brothers, twine the cypress wreath,
Soon shall our winter re-appear;
E'en now the wild flow'r droops on heath,
E'en now the leaf is red and sear.
And shall sweet Devon charm us yet?
In vain! our brightest Star is set.

Wake, oh, my harp! strike other lays!
Cease useless wail! Arise, arise!
Mine is a theme of former days—
Dull as its own grey cheerless skies.
November hastes—I see, I see,
And my heart whispers "Where is he?"

Ay, where is he? and where art thou,
Fair Devon? On thy topmost height
His echoing voice is tuneless now!
His course is stay'd by endless night!
His chase is up! Thou bloodhood, Death!
How could'st thou drink such noble breath?

A YOUNG ONE;

NIMROD'S YORKSHIRE TOUR.

(Continued from last Volume, page 415.)

IT was said of Shakspeare, that he was not to be tried by any code of critic laws; as much as to say, such a genius as his could "rise to faults critics dare not mend." How then can I presume to pass my feeble judgment on Mr. Ralph Lambton as a huntsman to fox-hounds, knowing, as I do, that his pack is one of the very highest character, and that he has always hunted them himself. Wisdom, says the proverb, is the produce of experience; and if such men as himself and Lord Darlington* have not learned their trade, this maxim does not hold good, for they have served exactly five apprenticeships to the art. It must also be remembered, that the prowess of a huntsman is not confined to the operations of the field. A skilful General is as great in council as he is in action; and unless a huntsman be clever in his kennel, he does but half what is required of him. He may have sport, for that is often the consequence of fortuitous circumstances—such as country, &c.—and he may kill his foxes; but he never will have a really good and steady pack of fox-hounds.

Optimism is not allowed even to the very Author of nature. There are very few cases, says a philosopher, in which, if we permit ourselves to range in possibilities, we cannot suppose something more perfect than we see. Combining, however, the duties of the kennel and the field, I am bound to give Mr. Ralph Lambton the credit of

being *premier artiste* in this line, and in the first class of English huntsmen now going. In some respects he is not exactly a Jack Musters—as AMATEUR styles that accomplished sportsman "*par excellence*," as he says. Neither his voice nor his language to his hounds is so good and so cheering; indeed, now and then, I heard a halloo peculiar to himself; but he is very decisive in his casts, the result of a very quick eye; and his men assist him to admiration, being always in their places. Jack Winter, first whipper-in, and huntsman in his master's absence, is a very good man with hounds, and has been with Mr. Lambton ever since he was a boy; and Bob Fenwick, with his "Get away, get away, hounds!" quite a tip-top hand, and devotedly attached to the sport. There is also a lad, whose name I forget, as second whip, an excellent horseman, and will do well by and bye. Mr. Lambton's man, Harry, who rides his second horse, is likewise of great use at certain times: so that, in a country where hounds are seldom out of sight, it would be somewhat odd if they were not tolerably steady.

Foxes are beautifully found by these hounds. Mr. Lambton himself excels here: in drawing up to them he displays a master's hand, and when on foot they are capitally halloo'd away by the men. Previously to this, great order is observed by the field, who, indeed, set an example I wish we could see more generally followed. They

* The greatest part of "Nimrod's Yorkshire Tour," having come to hand previous to the time of the Earl of Darlington being created Marquis of Cleveland, we have not altered the MS.—Ed.

all assemble, sportsmanlike, in one spot, and give the fox a chance to fly, instead of heading him at all points, the common practice of many countries. Perhaps this may here proceed from two causes:—first, they have a high respect for the commander in chief; and secondly, there are a great many sportsmen in this Hunt who really wish to see a run.

Few tempers are proof against riot, whether it proceeds from hounds or men, in the act of trying to kill a fox; and although Mr. Lambton's temper at other times is particularly placid, and although I had no opportunity of seeing it tried, yet I was given to understand that he can "serve it out" to them when occasion requires: and, upon my word, I really think the man who cannot has no business to hunt fox-hounds in these days. He would be something like the Captain of the man of war who made an attempt to command his crew without swearing, and told the sailor *to put out the light*. Jack did not obey the order; but the moment he heard the boatswain call out "*d—n your eyes, douse the glim,*" the light was out in an instant. Mr. Lambton, however, does not swear, but gives them something a little *piquant*.

Mr. Lambton rides very clever horses, and gets well over a country, particularly so for his age; for although Time has laid his hand gently upon him, a few more years will bring him towards the grand climacteric, and this slackens the pace of the best of men. His health, however, is very good, and he is a likely man to wear well, and I wish he may. So popular a character requires no eulogium from me; but I love to sing the praises of a sportsman; and were I pos-

sessed of Hebe's power, I would restore him to all the vigour of his youth, and ensure him an immortality of bliss.

Your correspondent **AMATEUR**, in the June Number, contends that servants, as huntsmen, must *always* excel gentlemen hunting their own hounds: but why should this be? If hunting hounds be a science (and who will dispute that point?), why should not the education and theory of the gentleman, when combined with his professional practice, give him the superiority, instead of having a contrary effect? We are here alluding to the comparison drawn between Mr. Musters and Tom Sebright, each very great in the art; but, barring kennel management, in which gentlemen huntsmen cannot be expected to equal servants who are hired in great measure for that purpose, and for a great part of their time have little else to do, I confess I can only see one point on which my argument is at all likely to give way. The servant huntsman generally goes through the regular gradations of second and first whipper-in; and although I have heard it asserted that a whipper-in seldom makes a good huntsman, experience gives the lie to that. Most of our first-rate huntsmen have served that office; whereas now and then a gentleman puts a horn to his saddle, and assumes the command all at once, which has given to some of them the various titles of professors, heaven-born huntsmen, &c. Now I conceive Mr. Musters's education has been nearly equal to that of any huntsman alive. His father—whom I had the honour of being acquainted with, and from whom I have to acknowledge several acts of kindness—kept fox-

hounds upwards of thirty years, hunting parts of Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire ; and I have been told by those who remembered it well, that, for fourteen or fifteen of those years, (*i. e.* from the time he could bestride his pony till his father gave up the hounds,) his son Jack acted as whipper-in whenever occasion required. I have also heard, from very good authority, that when Sir Henry Harpur purchased the late Mr. Musters's hounds, and the noted *Shaw* began to hunt them, he has been heard to declare that he frequently received more assistance in a critical moment from *Mr. John Musters* than from either of the men under him.

When the late Mr. Musters gave up his fox-hounds, he kept a pack of harriers, which the present Mr. Musters hunted for several seasons ; but during this period, and indeed during the whole of his noviciate, as it may be termed, he was in the constant habit of hunting with the celebrated Mr. Meynell, who was not only particularly attached to him, but partly considered him as his pupil. Indeed, almost one of the last acts of the sporting life of this "great man in his way," was making a present to Mr. Musters of ten couples of his prime old hounds, as a foundation of his future pack.

I have here only spoken of the present Mr. Musters with reference to his performance in the field. Now, it has been justly observed, that the fuller, the dyer, and the weaver, understand not each other's trades ; notwithstanding which, between them all, a good piece of cloth is manufactured. Thus it is possible that a person may be a superior hunter of hounds in the field, without being a mas-

ter-man in his kennel ; and yet the pack he hunts may be turned out in the very best style. When I was at Pitsford, it was the end of the season ; the favorite bitches were gone down to the Nottinghamshire kennel, and the thing nearly at an end. The kennel at Pitsford was also four miles from Mr. Musters's house, which might account for the master's eye not being over it so often as might be desirable. In addition to this, he had for his head whipper-in Tom Smith, who had hunted Lord Middleton's pack for some seasons in Warwickshire ; and he also had his house full of company : but although I make no comparisons, I see not the least reason to doubt Mr. Musters's capability to perform *all the duties of a huntsman*, equal to any other man in England. Indeed I will go farther than this, and say, that, cradled as he was in a kennel, he would be almost entitled to the appellation of a stupid fellow had he not perfected himself in every department of the art of breeding and feeding hounds. Now, as all the world knows he is *any thing but a stupid fellow*, and with zeal enough to set the world on fire, I argue, logically, that he must be a good kennel huntsman : and as to his performance in the field, not another word need be said about that. Comparisons, I repeat, are odious : therefore I neither compare him with this man nor with that ; but I hope it will not be long before I see the *justly-celebrated* Tom Sebright, who by all accounts is a charming fellow in the field—partaking of all the animation and keenness of his preceptor, Mr. Musters, with, as I understand, a great share of what AMATEUR calls the "instinctive knowledge of the habits of a fox."

In the life of Somerville, there is a strange expression from the pen of the author—the great Dr. Johnson. “He writes,” says he, “*very well for a gentleman.*” Now I own I do not exactly comprehend the Doctor’s meaning; for what avails an expensive education unless it sometimes turns to a good account—particularly as relates to the cultivation of the mind? But I once asked a very eminent sportsman what was his opinion of gentlemen huntsmen? and he gave it as follows:—“If gentlemen,” said he, “have been amongst hounds from their infancy, and will, when they take the management of them, give up their time and attention to them, the same as a common man who is uneducated, there can be no doubt which of the two will make the best huntsman; but the fact is, most gentlemen who hunt hounds have not been sufficiently amongst them till they arrive at a certain time of life, when other pursuits and avocations present themselves, and then they do not like all the drudgery of the office. For these reasons, *and for these alone*, we see but few good gentlemen huntsmen.”

Were I to be asked my opinion of the Sedgefield country, I should almost be inclined to place it at the head of the provincials. It is flat; the fields are of a very fair size, a great portion of them between twenty and forty acres, and a good deal of very old sward: it abounds in whin coverts; indeed, I saw scarcely anything else; and the fences are for the most part practicable. To South country horses they may be a little awkward, as for the most part they are placed upon banks, and the V (letter V)

styles are frequent. It is also considered a good scenting country, as most countries in the neighbourhood of the sea* are; and it must be favorable to hounds, as there are no large coverts in which they can run riot. Thus Mr. Lambton’s hounds are particularly steady and handy, to a degree not often witnessed.

I consider Durham altogether a very sporting county. The farmers ride good horses, the greater part of which they breed themselves, beginning the cross with the Cleveland-bay mare. There was one part of their rural economy which I particularly admired; and that was, I never saw a real cart horse in the principality of Durham. They make use of, for all purposes of husbandry, what we call the strong nag horse, so much quicker in his step, and altogether more useful than the heavy-legged, slow-moving, cart-horse that we are doomed to employ in the South, and to which I have no hesitation in saying the ruin of many hundred small farmers is to be traced. It may scarcely be believed, but such is the prejudice of carters and wagoners in my part of the world, in favour of these long-tailed, heavy-legged brutes, that they will wantonly mal-treat a horse of the nag kind, if put into their master’s stables to work with the others. I was given to understand, that had I visited Durham some years back, when wheat sold for better prices, I should have seen more well-mounted yeomanry than at the present day, the times having taken the hunting out of some of them.

The eastern side, that is, from

* The sea is not more than ten miles from the kennel at Sedgefield as the crow would fly.

the Tees to the Wear, and so on to the sea shore, is the best part of the Sedgefield country to ride over. Here is a good deal of old grass; the fields from ten to fifty acres in extent; and although the surface of the land appears indifferent, yet being upon a limestone subsoil, with the benefit of a humid atmosphere from sea breezes, a pretty good scent is often the result. I could perceive there is a large tract of this sort of land, and, as I understood, well planted with whin coverts; but the most likely country to ensure a run is the southern side, bounded by the Tees, and extending towards Piercebridge, in Lord Darlington's Hunt. Here, although the inclosures are smaller, and the fences stronger, yet the land is greatly superior, and consequently more to be depended upon for a scent. It was this side of the country that afforded us our capital day's sport.

There are sporting peculiarities in almost all counties I have been in. In the one I live in, they call a couple and half, or three hounds, a "harl" of hounds; and in Durham the farmers say, hounds "call" or "give mouth," when they challenge, or throw their tongue to a scent. When analyzed, however, there will appear but little difference in all such terms.

Wednesday, 13th. — I quitted Sedgefield, and I should ill deserve the treatment I received there, if I did not say I quitted it with regret. The heart of man has been compared to iron; it is hard, and of firm resistance when cold; but, warmed—as mine had been by the flattering reception I had met with

from that description of men with whom it has been my delight to live—it becomes malleable, and capable of very lasting impressions. Were I to live a thousand years more, I should never forget the morning and the evening of the 12th of December 1826, but have noted it in my book as one the *Dies Festi* of my life. Indeed, had the God of good humour and fellowship looked in upon us at midnight, he must have put down his thyrsus, and drawn a chair to our table, for he would have despaired of dropping upon a more happy party than ourselves. That fox-hunting, however, is one of the balsams of life, I have never yet doubted since I knew what fox-hunting was, and damn the man who attempts to destroy such a noble and manly recreation!

Having mentioned Captain Dundas as one of the conspicuous performers—until the last mile, when nature said "enough"—in our fine run from Foxyhill, and he being also so popular a character in the Sedgefield Hunt, I must devote half a page to his history, and I flatter myself the reader will not consider the time misemployed.

The Honorable George Dundas, brother to the present Noble Lord of that name, resides at Up-leatham, in Yorkshire, amidst that host of friends which honest John Burrell inquired after so kindly, and represents the Orkneys in our Senate. He belongs to that profession of which England is so proud, and looks as if he had "weathered the storm." On one occasion his own ship was blown up*, and he had the ill luck to see

* He once commanded a ninety-gun ship, when she took fire and blew up. He remained on board the last man, when, finding the fire so hot that he could stand it no longer, he took his knife out of his pocket, cut off his trowsers, and pulling off his coat committed himself to the waves, whence he was picked up, unhurt, by his men.

three thousand brave fellows blown to atoms in the course of a few months from various other disasters. These things, however, are the fate of war, and are set down to the general account. I regret to say, the Honorable Captain is occasionally a severe sufferer by the gout, and perhaps none the better for foreign climates; but, when tolerably well, no man can enjoy himself more. To the frankness of the sailor, he unites the address of the man of fashion and of the world; it is impossible to imagine a more agreeable companion. I must also style him—although a sailor, and *very near-sighted*—a capital hand across a country, and very fond of a bit of blood. I was truly sorry to hear his horse died after our good run, but I think *condition* was not so good as the Captain's nerves.

Mr. William Williamson (brother to Sir Hedwith)—commonly called Billy Williamson—deserves notice as the most straight-forward rider of this Hunt, and a very popular character wherever he goes. He is a second Ajax—fearless and intrepid; and being six feet high, with great strength, and in the bloom of manhood, he is just the man to get to hounds over a stiff country, on a good horse. There is, however, some truth in what the farmer said about the *cast iron* nag. He certainly is too severe upon his horse, and does not pick his ground enough for a man of his weight to live with hounds to the end of a good run. He should recollect he rides fifteen stone, and is, what is called, long in the leg—though none, perhaps, the worse for that. Billy Williamson is one of the right stamp of young men, and I wish it were possible he could stock half the counties in England

with *his sort*. We are hard to beat now—at least I hope so; but then we should be invincible.

Mr. Harland, of Sutton Hall, Yorkshire, a member of this Hunt, is a very pretty performer over a country, and had a very neat stud for a man of his light weight. They appeared either quite thorough-bred, or within a touch, and three of the four were purchased of Mr. Ralph Lambton. His condition also was, I think, the best I saw in Durham.

In consequence of the unfavorable and uncertain state of the weather, I did not see several of the members of Mr. Lambton's Hunt, and I fear my chance of doing so is now out. I have received several pressing invitations to renew my visit; and indeed such was the hospitality of the county of Durham, that if I had taken them in turns, I might have spent the next twelve months among my newly-acquired friends. As I said before, there is a gulf between us, two hundred miles wide, or they might depend upon my being amongst them again; for they answered all NIM NORTH'S description of them, and a little more.

On the morning on which I quitted Sedgefield, I met Mr. Bowser's harriers about four miles from Rushyford Inn. This gentleman resides at Bishop Auckland, about ten miles to the westward of Sedgefield, and at about equal distances from the Raby and Sedgefield Hunts. He himself was out, in a scarlet coat; but his hounds were hunted by an amateur, and what in this part of the world is called a *Statesman*—Anglicè, a *Yeoman*. The Statesman here was the well-known Tommy Chapman, whom I afterwards saw with Lord Darlington's hounds.

Knowing him to be a sportsman, I tried hard to get a wrinkle or two out of him as to the country, &c.; but John Burrell's lingo is plain English to his, and nothing but a glossary could have enabled us to hold sweet converse. It sometimes happens that our Southern *Statesmen* are difficult to comprehend; but Tommy Chapman would puzzle the Devil himself unless he were bred in Durham.

On this day I recognized in the field the young Oxonian whose horse I had blooded at the end of a fine day's sport with Sir Thomas Mostyn's hounds two years ago, and by which the life of the poor animal was saved. I did not then know his name, but found it to be *Gregson*, and was informed that he had a pretty property in that part of the world; was likely to make a good sportsman; and was much patronised by Mr. Ralph Lambton. I hope he will not forget the grueling he gave the Oxford hack, but cherish it in his memory as a hint not to persevere when it is evident that nature has said "enough."

I have not much to say about Mr. Bowser's harriers. I saw them to disadvantage, having just gotten a draft from another pack, which did not at all match to the eye. I was given to understand they bear a good character for sport, and they have a fair country; but having no scent, I could form no opinion of them on this occasion. Report also speaks well of Mr. Bowser, their owner; and Tommy Chapman is worth having a peep at, even if a shilling were the forfeit.

After my hare-hunting with Mr. Bowser, I had the pleasure of visiting Mr. Duncombe Shafto at his fine seat at Whitworth, where

a large party was assembled. As it is the general custom of the present day for hunting men to be clad in scarlet in the evening as well as the morning, I appeared at dinner in that costume; and, luckily for me, the Very Reverend the Dean of Durham had taken his departure a few hours before, having been staying in the house for some days. My bit of pink would have formed an awkward contrast to his grave attire, and the more so, as it happened to be the only one in the room.

Although Mars and Venus are his reputed parents, yet, according to the fancies of the poets, the little God of Love had neither father nor mother, but succeeded immediately to Chaos. Be this as it may, the history of Love commences with the history of mankind, and our first parent shadowed out the fate of his descendants. Indeed it is written in the fates that, once in his lifetime, *every son of Adam shall be vanquished by a woman!* We cannot escape the gentle passion; and it has been clearly displayed, that neither the wisdom of Solomon nor the piety of David could make fight against it. Who, however, can marvel at this? It is supposed by many, that, when the Maker of the universe created woman, he rested from his labour, as if his wisdom and skill could not surpass her, and his plastic power had done its best. Thus it is that we only turn over four leaves in the Bible before we are informed that "the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair, and they took them wives of all which they chose." Here then, it seems, match-making began.

Amongst the party at Whit-

worth was Mr. Harland, of Sutton Hall, in Yorkshire, of whom I have before made mention as one of the forward riders of the Lambton Hunt; and to this may be added a few other recommendations, such as a very good fellow, with a good fortune, &c. &c. in the bloom of life, and of agreeable manners. I soon perceived what the ladies call a strong flirtation between this gentleman and Miss Shafto, which I could not but believe would end in something. As Dryden has it, "their twisted rays together met," and it seemed as if

—"There was not half a kiss to choose
Who loved another best*."

For once it appears I guessed right. In three or four months afterwards this happy couple were man and wife, and here I think they shewed their sense. Long courtships are stupid things, and voted slow. Besides which, delays are dangerous; for it sometimes happens that beauty is but short-lived; and what then?—

"Soon fades the rose; once past the fragrant hour,
The loit'rer finds a bramble for a flower."

The English of which is—the Loves and Graces sport not in wrinkles, nor does pleasure dwell upon the faded lip.

I am quite certain that the love of the sexes is the master-piece of Nature, and the period of courtship the very quintessence of life.

"When Fancy tells her tender tale,
And Passion swells her gentle gale,"

even a cabbage garden is an Elysium; but how much heightened must this pleasure be amidst all the refinements of fashionable life! For my own part I confess, when I see two ardent lovers together, I

not only have a strong sympathetic feeling, but no small share of envy at their happy state.

Racing is associated with the name of Shafto, and on the side-board at Whitworth I saw several racing cups. They were won by a horse called Whitworth, by Agonistes—a very fair racer, and the sire of many capital hunters. Mr. Shafto still breeds thoroughbred ones, and I was told has a clever two-year-old colt by Whisker, out of his St. George mare.

Mr. Thomas Shafto (commonly called *Tom Shafto*), brother to Mr. Duncombe Shafto, is a very conspicuous character in the Lambton Hunt, and may be truly termed a *dear lover of fox-hunting*. He has fallen under my observation in some of my previous letters as having possessed, as well as having made a hunter of, that very celebrated horse, *the original Clipper*, on which that fine rider, Mr. Lindow, for so many years starred over Leicestershire. The temper of this horse was very violent, and he gave Mr. Shafto a great many falls before he completed his education. Falls, we know, are awkward things, and not unfrequently do they damp the ardour of young sportsmen, and give them a distaste for the rough, though noble, amusement of fox-hunting; but when I relate an anecdote of Mr. Thomas Shafto, who will assert that, with such men as himself, broken bones or fractured skulls would be even as a feather in the scale against the impassioned delight of this noble science?

Twenty years since, Mr. Thomas Shafto was a Captain in the North York Militia, and quartered in the Sister Kingdom. Having obtained leave of absence, he took

* Shakspeare.

his passage in a Liverpool packet, and attempted to cross the Channel on his return to England. The propelling power of steam was then unknown—at least to nautical uses—and, by the violence of adverse winds, the vessel could not keep her course. Being driven near shore, with but little prospect of weathering it, the Captain of the packet thought proper to apprise his passengers of their imminent peril—adding, indeed, that *he had no hopes of saving them from a watery grave!*

Captain Shafto was accompanied at this time by one of his brother officers, and both heard the dreadful tidings at the same moment. Captain Johnson, much to his credit, fell on his knees, and began to implore the Throne of Grace; and doubtless Captain Shafto did the same, as soon as he recovered from his dread surprise. But such is the infirmity of corrupt nature, that mortal man can with difficulty renounce the pleasures of this world, nor persuade themselves they shall find still better in the next; and this must have been the case with Tom Shafto. There cannot be a doubt but on this trying occasion Lord Darlington and his fox-hounds, as well as his friend Ralph Lambton, flitted across his fancy; for in the agony of the moment he did not exclaim, like the jailor in the Bible, "*What shall I do to be saved?*" but, sitting up in his bed, he heaved a sigh, and addressed his brother officer in the following words, "I say, Bob, no more Uckenbywhin*!!" Surely this was the ruling passion strong in death!

On another occasion, Mr. Thomas Shafto afforded an instance of the prevalence—we might al-

most call it dominion—of any particular gratification, over thought, word, and deed. He was once present when the oratorical powers of some of our leading Senators became the topic of discourse, and, amongst others, Earl Grey's name was mentioned. "A good speaker," observed Tom; "but he can't ride over Stanley pastures." At another time, he was asked why he quitted a friend's house when a certain family, just returned from Paris, came to pay him a visit? "I don't like them," said he; "*they are half French, half English.*"

Mr. Thomas Shafto is a single man, and at present resides with his elder brother at Whitworth. He is an excellent judge of a horse; a good sportsman, and rider; and, what is more, a very good fellow. To the eye, it must be allowed he has some personal peculiarities—the straight-cut coat; boots and breeches by no means good; a little of his friend Sir Tatton's style about him (by no means a bad one, reader!), and he rides a race nearly as well. As for myself, I liked him much. There is not an atom of humbug about him; but if there was, I must esteem him for thinking of fox-hunting in his last moments—at least, in what he had reason to believe would be his last.

I was much pleased with my visit to Whitworth, and very much regretted I could not repeat it. Mr. Shafto and his Lady (sister to the present Sir Robert Eden, of Windlestone, in the county of Durham, Bart.) are first cousins to each other, and appear equally gifted with that suavity of manner that renders the marriage state delightful.

On Thursday, 14th of Decem-

* A favorite covert in Lord Darlington's Hunt, near Catterick Bridge.

der, I turned my back upon Durham, and went to visit a Shropshire acquaintance who resides at Yarm, and whose name is Flounders. I was, when at his house, within a very easy distance of the far-famed Hurworth hounds, which met the next day at Croft Bridge, on the Great North Road, and which bridge, I before mentioned, divides the counties of York and Durham. As it was, I was too late for dinner; but I at one time despaired of getting to my friend at all, and by a circumstance worth naming.

The distance from Darlington (which I passed through) to Yarm is five miles, for which I allowed myself somewhat about half an hour, the road being none of the best, but I did not reach it under an hour. The delay arose from my meeting something, which I could only compare to *a moving hell*. Excuse my profaneness—if such it can be called—for I cannot find any other simile. This turned out to be a locomotive steam engine, which, running parallel with and close to the road, so alarmed my hack, that it was in vain that I tried to make him face it. This, however, is not to be wondered at; for a horse is naturally a timid animal, and this machine was enough to alarm the Devil himself, if he had met with it, as my horse did, out of his own country. The night was dark, which increased the terrors of it: and it really was a frightful object. The noise of the wheels—perhaps twenty pairs—the working of the engine, the blazing fires of blue and yellow hues, the hissing of the steam, and the black-faced wretches, with their red lips and white teeth, running to and fro, all conspired to heighten the re-

semblance, and my astonishment increased the more when I reflected on such a nuisance as this being suffered so close to a turnpike road. The only way in which I got past it at last was to get my horse into a hole, with his tail towards the machine; but I never saw an animal so alarmed. I was surprised, however, to hear Mr. Flounders say his carriage horses passed it without any fear the first time they met it; but this may be attributed to the winkers on their bridles, and their heads being coupled closely together, as in harness.

On passing through Darlington I saw several coaches that travel on the rail roads. They are drawn by one horse—the resistance being trifling; have a box at each end of the carriage, for reasons that are obvious; and by their dirty appearance, seemed quite adapted to the passengers who travel by them.

On *Friday morning*, Mr. Flounders accompanied me to Croft Bridge, to meet the Hurworth hounds, which place was about eight miles from Yarm. We took the cross roads; and on my observing to Mr. F. on the hardness of their materials, he told me there was a vein of basalt that traversed that part of England, to the extent of about sixty miles, and which is supposed to be the most durable stone we have. We passed close to a very magnificent building, which struck me with astonishment in this retired part of the country. This was the hotel at Middleton Spa, on the property of Mr. J. G. Lambton, who represents the County of Durham in Parliament. It is not only a stupendous but an elegant building of this description, and detached are stabling and coach-

houses to a very great extent. No one has, I believe, yet ventured to rent it, as of course it must be at present a matter of some speculation; but as the waters are said to be a grand specific in all cases of scrofula, rheumatism, and various stomach complaints; and the situation—on the banks of the Tees, and of a wild and romantic character—is most beautiful, there is little doubt of the result. I was given to understand the hotel at Croft Bridge—where there is a Spa of great celebrity, and I conclude of a similar nature—is crowded to an overflow in the summer months.

Our road to Croft also led us through the village of Hurworth, within a short distance of the Hurworth kennel, and we overtook the hounds going to covert. They were accompanied only by Mr. Wilkinson and his whipper-in, and Mr. Flounders took this opportunity of introducing me to Mr. Wilkinson. I found him very much what I expected to find him; a well-fed Englishman, with a back as broad as those of three of our dandies put together; mounted on a finely shaped chesnut horse, looking very like a hunter to carry a heavy seventeen stone, which he had then on his back; with a keen eye in his head, and a very intelligent countenance—strong, to be sure, in the dialect of his country, but looking very much like a sportsman, and therefore claiming my respect.

Among the divinations of mythology were enchanted rings, which, by a particular turn, had the power of rendering the wearers invisible to others, but not others to them. One Gyges, of Lydia, made a rascally use of one of these rings; for, by means of its virtue,

he introduced himself to the bed of the Queen of his country, murdered the King, and then got possession of his crown and the Queen. Now this is handed down to us on the best authority, yet it is not the use I would make of this magic power; but there are occasions when I should like to see, and not be seen, and this was one of them. First, it was known that I was “the Bookman,” as Colonel Jolliffe’s huntsman called me; and, secondly, by the civility of Mr. Wilkinson, I lost a very fine run.

There was a very large field of sportsmen assembled at Croft Bridge on this day—amounting to at least one hundred, which is a very unusual circumstance with this pack. Mr. Lambton’s hounds, however, were gone from Sedgefield, and Lord Darlington’s were a long way off; so it was supplied by the Gentlemen of those Hunts, many of whom had come a long distance for the occasion. I am happy to add, some of them were well requited for their pains.

A gentleman in the neighbourhood kindly informed us that a fox had been just seen in his plantations by one of his servants, so of course we tried them; but there was no touch; so most likely it was some mistake of the optics. A cur dog had passed that way, and had the honour of being taken for a much nobler animal. It afforded me, however, an opportunity of looking over the pack.

We proceeded to draw Dimsdale Wood, a covert of some size, and situated on a steep hanging bank. Before throwing in his hounds, Mr. Wilkinson did me the honour to ask me to accompany him into the wood, and see him find his fox. This invitation I readily accepted, and so far I was

much gratified. He found his fox almost instantly, and in very excellent style. His halloos were very capital, and his ear unusually quick. This was not all. We had a very baffling fox on foot—very unwilling to break—and his turns were short and frequent. The pack and their master, however, were quite a match for him, and for about five minutes, the scene—witnessed only by ourselves—was enchanting. “Have at him, Music, good bitch!” halloo’d Matty. “By G—d! th’ ast better gang away, for thou’lt die if thou don’t. Have at him again, Cruiser, old fellow! but thou’lt have his head in thy mouth before neight*.” Oh! that I could give his view halloos on paper! but that can’t be done. They were enough to raise a man from the dead.

The bad part of the story is now to come. Sportsmanlike, Mr. Wilkinson *wished* to see his hounds get well away with their fox, and therefore stood still and blew his horn; but *he should have ridden on, and blown his horn*; for when we got to the top of the covert, not a hound, except a few that were with us, could we get sight of. “I know where they are gone,” said Mr. Wilkinson; “you must follow me, for we shall never get over that stell†.” I did follow him, and he took me to an awkward ford; but we might just as well have gone around by York. The hounds had a capital run of an hour, and killed their fox, but only in the presence of a chosen few, who were bold enough and fortunate enough to get well over this awkward stell—Billy Williamson, I believe, being the first to charge

it. It was deep and rotten, and the change that was effected in the colour of the *ci-devant* white-cords of those gentlemen who dropped short at it, plainly shewed what sort of a bottom it had.

Two things were now evident: I was quite sure they were in for a run, and I was quite sure I should see nothing of it unless let in by some lucky turn. I did not, however, quit my pilot; but strange to say, I rode for exactly one hour about fifty yards behind him, without ever hearing the tongue of a hound until within the last ten minutes. When we did get up to them, the thing was over; the who-hoop was only wanting; they had not tasted him, but he was dead beat, and in a few minutes more Matty had him by the brush. It must have been a beautiful run for those who saw it. The pace was excellent, and the country very good indeed for the provincials.

I had two reasons why I did not regret this wrong turn, at first starting. First, I and my horse might have been planted in the stell; and secondly, it was a great treat to me to see Matty Wilkinson and his chesnut horse get over, or, I should rather say, *creep* over, upwards of a hundred fences, in the very masterly manner in which they both performed. He has ridden this horse three seasons without having had a fall from him; and when I saw him creeping over his fences, which appeared nothing to him, whilst my horse was flying over them, and afraid to touch a thorn, I almost envied his great weight. Certain, however, is it, that hunters carrying heavy men do walk into their fences in a

* Mr. Wilkinson told me, that last season his hounds ran a fox twelve miles in the dark, and killed him; and Cruiser brought his head home to him at night.

† Angled. a brook.

most enviable manner, although indeed, if they did not walk into them, they could never gallop across a deep country for an hour and a hundred fences into the bargain.

I really was much pleased with the scientific manner in which Mr. Wilkinson and his horse crossed the country in this hour's gallop. We exchanged but few words with each other—with the exception of his telling me he was too heavy for a huntsman, and an occasional lamentation of our ill luck. Matty, however, once addressed his horse, and it had the desired effect. We came to a very awkward fence, a wide ditch from us, and no footing for our horses but among some strong stubs. "Tak time, lad," said Matty. The lad* did take time, and did it like a workman. Towards the end of our gallop we came to another still worse place. It was high and stiff, and near to a tree. Matty rode up to it, and not liking it, stood looking at it. "Shall I try and pull down those strong binders?" said I. "No, no," replied Matty, "we'll gang at it;" and over he went, at a good hand gallop. All his fences but this were taken either at a stand or in a walk. In his gallop he stood up in his stirrups, reminding me much of the New Forest *Harbin*, and I think there is very little difference in the waistbands of their breeches. *Cæsar* wished *Cassius* were fatter, but here this wish were vain.

This certainly was a good run, and a good finish, and the brush was asked for by a gentleman (Mr. Dryden I think) who had ridden well to the hounds. "No, no," said Matty, "NIMROD shall have

the brush;" and it hangs up in my hall. It is quite evident I had no pretensions to it, therefore I considered it the greater compliment. We drew again, and three foxes all broke covert at the same moment; but we did nothing worth speaking of, although they tasted one of them.

After hunting this day I had the pleasure of dining at Hutton Bonville, near Northallerton, the seat of Colonel Towers. Birds of a feather flock together; and here I was under the roof of a man as fond of hounds and every thing belonging to them as myself. His father kept fox-hounds thirty-five years at his own expense; and his lady is the daughter of Mr. Baker, of Elemore Hall, near Durham, one of the keenest sportsmen of his own or any other man's day. Worse is the luck, he is now past the age of man; but is still to be seen by the covert's side when the place of meeting is near Elemore; and only three years ago he rode Jenny Horner at Middleham for the Hunters' Stakes (gentlemen riders), and won his race in style.

Saturday, 16th.—Having left two horses at Norton Conyers, I met Lord Darlington's hounds on this day at Firby, about three miles from Newton House. It rained very hard when I left Hutton Bonville, and when I got to the place of meeting I found neither great coat nor mud boots had had the desired effect. I was "spoiled for the day," as the dandies have it. We had no sport in the morning—great part of which was passed by Mr. Milbank's fire-side, waiting for the rain to abate—but a most agreeable evening

* This reminds me of an anecdote of a capital old sportsman—Johnny Wynne, of Ryton—in Sir Richard Puleston's country. He rode a very good black horse about fifteen seasons, but he never called him any thing but "the colt."

at Mr. John Monson's, where Sir Bellingham Graham was staying, and two or three more of Mr. M.'s friends. Amongst them was his brother-in-law, Mr. Wyvill, Member for York, whose manly and independent speeches in Parliament I had often read and admired. There is a vast deal of the native Englishman about this Mr. Wyvill, and a very considerable share of talent; and—what rendered him in no wise less estimable in my eyes—he has always been a good friend to fox-hounds. He hunted until he turned the scale against twenty-two stone, and that stops all men except old Harbin and John Warde.

Mr. John Monson is son of the Hon. and Rev. Thomas Monson (a fox-hunting name), Rector of Bedale, and is one of the best performers in Lord Darlington's hunt. He lives in a most comfortable and agreeable style, and I should very much like to accept his very kind invitation to repeat my visit to Bedale.

Sunday, 17th, returned to my old quarters at Norton Conyers, and was happy to hear that Lord Darlington's hounds had had some pretty sport in my absence. I was also glad to find Sir Bellingham in better health, and his stud recovering from some bangs and bruises that horses will get when ridden straight over a close country. I had also the pleasure to hear, on good authority, that the Friday after our capital run, the Lambton hounds had another tickler in their home country, which again produced many alarming symptoms among the horses, and several awkward excuses from their riders.

Monday, 18th, Lord Darlington's hounds met at Catterick Lime Kilns, sixteen or seventeen miles

from Norton Conyers; but Sir Bellingham Graham fought shy. Like all old masters of fox-hounds, the pleasure of hunting with any other man's pack is not sufficient to make him right keen, so I lost the pleasure of his company. We found two, if not three, foxes in Tunstall Whin, and one went away over a good country. The Peer, however, was not aware of it, and having the body of the hounds with himself in the whin, Will Price got forward and stopped those that went away. But for this, we might have had a run, although there was but a middling scent. I thought this looked like a good country for a good fox. We found again, but he ran very short, and, being twenty miles from home, I left about three o'clock.

As one of the field was going to Bedale, and my hack was there, I put myself under his protection, for I was in a strange country. Our road lay through the Duke of Leeds's domain, Hornby Castle, and I was surprised to find such a great extent of grazing land. For several miles before we came to the park, we rode across so many large grass fields that I fancied myself going over Leicestershire. The castle appeared a fine building as we passed within a mile of it, but my attention was arrested by the immense number of bridle gates on this domain, amounting, I was told, to many more than a thousand. These were put up when his Grace kept hargiers; and, with a small field, such as generally attend hounds of that description, would almost preclude the necessity of leaping. The Duke was out only twice when I was in the country, and then I thought he seemed more attentive to what his training groom had to say to

him than to any thing else going on in the field. His Grace, however, is a preserver of foxes, and therefore long may he live!

Tuesday, 19th.—Met the Hurworth hounds at the third milestone from Northallerton, on the Boroughbridge road. We soon found a fox, and the hounds had a good run, marking him to ground in Lord Darlington's country; but no one saw it after the first three miles, and very few so far, for the pace was tremendous, and the fences awful. What floored us all, however, was the river Swale, which the fox crossed, after having previously passed the Wisk, at which Sir Bellingham got a foorer. Some of the horsemen were ferry'd over the Swale; but as we met Will Price, who was crossing the country in pursuit of one of Lord Darlington's terriers that was lost, and who informed us the hounds were full four miles a head, running very hard, myself and a great many more did not go into the boat. We knew there was no draw for a second fox, and therefore it appeared useless.

This was decidedly the best scenting day I saw throughout the last season; but I am sorry to add it terminated unfortunately. Mr. Wilkinson violated the rules of fox-hunting, by bolting his fox from, and killing him on, one of Lord Darlington's earths, but a short distance from his kennel door.

This day after hunting, Sir Bellingham Graham and myself went on a visit to Newton House, where we met several of our sporting friends. We found our noble host a good deal annoyed by the report that had reached him of a fox being bolted and killed from one of his own earths; and much as I may respect Mr. Wilkinson as

a sportsman, I must not attempt to justify him here. He has been a master of fox-hounds many years, and we might as well assert that Lord Eldon knew nothing of the laws of his Court, as that Mr. Wilkinson was ignorant of the fox-hunting code. A huntsman has a prescriptive right to hunt his fox into another man's country, and to kill him, if he can, by catching him above ground; but the moment he earths, that moment he is in his castle, and is inviolable. I repeat, that Mr. Wilkinson could not have been ignorant of the rule, and he ought not to have killed this fox. It is a reflection upon him as a sportsman; but I am told he made an acknowledgment of his error, and therefore no more must be thought of it. "To err is human; to forgive divine."

As we were drinking our wine after dinner, at Newton House, and this subject was in discussion, I embraced the opportunity of ascertaining whether my notions respecting it were correct. I did not appeal to Lord Darlington, although so much the older sportsman of the two, but I addressed myself to Sir Bellingham Graham, as having hunted six or seven different countries, and therefore more competent to decide the question, generally. He gave us a clincher. "I was once out," said he, "with Lord Lonsdale in Leicestershire, and we ran a fox into a spout in the Quorn country. He was to be seen, and almost to be touched, but the whipper-in could not bolt him without moving two or three stones. "Don't touch them," said Lord L.; and Slack was ordered to take his hounds away. The example of this old and good sportsman is worthy of being recorded and imitated.

I was amused with the effect the murder of this fox had upon Dick, Lord Darlington's first whipper-in. It appeared to affect him quite as much as his late bad fall, and, with "a face as long as my arm," he told me, he thought it *a very ungentle action*. However, we must now drop the subject.

Wednesday, 20th.—Lord Darlington met at Flyntorf. We drew the famous Uckenby whin blank, and then on to Pepper Hall, the seat of the Hon. Col. Arden: neither the Colonel, nor his foxes were at home; nor indeed could I see any lying for a fox, but there is a fine country here. One of my horses having been taken ill at Northallerton, I quitted about two o'clock, and lost a pretty burst of twenty-five minutes, with a kill. It was late when Lord Darlington and his party returned to Newton House, having had a trot of nearly twenty miles in rain and darkness.

Thursday, 21st.—Sir Bellingham Graham returned home, but I remained at Newton House, intending to quit the next day for Melton Mowbray. The Glasgow mail would have picked me up at his Lordship's gates at five o'clock in the evening, and I should have been in very good time for the Quorn hounds the next morning, having had the promise of a mount for that day and the next. The coach, however, was full, so that speculation failed. Lord Darlington and his friends went to the Bedale Club, and I made myself as agreeable as I knew how to the ladies.

This was a day of note in the annals of fox-hunting. It produced that brilliant run with Lord Anson's hounds from Enderby, in Leicestershire, the seat of Mr. Lo-

raine Smith. Young Peyton, as he is called, went to the end of it; but his famous mare Edgecot paid the forfeit of her life; and I believe Mr. Braithwaite likewise saw him killed. Lord Anson was also near doing the same at the expense of two tired and one dead horse; but it was awfully severe. The finish, I am told, was grand, as the death took place in the castle at Ashby de la Zouch, in Derbyshire, fifteen miles point blank from Enderby—*best pace all the way*. I saw Mr. Loraine Smith in London in the spring, and he told me he had built a triumphal arch on the spot which produced so gallant a fox, and a run well deserving of a record beyond the day.

Friday, 22d.—Wishing to get home by Christmas-day, I was afraid to try the mail again, so got on the box of some coach that passed the house, and arrived that night at Leeds. Here I had a fine specimen of Yorkshire coaching, beginning with *Tommy Hodson*, who took me up at Lord Darlington's door, and whom we, of course, left at the next change. *Tommy* has been at work about sixty years, and appeared yet a novice in the art; and *Willy*, who succeeded him over the next ground, was quite a *fac-simile*. These old codgers, however, were safe; but I cannot say that of *Jemmy*, from Harrogate. The night got dark, and the lamps were lit, and I was sitting behind, having some chat with the guard. We ran foul of a cart. I said nothing; accidents will happen. We ran foul of a wagon. "How is this, Guard?" said I, "is your coachman sober?" He replied, he was "*well enough for that*." In another mile he ran against the fore-horse of a wagon, and was very near laying hold of

the wagon itself. I could stand this no longer; so, jumping up, gave him a hearty d—n or two, and told him to keep his own side the road, if he could do nothing more.

We reached Leeds about nine o'clock; but no chance of a place in the London mail; so was booked inside the Express. True it is, I had not to encounter a newborn infant, three drunken sailors, and a sick Black; but I never travelled by a worse-conducted coach, and we were nine hours behind time when we arrived at Islington. Somewhere about Dunstable I took the time-piece out of the pocket, and found it had run down two hours before, so thought it rather a useless article about the coach. The roads were indifferent, to be sure, and the load heavy; but that is no excuse for such great loss of time. Things were badly conducted, but the fare is too low to do the thing as it should be. However, we might as well expect to gather fruit before the tree puts forth its blossoms, as to expect pleasure without sometimes tasting the vicissitudes of life; and, with the exception of the loss of a tooth by eating bull-beef at Nottingham*, things might have been worse—so away with grumbling. To be sure, when I got alongside Jack Peer the next morning, I fancied I had gotten into another hemisphere; and as I was on my road home, considered I had a right to sing with Horace, "*Quod petis, hic est.*"—*Anglicè*, "You cannot mend this."

* There never was such a mis-nomer as calling this coach *The Express*; and I advise gentlemen or ladies who travel by it to be provided with something like sea stores. I was told we were to dine at Nottingham; no bad stretch. When we got to Nottingham at eight o'clock at night, tired and hungry, the waiter opened the coach door, with—"Now, Gentlemen, if you please; twenty minutes allowed for tea."—"Tea!" said I; "why I have not had my dinner."—"Sorry for that, Sir," replied the knock-knee'd catiff—"perhaps you'd like some cold beef?" The beef was produced, and a tooth was the forfeit.

There is certainly no small pleasure in returning to our home after a long absence. We are anxious to see what has been done, and also what has been left undone; and here I had no great reason to complain. 'Tis true, my grey mare had slipped a fine horse foal, by Young Grimaldi; and my best cow her calf—but these events made but slight impressions. I have been too long journeying on this earthly pilgrimage to suffer such trifles to disturb my peace, and he who does must bid adieu to happiness. Exclusive of this, superfluous uneasiness, or what is vulgarly called grumbling and growling, is an ill return for the many benefits bestowed upon us; and I take my text from a hero of old, who,

"Fairly looking into life's account,
Saw frowns and favours were of like
amount;
And viewing all—his perils, prospects,
purse—
Exclaim'd, CONTENT; 'tis well it is
no worse!"

NIMROD.

THE LAST WORDS OF "A LOSER."

SIR,
HAVING won my money at Doncaster, I am something in better humour with myself and all the world than when I addressed you before. Nothing makes a man so cross as being angry with himself; and this was my case. I had a hint given me, which I did not take; but shall know better next time. Another thing has

also tended to compose my angry feelings: I mean, the pleasant manner in which OBSERVATOR has replied to me; and if I could know who he is, I should be happy to make acquaintance with him. I am certain we should never differ, *but on paper*.

I hate a wrangle, but OBSERVATOR, clever as he is, must not have it *all* his own way. He sneers at me for asserting that a man may back one horse to a certain amount, and another to a still greater amount, arguing thus—"What does he do," says he, "but back one of his own horses against the other, where, if he wins, *it can only be on the balance, which can be but trifling?*" How now! Is it not possible to back one horse for five hundred, and the other for a thousand, and yet make the book safe in case neither win? Come, come, Mr. OBSERVATOR, you must not talk this way to an *old bettor* like myself.

The people, twenty years back, must have been very good-natured indeed, as OBSERVATOR says, *not to have grumbled* when the late Sir Charles Bunbury robbed them *twice* with the well known mare Eleanor; but how does this accord with all that has been told us of Sir Charles's humanity, which would not suffer the use of whip or spur in a race? It is pretty evident, that, whatever compassion he might have had for the feelings of horses, he had none for those of mankind; and therefore the Devil take his humanity, and all the "blarney" we have heard about it!

It is my turn now to tell you a tale, though *not* relating to *these* "trickish times;" but when old, Sir Charles Bunbury's training groom, was on his death-bed, the last words he uttered

were—**ELEANOR WAS A RUN ONE!!**

Now, Mr. Editor, I really think I am not equal to contend against the pen of OBSERVATOR, so shall leave the YORKSHIREMAN to stand up for himself and his country; but if any one doubts that roguery on the turf is, and always has been, an every-day occurrence, the last letter of OBSERVATOR will prove that fact. Adieu! you will hear no more from yours,

A LOSER.

THE RACE HORSE REVIEWER.

ON Wednesday, September 26, 1827, died at Mr. James Croft's, Middleham, about thirty hours after undergoing the operation of castration, the well-known racer REVIEWER, the property of Lord Kelburne, by whom he was bred. He was got by Abjer, out of Blue Stocking, by John Bull. His first appearance in public was for the Yearling Stakes at Catterick Bridge Meeting 1826, which he won cleverly, beating Nonplus, Moonshine, Mystery, Flosicula, Lancer, and three others. He next came out for a Two-year-old Stake at York August Meeting against Matilda and Moonshine, and from his running at Catterick was backed to win at seven to four on him, though he had at that time a very bad cracked heel; but the mare, as usual, at starting jumped off with the lead two or three lengths, was never headed, and won in a canter. Yet this race, by many, was only looked at as a throw-over on the part of Reviewer, and he was afterwards backed by many for the St. Leger. This year, however, he displayed much bad temper, and was in con-

sequence obliged to be removed from Middleham Moor, his old training ground, to near Richmond, where he was under the care of a person famous for managing ungovernable horses, and also to try what a change of scene would effect upon his temper. He was considered somewhat improved, and brought out at the late Doncaster Meeting to start both for the Leger and the Gold Cup. He appeared with a broken knee, probably through his bad temper; and in the last race was left a very long way behind. The above are the whole of his achievements on the turf, though, no doubt, previous to losing his temper, when well, he was a very superior horse.

PEDIGREE and PERFORMANCES of
WOODMAN.

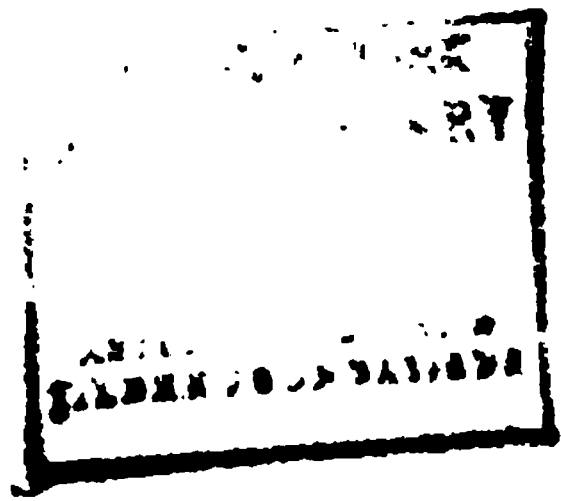
WOODMAN, a bay gelding, with black legs, fifteen hands, two inches high—late the property of Thomas Pickernell, jun. Esq. of East Grove, near Worcester, but now of George Farley, Esq. a gentleman of fortune in that country—was bred by Mr. Benbow, of Steventon, near Ludlow in Shropshire. He was got by that very celebrated race-horse, and still more celebrated stallion, *Lop*—once the property of the late Colonel Charlton, of Ludford, near Ludlow—out of a very fast trotting mare belonging to Mr. Heritage, of Leominster in the county of Hereford. This mare ran once or twice for half-bred stakes, but did not win; and dying in the act of giving birth to Woodman, his history becomes somewhat interesting.

Deprived of his dam, and consequently of his natural aliment, Woodman became a pet, and a

cade; and being foaled very early in the year, and during unusually inclement weather, means were taken to compensate the loss he had sustained. A complete dress of warm Welch flannel was manufactured for him; and instead of the stud groom, he was put under the care of the dairy maid. He anxiously looked for his pail of milk; and under this kind and fostering management, he put forth such fine growth and action that his owner, Mr. Benbow, determined upon training him.

Woodman made his *debut* at Tenbury in the county of Worcester, in 1815, as a four-year-old, for a Hunters' Stakes for half bred horses, of 5gs. each, ten subscribers, 12st. each—three mile heats, which he won at two heats, beating Mr. Wheeler's Kyrewood-Lass. Same year, at Ludlow, he won a Hunters' Stakes of 10gs. each, seven subscribers, carrying 7lb. extra for winning, beating Mr. Tench's ch. g. by Lignum Vitæ, and Mr. Francis Charlton's gr. c. by Cleveland. At Broxash (Bromyard), same year, he walked over for a Hunters' Stakes of 5gs. each; and at Hereford he won a plate of 50l. for three and four year olds, beating King Charles, Miss Platoff, and Mortimer. The next day he got beat for the All-aged Plate, and never started again except at Worcester, after having been used two or three years as a stud-horse, when, as might have been expected, he got beat.

When in the possession of Mr. Benbow, Woodman was the sire of many valuable horses of all descriptions, including Sylvan, Sylvanus, Woodlark, &c. &c.; but being parted with by his owner, he descended into meaner hands, and suffered the greatest hard-



ships, until his late kind master, Mr. Pickernell, with difficulty traced him to a miserable cowshed on the borders of Wales; and so wretched was his condition, that it required the greatest care and attention to remove him, alive, into Worcestershire. From this time, however, he was restored to the enjoyment of those indulgences his superior merit as a half-bred race horse deserved; and he became the favorite stallion in the neighbourhood of East Grove, until April 1826, when he was purchased by his present owner, Mr. Farley, and is now "living in clover."

Mr. Farley is a gentleman not known as a sporting character; but in selecting such a horse as Woodman—so perfect in symmetry, and

of so good a constitution—he betrays a wish to promote a useful breed of horses in his own neighbourhood; and it is but justice to add, that, for sincerity in friendship and unbounded hospitality, no man can excel the present owner of Woodman.

The painting from which this engraving is taken, is in the possession of Mr. Pickernell, and is from the pencil of Mr. J. Pitman, of Worcester; who, from the assiduity and skill he has exhibited in his profession, and his taste for sporting subjects in particular, has rendered himself worthy of that patronage he has so liberally received from the Sporting World, and which he so gratefully acknowledges.

APPROACH OF THE HUNTING SEASON.

HERE are some more rhymes, Mr. Editor.

"Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim."

The leaf is red, the leaf is sear,
The sunbeams early die;
The swallow leaves her dwelling here,
To seek a warmer sky.
Then mount and away for the forest glen,
I hear its echoes ring;
When winter falls on other men,
It is the hunter's spring.

The leaf is red, the leaf is sear,
Then brim the bowl with wine;
What care we for the closing year,
Or early eve's decline?
For blithe the vigil hunters keep,
Nor heed the day-light gone:
There crimson drops alone shall weep
For joys that blest the morn.

Oh, then we did ride by the covert side,
When the gallant fox stole by;
And gave at view the wild halloo,
And heard the opening cry.
The trophies dear of that career
With lightsome spirit bring;
No fading scenes of life are here,
It is the hunter's spring.—H.

A LETTER FROM MR. JOHN LAWRENCE.

SIR,

IN reference to that part of your Address to Correspondents, in which my name is implicated, I can assure you I have no desire to renew the controversy to which you point; and I think I may venture to say confidently, I have no need so to do. It only remains for me to make a remark or two on that most curious note which illustrates and adorns page 433 of your last Number. A bird's-eye view is there given of my former "pursuits." According to that chronicle, "the greater part of my life was spent in business in London." This "greater part" consisted of about nine years in the vicinity of London, during which period, from an early and ardent attachment to the horse, and indeed to rural concerns generally, the foundations were laid of those books which have been long before the public. But enough of this.

With your and his leave, I must speak with OBSERVATOR, whose sarcasms and jokes are thrown in so gentlemanlike, decorous, and pleasant a way, that their object, if he have common sense, may derive benefit from them, and yet remain unaffected by the smart of the lash. The universally-acceptable communications of OBSERVATOR and SOUTHRON do indeed combine the *utile* with the *dulce*. OBSERVATOR says (page 431), "Mr. J. L. *perhaps* can tell why Eleanor was beat at Huntingdon, and afterwards won at Egham." Poh! poh! Mr. O., there is no *perhaps* in the case. I was certainly in the way to know it; and with all your joking, you cannot possibly

be ignorant of it. You must recollect, that not only the mare had the tooth-ache from catching cold in a sweat, and, as if that had not been sufficient, was jockeyed by a raw young lad from the stables, who had not that kind of *know* about him to enable her to win. Can any thing be clearer or more convincing?

OBSERVATOR has got up a new edition in a pleasant style of a cross on both sides, in old Frampton's days, calculated, with subsequent examples, to shew, that so it was in the olden time, so it is in ours, and so it is likely to continue with our heirs and successors. I have conversed with a sportsman, who was an elderly man when that famous cross took place. To shew how inferiors profit by example, two stable boys, within my time, who rode exercise on two famous horses that were matched, found an opportunity of trial, kept their own counsel awhile, and profited by it in their small way. This at length getting to the ear of one of the proprietors, he demanded of young wicked why he had not communicated the intelligence to him? The boy with much simplicity replied, *he should know better another time*. To be serious on that which has been a serious subject to too many whom I have known, I repeat, there *must* be secrets and pulls, and there are legitimate stratagems on the turf, as well as in love and war; but, to use the language of an old friend, who has been out of training some years, let us have "no fair cheats and dead robberies." I could wish OBSERVATOR correct, that such generally originate with the *limbs*.

I have already troubled the public so much and so often on that foul national disgrace of making a

sport of cutting up the race-horse alive, that I always dread to re-touch it. The wanton, useless, or interested abuse of poor helpless animals embitters my existence. There is something damnable, cowardly, and mean, in abusing and treading upon beings endowed with feelings similar to our own, which are completely in our power, and have no means of resistance. Why should I be a hypocrite? I will freely own I am never so much affected by the cruelties perpetrated by one human being upon another; because the victim has always a resource, either in himself, or the interposition of others, with whom it is a common cause. Even in the case of slavery, the slave holds his destiny in his own hand, either by the sacrifice of his tyrant or himself. I wish I could join OBSERVATOR in the supposition that spectators do not take pleasure in seeing horses whipped and spurred at a race. But why need we wonder at this, since our grave didacticians teach that we lie under no obligation of justice towards beasts, but that their treatment must be conducted solely on the principle of human interest? What an excellent lesson for those who have an interest in covering foul play, by inflicting the most lancinating and heart-breaking tortures upon a poor horse!

Whatever might be the faults and peccadilloes of the late Sir Charles Bunbury—and who was there to throw the first stone at him?—he was a man of a naturally benign, compassionate, and friendly disposition; and his plan of treating the race-horse, without suffering him to be abused by the whip and spur, which he laboured so long and steadfastly, though unsuc-

cessfully, to make general on the turf, ought ever to be remembered to his honour. I have heard suspicious insinuations on this point; but if, after so many years, I knew any thing of the man, they were totally groundless. I have often desired to know at what period this plan of his commenced; but for a peculiar reason I declined asking him the question.

The false starts, I think, in old and quaint political phraseology, have increased, are increasing, and ought to be diminished. That they have been now and then got up for the occasion, I have long known. I formerly submitted that an order of the Jockey Club should make the third start final.

It is an old opinion, that it must be indeed a capital Newmarket horse to win a great race in the North, and *vice versa*. It seems, Mameluke's thighs were pronounced too thin; however, according to his portrait, with which you have favoured us, what of muscle he wants in his thighs, appears to have been made up to him in his loins.

JOHN LAWRENCE.

P. S. Our gracious and benevolent Sovereign, whose feelings are alive to the sufferings of the brute creation, within these few days sent a horse to his last home, that he might not drag out a life of constant torture and misery. The case was incurable tenderness and lameness in the feet. The groom had strict orders to see him killed, and to take back two of his feet. At the nap-house, that true hell above ground, the animal, in the highest condition, was styled most beautiful, "round as an apple," and judged worth one hundred and fifty pounds; and great pains were

taken to smuggle him into the stable. When the horse was knocked down, tears were observed in the groom's eyes. Surely the mode of slaughter of these miseries by *pithing* would be more convenient and less alarming to the victims, the bitter cup of suffering to which has been generally already filled to the brim; but the hell-hounds engaged in this office are true cousin-germans to those below. This intelligence I received from an eyewitness—my *purveyor* for cat's meat: and my cat Button, and constant companion, which fourteen years since was suckled and reared by a terrier bitch, and is now breeding away as fresh as a four-year-old, had the honour of dining off fine and fat royal stable beef.

Several years past I read in a newspaper a serious assertion that the cat had naturally an ear for music. Having long since earned "*vere adeptus*" in *feliology*, and attached to the purring race, it seemed strange to me that I had never discovered in them that property; but we live to learn. Some day last year, two young ladies, acquaintance of my daughters, called in, and were introduced into my room, where I was writing. They rank high as singers in private company; and I, ever captivated by the female voice divine, as a matter of course requested the favour of a chaunt. Button was lying upon the hearth-rug. She had never been introduced to these ladies, and is excessively apprehensive of strangers; however, she did not bolt, as we expected. On the commencement of a beautiful duet, the cat suddenly raised her head, her ears pricked up and expanded, and her eyes were directed

to one and the other singer, alternately. She seemed, at first, all attention, and then perfectly enchanted. Getting up from her couch, she gently approached the lady nearest to her, and setting her paws upon the singer's knee, caught hold of one of her hands and squeezed it, looking up in her face with the expression of extreme delight. She then proceeded to the other singer, and performed the same curious and grateful ceremony, her admiration and delight never cooling or pausing throughout the continuance of the several songs. It will be easily conceived this scene was the subject of much mirth and curiosity to us all.

P.S. *the second*.—I humbly crave pardon of the *hell-hounds*, above honored with a notice, so far as their merit may extend. I have this moment been informed that the horse was *blinded*, but I fear, merely out of respect to his quality. Were blinding general in the nac and slaughter house, the necessary *exit* would be divested of, indeed, all its terrors; but *pithing* has still every advantage, that most important one considered—saving time and trouble. It is universal on the Continent; and notwithstanding its rejection by the Windhamites twenty years ago, the practice has been during several years of late gradually climbing the hill of common sense and humanity in several parts of this country.

A FEW LINES FROM NIMROD— CHANGES IN HUNTING COUNTRIES.

SIR,

I Have received your favour of the 18th instant, and in compliance with your request will give

you all the information that I am possessed of respecting the approaching Hunting Season, although, in consequence of my having been at home almost the entire of the summer, that information can only be what has come at second-hand to me; but I believe the correctness of it may be depended upon. Trifling as it is, however, perhaps some degree of interest may be attached to it, from the circumstance of several changes having taken place in the crack hunting countries since the conclusion of the last season.

Of the hounds in my own country (Hants) I know nothing, as I never hunt with fox-hounds in October; but as those called *the Vine Hounds* met one day at my gate, I rode out to look at them, and thought them very much altered for the better, as far as the eye is concerned. They are not those bow-wow looking animals they were in their late worthy owner's time, which, admitting them to be pretty good, never gave me the idea of what a pack of fox-hounds should be. Dick Adamson, their present huntsman, must have been of my way of thinking; for he has strangely altered their appearance, having bred them with bone and substance, such as fox-hounds for any country ought to possess. They commence their season under the management of Mr. Fellowes, brother to the gentleman of that name who is now at the head of the *Warwickshire*, and occupy their new kennel at Overton on the great Western road, which I am told is very complete for an establishment of this extent.

Quitting the Provincials, I proceed to tell you what I have heard of the *metropolis of hunting*, from

a friend I stumbled upon the other day. Lord Southampton has commenced the campaign in Leicestershire, under, I understand, very favorable auspices. In the first place, I am told he has a magnificent show of foxes, and has killed nearly twenty brace already, with two or three very good things. His Lordship has got together about sixty-five couples of hunting hounds (from different kennels of course); but they were described to me, by a man who well knows what hounds ought to be, as powerful and clever, and likely to suit the country. They are divided into a dog and a bitch pack, and Dick Burton, who is to hunt them, has been indefatigable in his endeavours to get them steady and handy against the *dons* arrive, the time for which is now near at hand. They are to hunt only four times a week as regular fixtures, but it is supposed there will always be a bye-day.

I was happy to hear my friend say that Lord Southampton himself enters with great spirit into all the minutiae of his new occupation, and, to use the very words applied, "is determined to make himself master of his business;" spending a great deal of his time in his kennel, and hunting regularly through the early part of the season. This much I can answer for from my own experience—his Lordship's exertions will be most ably seconded by that excellent servant Dick Burton; and of his first whipper-in, Will Derry, from Mr. Musters's school, I have a very high opinion.

Of the late worthy master of Leicestershire, Mr. Osbaldeston, I know nothing farther than that he is delighted with his new country, *Northamptonshire*, calling it "*the*

best in England," and that he commences the season this very day. The *Quorn* also have fixed Kirby-gate for the 29th instant, as their first start.

The next change I have to notice is that of Mr. Musters, from Northamptonshire to Nottinghamshire. My information here comes from a humble quarter, but none the worse, we will say, for that. A year and half ago I sent Mr. M. a feeder out of my neighbourhood, and his master was so satisfied with Jem, and Jem with his master, that about a fortnight ago he came to fetch his wife and family to take up their abode in Nottinghamshire. From Jem I was informed, that "the Squire" had made a capital start, having killed his ten brace of foxes; and I heard from another quarter that, on the first of October, these hounds had such a day's sport with a capital fox from Mr. Sherbroke's coverts, as is scarcely ever met with at any time of the season. I heard the country described, though I have lost all recollection of it now; but I should imagine it to have been that sort of run which Nottinghamshire has not seen for some time past. This must have been one of the old breed of wild foxes, and not one of your Piccadilly gentlemen; and, much as the hounds must have deserved him, I could not help feeling sorry that so gallant an animal should have perished, if only for the sake of his breed.

All the *Sporting World* knows that Mr. Harvey Combe* gave up his *Berkshire* and *Oxfordshire* countries last season on account of their inconvenient distances from London, where his presence is ne-

cessarily required amongst those extensive mercantile concerns of which he is the head. These countries are now taken possession of by that excellent sportsman Lord Kintore, who has entered upon the house at Wadley, lately occupied by Mr. Majoribanks, where a kennel has been built for him by subscription, and he is warmly supported by the country. Had I not the honour of his acquaintance, I should still heartily wish him success. Lord Kintore is one of our best gentlemen huntsmen, and, of course, performs the duties of that office here; but having purchased, among other lots, the Spilsbury hounds, he has got Jack Walker, who came with them; and Jack Walker is a very clever whipper-in. So far then, all is right; and I heard the other day, on very good authority, that there is an excellent show of foxes; so that the whole thing is expected to be done well. His Lordship is one of the very boldest and best horsemen going, and no man rides better cattle than himself.

Of course the *Sporting World* also knows that a new man has taken *Warwickshire*, vacated last season by Mr. Hay. All I know of this concern is comprised in the following extract of a letter I received yesterday from a friend in that country, and I will give it to you neat as imported. "My neighbour Fellowes," says my friend, "has killed a good number of cubs. The hounds are in rare order; his men are pleased with the manner in which he has mounted them; and every thing promises favorably for sport with his pack."

* Mr. Combe has retired to his old country, with, I am told, as fine a pack of hounds as any man can show.

On the authority of the *Stamford News*, Mr. Foljambe is going to hunt part of the *Burton country* (Lincolnshire), from a kennel at Blankney, where his hounds are to lie twice a week.

By the way, Mr. Editor, have you heard of two matches against time, that lately took place in the county of Warwick, and which, had they both been won, might have ranked high in the list of extraordinary feats of horse flesh? The following is the account I have received of them from an eye-witness.

Mr. Newnham engaged to drive a mare in his gig fifteen miles within the hour; and then to ride another mare the same distance in the same time, both in a trot. The first match he lost by one minute and forty seconds; but won the latter with considerable ease. Indeed my informant says he would have won the first match had it not been for an error in judgment. He started in Woolford field, on the great Birmingham road, and ended at Bishopton, two miles beyond Stratford-on-Avon—*thus passing his own door*. This circumstance of course checked the speed of his mare, as all horses reluctantly pass by their own door, and thus he lost his harness match. Mr. Newnham has refused 150l. for the mare he drove. The other, my friend says, is but a pony.

I never made a match against time, nor do I suppose I ever shall; but I was once umpire to fifteen miles within the hour; and, although riding without my coat, I found it warm work, on a warm day in April. Some Christchurch men (Oxford) remember that *go*, and how near a *go* it was! Were I, however, to make a match of this sort, I would not throw a chance

away; but I would act thus:—I would keep my horse at the end of the best fifteen miles I could find, and his stable door should be the goal. Coach horses would not do their work half so pleasantly to themselves or their drivers, if they were not *always running home*.

Permit me to congratulate you on the accession of such a Correspondent as *Southron*, with his excellent letter on the late Doncaster Races. He writes, not only with the temper and feeling of a gentleman, but with the practical knowledge of a sportsman. Although quite out of my line, but as looker-on—never having possessed the necessary talent for *making a book*, nor, indeed, do I believe that gift is imparted to one man in ten thousand who attempt it—I conceive the account he gives you of the various running of Glenartney and Mameluke highly interesting to the racing world. When speaking of Mameluke, there is a remark, which calls forth one from myself. “The Yorkshiremen,” says *Southron*, “pronounced Mameluke’s thighs faulty—*too thin to get up the hill*.” Now, one of the best judges of a horse I ever met with—a Gloucestershire man, long since dead and gone—frequently made use of the following expression, which, I confess, I at that time marvelled at. Speaking of a clever colt, he would say—“I like him much; *he is nice and light in his thighs*, and looks like going.” I merely quote my old friend’s words, leaving it to better judges of a race-horse to decide, whether it be necessary to speed, under 8st. 6lb., on sound ground, and for so short a distance as a mile and a half, that a race-horse should be incumbered with exuberant muscle in his thighs,

provided he be well formed in other respects? I should imagine it was not.

Southron's account of the French gentleman and "de guinea" is most amusing, and a true picture of the Doncaster week. However, a guinea, or ten, should be no consideration with the man who goes to such places on such occasions. Many of my friends who remember the Count Peltier in this country some fifteen years back, would imagine he had made his appearance again at Doncaster, as the diverting lingo is a facsimile of his.

A friend of mine, out of Durham, writes to me as follows:—"You have made a mistake in the residence of Mr. Anthony Surtees. *He* resides at Hamsterley, in what we call the Durham country; whereas you have placed him at Mainsforth, which is only four miles from Sedgfield, and is the seat of his namesake, the worthy Historian of the County of Durham, who was never out with a hound in his life, although he keeps up old English hospitality much in the style of our excellent friend at Hamsterley."

Strange to say, but such is the fact, there is so great a scarcity of old hay in some of the midland counties, that it is not to be procured for money within any reasonable distance. I was applied to the other day, by letter, from a master of hounds, thus situated, to give him my opinion as to whether his horses would keep up their condition if fed upon new. My answer was, that, never having tried it, I could only say, if they must eat it, the quantity should be small—giving more corn, and now and then something to cleanse the bowels. Under such

circumstances, to healthy horses with sound lungs, I should apprehend nothing injurious, particularly as last year's hay was so well made, and fermented moderately in the ricks.

I am most happy to congratulate your sporting readers on the good accounts, from all quarters, this year, of the show of foxes. I really believe fox-killing is getting out of fashion; and this I know, the immoderate preserving of game is losing ground every day, and for the best of reasons—the tenants will stand it no longer! If a farmer grew a hundred acres of barley last year, and every grain produced an ear, and every ear came into his barn, he did no more than clear his expenses; but if half that crop was eaten by hares and pheasants, whence is the landlord to obtain his rent? I could tell a story or two on this subject from my own neighbourhood, and some others, but, Mr. Editor, I cry "Enough!"

Vivant, floreat, res sportianæ!

NIMROD.

October 20, 1827.

THE NESTS OF HERONS.

SIR,

I was much pleased with PETER PRY's description of a Decoy for Wild Fowl in your last Number, but fear he has fallen into error when he says, "there were herons and their nests in the weeds." Bewick describes their building in high trees, and combating with rooks for such situations; and, as far as my own observation has gone, I never saw a nest in any other place. I have a friend, whose park contains some lofty oaks, which are annually resorted to in the breeding season by herons, where they

receive every protection, my friend being very proud that they have selected his neighbourhood for their abode. Here I have seen so many as thirty nests together.

I have alluded also to the fact named by Bewick, of rooks and herons contending for the possession of the highest trees. It is singular that the same has been witnessed at the park of my friend. There is a rookery close to the house, and skirmishes have frequently been observed between the parties; the contest, however, has not been very pertinacious, and, generally speaking, they soon became peaceable, and reconciled to each other.—I am, yours,

A BOGTROTTER.

HOLYWELL HUNT COURSING MEETING.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1837.

For the Cup.—Mr. E. Lloyd's bl. d. Lascar beat Sir Thomas Mostyn's bl. d.

Galert; Mr. E. Lloyd's bl. d. Lunardi beat Mr. Cooke's bl. b. Paragon; Mr. Hoghton's bl. b. Harriet beat Mr. Madocks's bl. b. Mervinia; Mr. E. Lloyd's brin. b. Latestring beat Mr. Hoghton's bl. d. Harlequin.

For the Puppy Cup.—Sir W. W. Wynn's bl. b. Fly beat Sir Thomas Mostyn's bl. b. Gypsy; Mr. Madocks's bl. b. Matilda beat Mr. Hoghton's bl. b. Fly; Mr. E. Lloyd's red b. Lobelia beat Mr. Hoghton's bl. and wh. d. Hazard; Mr. E. Lloyd's bl. d. Lunenburg beat Mr. Mytton's bl. and wh. b. Misery.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Harriet beat Latestring.
Lunardi — Lascar.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Mr. E. Lloyd's bl. d. Lunardi beat Mr. Hoghton's bl. b. Harriet, and won the Cup.

FIRST TIES FOR THE PUPPY CUP.

Blue Fly beat Matilda.
Lunenburg — Lobelia.

Deciding Course for the Puppy Cup.—Mr. E. Lloyd's bl. d. Lunenburg beat Blue Fly, and won the Cup.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Chase.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

PERMIT me, Sir, through the medium of your very interesting Magazine, to congratulate the sportsmen of Staffordshire and Shropshire, who reside within the limits of Mr. Boycott's Hunt, upon the great prospect of sport they are likely to have with that gentleman this ensuing season. I met Mr. Boycott's hounds on Wednesday 24th October. The appointment was Smester's Gate, in order to draw some plantations and gorses belonging to that very excellent preserver of foxes, Thos. Pudsey, Esq. We found in a gorse of about six acres, and had a burst of twenty minutes to Blackbrook Gorse, and back again about four miles; the scent was good, and no hounds could

carry a finer head, and do their work in higher style. It being over a ploughed country, and early in the season, horses were a good deal distressed, and, had it continued longer, we must have said with the Poet—
“a chosen few alone the sport enjoy.”
We afterwards ran him through several plantations (with a moderate scent), and killed him. They found their second fox in a gorse made by Lord Grey, and went away in the direction of the training ground and Stourton Gorse. Being fully satisfied with the early part of the day's sport, I turned my horse's head and went home. I cannot too highly appreciate Mr. Boycott's talent as the master of that pack of hounds, brought in so short a space of time (only three years) to a comparative state of perfection. Some of his bitches are par-

ticularly neat, and his entry of young hounds may be equalled, though I think not excelled; his men are well mounted, and *quite awake*. I was much pleased to meet that veteran sportsman, Francis Holyoake, Esq. with no diminution of nerve, and equally well mounted as in his early days in Warwickshire. I also saw Mr. Walter Giffard, Mr. Henry Hordern, and Mr. Thomas Holyoake, with other *spiry coves*, going well, and I could much wish to see them crossing a better country. I was happy to observe the master of the pack always on good terms with the leading hounds, since it is a sure preventive to their getting into mischief; but regret to say that he was not looking so well as I have seen him, owing, it is said, to a recent domestic affliction.

As I shall have an opportunity of seeing more of these hounds in the course of the season, I shall have much pleasure in communicating more fully.—Yours, HAWKSEYE.

Mr. Freeman's harriers have commenced hunting the downs in the neighbourhood of Wantage (the country formerly hunted by the Red House hounds, or Berkshire harriers), and will continue to hunt alternately the hill and vale three days a week throughout the season.

Sir A. Chichester's stag-hounds threw off on the 24th of September at Hole Water, and after a chase of two hours killed their game in Wear Pool.—On the 10th of October the same hounds were laid on a fine stag in Kingsnympton Park Wood. The chase lasted nearly three hours, when the deer was taken in the Hole Water.

Sir Clifford Constable's buck-hounds (Staffordshire) had an excellent run on the 8th of October. Nimrod, a well-known stag, formerly the property of Lord Derby, was turned out at Walton-heath, near Stone, and he led his pursuers a gallant chase of two hours and forty minutes before he was secured.

Lord Petre's hounds had a brilliant day's sport on the 18th October. They found their first fox at Munden Furze; and, after running him two hours and twenty minutes, killed

him at Hazeleigh. They next found a fox in a willow-bed at Sandon-bridge, which stood before the hounds, without a check, one hour and seven minutes; when Reynard was run in to in view, just by Old Moulsham Hall.

The Pembrokeshire Hounds commenced the season on the 24th of September, at the Cotts, where they found very abundantly. On the 27th, they had a brilliant run from Boulston, and killed.

The Suffolk fox-hounds have commenced their first season: they throw off for the first time at Dalham Thicks—found, and killed. It is to be a subscription pack; but Mr. Muir, and the Gentlemen joined with him, intend to hunt the first season without asking for any subscription.

The Turf.

Fleur de Lis is gone from the North to Newmarket, to be added to the Royal Stud, and we hear it is His Majesty's intention to continue her in training. We also hear that a match between her and Memnon is in contemplation.

There are sixty-two nominations for the Somersetshire Stakes to be run for next year at the Bath and Bristol Meeting. The subscription is 25 sovs. 15ft. and only five if declared by June 1st. The meeting takes place a clear week after Ascot Heath.

Major Yarburgh has refused 1200 guineas for his b. c. Laurel (who came in third for the Doncaster St. Leger), offered him by Lord Cleveland.

Sir W. Wynn has sold his br. c. Sancredo, by Filho da Puta, to Mr. S. Barnard, of Newmarket, for 150 guineas.

Mr. Dockeray has purchased (for Lord Derby) of Mr. Crompton, his bay colt, Burlador, by Cervantes, 3 yrs old, for 400gs.

Mr. Dickinson has purchased of Lord Sligo, his bay colt, Pelican, by Oiseau, out of Miss Aide, 3 yrs old.

SIR, Tattersall's, Oct. 22, 1827.
The Yard was thronged with visitors, yet the Room was very thinly

attended, most of the gentlemen bettors still continuing at Newmarket; and not till past four o'clock was there the least appearance of business, after which some general, but indefinite betting, took place. The Colonel remains as before, but not quite so much doing upon him as a few weeks back, the odds being more freely laid than taken. Merchant has jumped up most astonishingly, and 8 to 1 is eagerly caught at; but I must confess that both races were not won in that easy style, to warrant one in standing through and through upon his winning: in all probability he is now at the top of the odds. Druid is a little on the advance, and the others have become confirmed outsiders, and are little noticed.

Sarah, Sister to Swiss, has become the first favorite for the Oaks, and one of the leading stars of the Room took 1700 to 200 about her winning; and he would have gone on. She is allowed to be the finest filly at Newmarket, and the pace already is tremendous. Turquoise was almost at evens with her; and, excepting Trampoline, the others were hardly mentioned. In fact the speculators evinced more than usual apathy upon the event of this race. Velocipede, although cleverly beaten by Bessy for the Two-year-old Stakes at Doncaster, has got up to be first favorite, and several very heavy bets were accepted. The Colonel had rather the call of the mare; yet Bessy Bedlam has the warmest admirers, who freely take the odds, and if she continues well must become the leading favorite. Despite of Mr. Watt's stable the Sister to Memnon is going; and one of the best judges in the room laid 25 to 1 against her. Mabby, another of Mr. Petre's, was brought up, and 40 to 1 in ponies was taken upon her. The betting is very languid, the subscribers appearing anxious to back Mr. Petre's stable, who is exceedingly strong, and little odds were offered against him. At present an evident shyness pervades the whole of the Room, which another month or so will dispel, when we may expect the betting to resume its wonted alacrity.

—Yours, truly,

Z. B.

DERBY, 1828.

- 7 to 1 agst The Colonel.
- 8 to 1 agst Merchant.
- 16 to 1 agst Druid.
- 20 to 1 agst Hampden.
- 20 to 1 agst Sorcery.
- 25 to 1 agst Shoveler.
- 30 to 1 agst Brother to Rachel.
- 30 to 1 agst Barnardo.
- 30 to 1 agst Defiance.
- 30 to 1 agst Lancastrian.
- 30 to 1 agst Neptune.
- 30 to 1 agst Zingaree.
- 30 to 1 agst Zealot's dam.
- 30 to 1 agst Oppidan.
- 50 to 1 agst Adeliza.
- 50 to 1 agst Olivera.
- 40 to 1 agst The Colonel winning Derby and St. Leger.

OAKS.

- 8 and 9 to 1 agst Sarah.
- 9 and 10 to 1 agst Turquoise.
- 11 and 12 to 1 agst Trampoline.
- 15 to 1 agst Bess.
- 20 to 1 agst Rantipole.
- 20 to 1 agst Sister to Mignonette.
- 20 to 1 agst Zoe.
- 25 to 1 agst Staughton Lass.
- 25 to 1 agst Sister to Goshawk.
- 25 to 1 agst Lestelle.
- 30 to 1 agst Octaviana.
- 30 to 1 agst Ruby.
- 30 to 1 agst Brocard.
- 30 to 1 agst Elinor.

ST. LEGER.

- 11 to 1 agst Mr. Petre's Velocipede.
- 12 to 1 agst Mr. Petre's The Colonel.
- 12 to 1 agst Bessy Bedlam.
- 25 to 1 agst Sister to Memnon.
- 25 to 1 agst Mr. Petre's Emmelina.
- 25 to 1 agst Mr. Petre's c. out of Matilda's dam.
- 25 to 1 agst Merchant.
- 30 to 1 agst Ballad Singer.
- 30 to 1 agst Harlequin.
- 33 to 1 agst Shoveler.
- 33 to 1 agst Sarah.
- 40 to 1 agst Mr. Petre's Mabby.
- 50 to 1 agst c. by Jonathan.
- 50 to 1 agst Ultimatum.
- 50 to 1 agst c. by Waverly.
- 50 to 1 agst Miss Paul.
- 50 to 1 agst Rector.
- 100 to 1 agst The Colonel, Bessy Bedlam, and Sarah, all three winning.
- 1000 to 10 agst naming all three winners.

Stud Sales.

On Tuesday, in the Newmarket First October Meeting, the following Yearlings from the Underley Stud (Mr. Nowell's) were sold by Messrs. Tattersall:—

COLTS.

A b. colt, by Walton, out of Miss Wasp—120gs.

A bl. or gr. colt, by Walton, out of Doll Tearsheet—300gs.

A b. colt, by Orville, dam by Election—Fair Helen—200gs.

A b. colt, by Orville, out of La-certa, by Zodiac—83gs.

A b. colt, by Orville, out of Eliza, by Rubens—90gs.

A b. colt, by Orville, out of Little Queen—64gs.

A b. colt, by Orville, dam by Sooth-sayer—210gs.

A b. colt, by Orville, out of Epsom Lass—185gs.

A h. colt, by Prime Minister, out of Lady Grey—61gs.

A b. colt, by Champignon, out of Rosamel—285gs.

FILLIES.

Chesnut f. by Walton, out of Johanna Southcote—105gs.

Bay f. by Orville, out of Erin Lass, by Hollyhock—not sold.

Brown f. by Orville, out of Caprice, by Waxy—71gs.

Bay f. by Orville, dam by Driver—30gs.

Bay f. by Orville, out of Mishap—29gs.

Brown f. by Wanton, dam by Hap-hazard—32gs.

Bay f. by Orville, or Walton, out of Pipylene, to Lord Lowther—66gs.

The Annual Draft from the Biledston Stud was sold at the Newmarket Second October Meeting, Oct. 16, by Messrs. Tattersall, as follows:—

A two-year-old brown gelding, by Smolensko, out of Miss Crockford—17gs.

A yearling bay filly, by Wrangler, out of Lesinka, by Smolensko—15½gs.

A bay filly (yearling), by Smolensko, out of a Young Whiskey mare (in the Oaks)—27gs.

A black yearling filly, by Smolensko, out of Shepherdess, by Shuttle—10½gs.

Mirth (a brood mare), by Trumpeter—7½gs.

A Shuttle mare, dam by Hambletonian—70gs.

A yearling bay filly, by Wrangler, out of Miss Grosvenor, by Ardresan—11gs.

Marybelle, by Walnut, out of Maria, by Telemachus—6gs.

A three-year-old filly, by Smolensko, and two colts (yearlings), by Nicolo, out of Olivera and Darling, were not sold.

On the same day were also sold the following:—

Draft from the Duke of Grafton's Stud.

Latimer, 3 yrs, by Merlin—160gs.

Zoffani, 3 yrs, by Weful, out of Zaida—100gs.

Arab, 3 yrs, by Weful—Zeal—80gs.

Paramour, 3 yrs, by Merlin, to Count Woronzoff—140gs.

Brown filly, 2 yrs, by Weful—Cat-gut—16gs.

Zaida, by Sir Peter—60gs.

Lord Lowther's.

Chieftain, 3 yrs, by Clinker—82gs.

Yearling f. by Tiresias—20gs.

Yearling, by Tancred, out of Sister to Whalebone—30gs.

Chesnut foal by Morisco, out of Nina—15gs.

Brown f. by Tiresias, out of Fatima—9½gs.

A ches. ro. c. 2 yrs, own Brother to Loraine—100gs.

On the Thursday, in the same Meeting, the following Racing Stock of Lord Anson was put up and sold:

BROOD MARES.

Ina, by Smolensko, out of Morgiana, stinted to Morisco—produce engaged in Riddlesworth 1831—150gs.

Prue, by Trumpator, stinted to Morisco—73gs.

Elizabeth, by Orville, out of Penny Trumpet, stinted to Phantom—produce in Riddlesworth 1831—315gs.

Miniature, by Rubens, out of Young Criseis, by Dick Andrews, stinted to Morisco—110gs.

Careless, by Filho da Puta, out of a Shuttle mare, stinted to Centaur—25gs.

YEARLING.

Ch. f. by Tramp, out of Prue—engaged in Second Spring 1828, in a Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, 9 subscribers; Wednesday, in Craven 1829, in Sweepstakes of 100gs. each,

D. M. 4 subscribers; Thursday, in Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, D. M. 6 subscribers; on the 2d of October 1828, in Filly Stakes of 100gs each—200gs.

FOALS.

Ch. f. by Whisker, out of Elizabeth—engaged in Riddlerworth 1830; also in Column Stakes, First Spring; in 1830, in Produce Stakes of 204gs. each, D. M. 9 subscribers—300gs.

Bay f. by Emilius, out of Prue—engaged in Produce Stakes of 200gs. each, D. M. 6 subscribers; on Thursday, in First Spring of 1830; and in a Sweepstakes of 200gs. each, D. M. —110gs.

General Grosvenor's.

Troy (a stallion)—200gs.

Bay m. 8 yrs, by Ardrossan, dam by Sir Peter, in foal to Wrangler—100gs.

Bay f. 2 yrs, by Smolensko—32gs.

Brown yearling f. by Nicole—41gs.

Bay yearling, by Rubens, out of Waltonia—52gs.

On the 22d of October, the Yard at Tattersall's was well attended by a large assemblage of Nobility and Gentlemen of distinction in the Sporting World, when the following hunters, well known in Leicestershire, were disposed of at the prices annexed:—

Clinker, by Clinker, dam by Sancho, grandam by Fidget, out of Lily of the Valley, by Eclipse—500gs.

Moreton, a bay gelding—290gs.

Waterman, a brown gelding, by Clinker, out of a half-bred mare—200gs.

Harlequin, a brown gelding, by Clasher—200gs.

Justice, a bay gelding, by Orville—195gs.

Derby, a roan gelding, by Worthy—150gs.

Vestris, a ch. m. by Wheat-ear—145gs.

Bowsprit, a grey gelding—23gs.

Grenadier, a chesnut gelding—27gs.

Bob Short, by Cheshire Cheese, aged—42gs.

Bedlam—60gs.

Tick—125gs.

Meaux—135gs.

Rosedon—190gs.

Pedro—70gs.

Dick Vaughan—245.

Tamarind—105gs.

Casterello—105gs.

Guy Fawkes, 6 yrs old, by Welbeck, out of a Cerberus mare—60gs.

The first nine were the property of Captain Rose. Bordeaux, a white charger, formerly belonging to His Majesty, sold for 61gs.

Mr. Moore, of Doncaster, has purchased Coalition, by Magistrate, 3 yrs; Raven, by Magistrate, 3 yrs; and Harriet, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs; of Mr. Houldsworth, for Mr. Thomas Jackson, of St. Petersburg, Russia.

At the Sale of Sir J. H. Maxwell's stud at Springkell, on the 8th October, Euranthe, by Stamford, dam by Restless, was purchased for the Duke of Buccleuch, at five hundred pounds. Nothing else was disposed of.

HORSES SOLD TO GO ABROAD.

We have received from a highly-respectable and authentic source, the following particulars of horses recently sold to go abroad, respecting which several incorrect statements have appeared in the newspapers:—

Tancred by Selim, and Rowleston by Camillus, are gone to Paris to the *Duc de Guiche*.

The General, who made such a noise in the Derby of 1825, is bought by the *Baron Biel*, in Germany, together with a bay mare by Filho da Puta, dam by Shuttle, out of Fortuna's dam, stinted to Tramp; and a brown mare by Orville, dam by Waxy, grandam by Highflyer, stinted to Fungus.

The following is an account of Major Gore's Sale at Porkington:—Rowleston, for 500gs. to the *Duc de Guiche* at Paris: Rapid, Belvidera by Blacklock, and Thirzina by Aladdin, to the *Count Hahn*, for Germany: and Stone and Poster, to the *Marquis of Londonderry*, for Ireland.—The others were bought by gentlemen of the country.—Speaking of this sale, a Shrewsbury paper says, there were 44 lots, of which only ten were

sold, at the following prices. Rapid, 80gs. ; Tin (bought by W. Lloyd, Esq.) 64gs. ; Belvidera, 70gs. ; Roseleaf (by Capt. Boates), 46gs. ; Amateur (by Hon. T. Kenyon), 10gs. ; Playful, by Master Henry, 11gs. ; Stone, 80gs. ; Poster, 80gs. ; and Thirzina, 10½gs.

Count Hahn has also bought, at great prices, the following:—that well-known horse Godolphin ; Stamford mare, Elector's dam ; Breeze, Sister to Interpreter ; Frogmore's dam ; Mr. Petre's Missy ; and several others—in the whole ten, which sailed for Germany on the 13th of October.

Stratherne is still in England, at Moreton's Hunting Stables, Croydon, and for sale. The papers said he was gone to Paris, and we understood he had been bought for Germany.

STALLION, 1828.

Waxy Pope will cover next season at Porkington, Oswestry.

COCKING.

A Correspondent has pointed out to us the having omitted, at the time, to give an account of the cocking at Melton Mowbray in April last ; and having favored us with the same, we with pleasure give it insertion : observing, however, that the omission arose from our not having received any detail of the match from sources on which we could rely. Our Correspondent's communication is substantially as follows:—"The great main of cocks fought at Melton Mowbray on the 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th of April last, between Sir H. Goodrick, Bart. on the one side, (Potter feeder for Sir H. Goodrick,) and R. F. Benson, Esq. M.P. and Dr. Bellyse on the other side, (Phillips feeder for them,) for twenty sovs. a battle and 500 sovs. the main, was won by the latter, three a-head on the main and one bye-battle."

At the conclusion of the Lichfield Cocking, Gilliver won 17 mains 6 byes, and Potter 10 mains 9 byes.

SHOOTING.

From all accounts it appears that a considerable number of partridges will be left this season : although the period for their destruction is far ad-

vanced, the sportsman, by walking a comparatively small tract of ground, may now meet with many coveys, and some of them containing five, six, and even eight brace of birds. They are, however, exceedingly wild, and difficult to be got at ; next year will probably, therefore, prove as abundant in this species of game as the present.

Mr. Fraser of Lovat, having laid a bet of fifty sovereigns that he and a friend could kill a hundred hares in one day, the 4th of October was chosen for deciding the match, upon Lovat's Aberdeenshire estate of Strichen. It was won with the greatest ease, for by three o'clock he and Mr. Macdowall Grant had bagged one hundred and thirty hares.

HAWKING.

This ancient and noble sport was revived in Euston Park, on Thursday, September 27. The Duke of Grafton, with the Ladies Fitzroy, and a gay train of fifty, took the field with ten gallant falcons. Each bird had three fine flights, and proved his pure breed and good training, by regularly striking his quarry, and remaining with it till both were taken up. The hawks (eyases) were brought from Germany, and trained by the famous falconer, Epps, of Hertfordshire. We understand it is his Grace's intention to follow the sport regularly during the season at least twice a week.

ANGLING.

By command of the Board of Ordnance no person is allowed to fish in Waltham Abbey ponds, under the forfeiture of all their tackle. A young friend of ours, who was recently amusing himself by angling in the prohibited waters (but not known to be so by him), had his rod, reel, lines, and all his paraphernalia forcibly taken from him. The newspapers question the authority, and consider that *might* overcomes *right*.

EQUESTRIANISM.

On the 15th and 16th of October, the pony Nimrod, which stands thirteen hands high, was driven in a one-horse chaise by Mr. Edward Bacon, contractor, Waterloo-road, London, to his house in Derbyshire, in eighteen hours. The distance is one hundred

and forty-two miles, which is fourteen changes of horses for the mail coach, at ten miles each stage. The pony performed the journey without any symptoms of distress, taking nine hours each day.

SPORTING ACCIDENT.

On the 29th of September, as Mr. Barnard Green, of Bampton, Oxon, and a party of gentlemen were out shooting, he was accidentally shot by a gentleman from London, and died on the Tuesday following.

Pugilism.

The fight between Dick Curtis, the *Pet of the Fancy*, and Jack Tisdale, who had distinguished himself in several gallant encounters, took place on the 9th of October, in a field on the banks of the Thames, nearly opposite Egham Race Course, in the county of Berks. Curtis fought 120l. to 100l. and was seconded by Josh Hudson and Young Dutch Sam; while Tisdale was handled by the *Nonpareil* (Randall) and Bill Cropley. The battle lasted one hour and two minutes, in which seventeen rounds were fought, and in all of which Dick proved himself the "better man," and was eventually declared the conqueror; though it was allowed on all hands, as well as by himself, that he had never met so rum a customer. The result of this battle has increased Dick's fame, already at the height, and proved that he is the most finished boxer of his weight in the present age. It is, indeed, scarcely possible to imagine greater perfection in the pugilistic art. His cool judgment—his readiness at defence, and quickness of attack where an opening offers, admit of no parallel; and when the admirable generalship he displays in manoeuvring his man into situations of difficulty, of which he takes advantage; and the tremendous punishment which he then inflicts, are considered, he must be pronounced one of "the matchless." Tisdale throughout had not a chance of winning, but still his unshrinking courage and self-possession to the last entitle him to every praise, and place him in the

second rank among men of his weight. Dick's hands are greatly injured, but his punishment was trifling when compared with that of his antagonist.

The fight between Reuben Martin and Young Gas for 100l. a-side, both eleven-stone men, took place on the 16th of October on Westbourn Common, near Emsworth, Sussex; the former seconded by Ward and Holt, and Gas by Curtis and O'Neil. It was the quickest battle on record, fifteen rounds being fought in sixteen minutes, and most of them of the most slashing description. In the first round Martin struck his opponent a most desperate blow on the ear, and knocked him down as if shot. Indeed it was considered "all over" with Gas; and certainly nothing but the energy of youth, assisted by the skill of his seconds, could have brought him to time. He came up, however, stupid and wandering, and did not recover his self-possession till the fourth round, when he seemed again "himself." The next ten rounds were contested bravely, with alternate success, each evincing mutual game, severe punishment, and rapid fighting. In the fifteenth, and last, both appeared at the scratch full of life. Gas rushed in to rally, but Martin caught him as he came with the same desperate right-handed blow on the ear which had nearly proved fatal in the first round, and knocked him down in the same decisive manner. Gas's head dropped on his shoulder; and it was evident that the battle was ended. On time, however, being called, he was brought to his legs, but instead of making to the scratch he staggered to the corner of the ring as if he was drunk. Time was again called, and he did not face his man. Holt and Ward instantly threw up the hat of victory, and the referee decided in favour of Martin.

A second fight took place between Jones, the Sailor Boy, and Ikey Dodd. The latter had much the advantage in height, weight, and length; but Jones put all these aside by his fine science, and polished the big one off in half an hour, in thirty-

four rounds, without even receiving a scratched face.

The town of St. Alban's was overflowing on the 23d October at an early hour with all sorts and descriptions of persons, in the expectation of seeing the two fights so long talked of between Young Dutch Sam and Bishop Sharpe, and Barney Aaron and Frank Redman—Noman's Land being destined for the scene of action. The fight, however, between Sam and the Bishop was not allowed to take place, the former being arrested on a peace warrant just as he was stripping. His opponent's friends say Sam's backers were determined to get out of a *bad* thing, and thus sought Magisterial interference to save their pockets. This was the impression of a numerous meeting on the 24th at the Castle Tavern, Holborn; and Belcher, the stakeholder, considering the Bishop in fairness and honour entitled to the Stakes, gave him 100l. reserving the other 100l. for the present as a guarantee against any legal proceedings which might be taken against him. Sam has since been held to bail to keep the peace for twelve months.—

As soon as the confusion arising from the above disappointment had subsided, BARNEY AARON and REDMAN entered the ring from which Sam had retired; and the assembled multitude witnessed as game and manly a fight as any on record. It lasted an hour and twelve minutes, during which forty-four rounds were fought with fine science and determined courage, even the loser entitling himself to the admiration of the throng. Till the thirty-seventh round the result of the battle was very doubtful. At this period, however, Redman shewed great distress, and gradually got weaker; and though Barney also evinced considerable weakness, his superior strength carried him through, and crowned him with laurels. In point of visible punishment, however, he had the worst of the hitting, Redman's blows telling with great force and rapidity; but on both men being put to bed at St. Alban's, the internal punishment and physical consequence to Redman were pronounced the most serious. He was carried out of the ring in a state of insensibility, and Barney was scarcely able to walk.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We much regret being compelled to omit a great variety of communications, as well as much matter on racing, which, if room could possibly have been found, ought, from their immediate interest, to have appeared in the present Magazine. They will be disposed of next month, the period at which we usually issue a double Number; and we can assure our friends that it will be filled with practical information of equal, if not superior interest to any thing we have hitherto published.

A Series of Letters on Shooting is received, and we hope to give the first in our next publication.

We had intended to insert in the present Number, the letter of ALFRED HIGH-FLYER, descriptive of the Doncaster Meeting, partly promised in our last; but, though it contains many interesting particulars of the running for the various Stakes, we are reluctantly compelled to put it aside, to make room for the communications of our numerous other friends. This we regret the less, as the admirable letter of SOUTHRON, so literally describing the Great St. Leger, had in a great measure anticipated the favour of our other Correspondent.

An Old Sportsman writes us the following, on a late controversy in our pages:—
“The dispute between *Mr. John Lawrence* and *Nimrod* may be easily adjusted, leaving to each the utility of his favorite system: viz. Turning horses to grass was most appropriate when foxes were HUNTED: summer stabling is fittest for the nags now foxes are COURSED.”

We are indebted to VETERINARIUS for his favour, but think his argument would not be appropriate to our pages, unless that to which it professes to be a reply had previously appeared. The “Epistle to Agassus Misofox” also, coming so long after the appearance of the other letter, and being of such length, we are reluctantly obliged to decline in the present crowded state of our pages.

The Editor requests THE OLD FORESTER will say by what means a small parcel can be safely conveyed to him.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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IV. SOUTH AMERICAN MULE.

A. COOPER, ESQ. R. A.

WE had purposed giving a brief Memoir of this celebrated Artist, but, from unavoidable circumstances, are obliged to postpone it till our next, when it shall certainly appear.

HORSE-RACING IN GERMANY.

SIR,
HAVING been accustomed to pay an annual visit to the vicinity of Mecklenburgh, I was invited by some friends to be present at the late races at Doberan, some notice of which has in former years appeared in your work. If the following account of the Meeting of 1827 be considered worthy your readers' perusal, it will be gratifying to, Sir,

ONE OF THE TURF.

October 25, 1827.

RACES have been established in Mecklenburgh for these six years; and people who happened to be at Doberan in 1822, and saw the horses that ran then, would hardly believe that within so short a space of time it was possible such rapid progress in the breed of that noble creature could be effected. The improvement which I perceived proved more plainly than all writing and arguing could do, that establishing races is the quickest and surest mode of improving the breed of horses; and if foreign Governments, who lay out such immense sums for that important purpose, would but give as prizes one-tenth of the money spent in that way, they would be much more likely to succeed than by their present system.

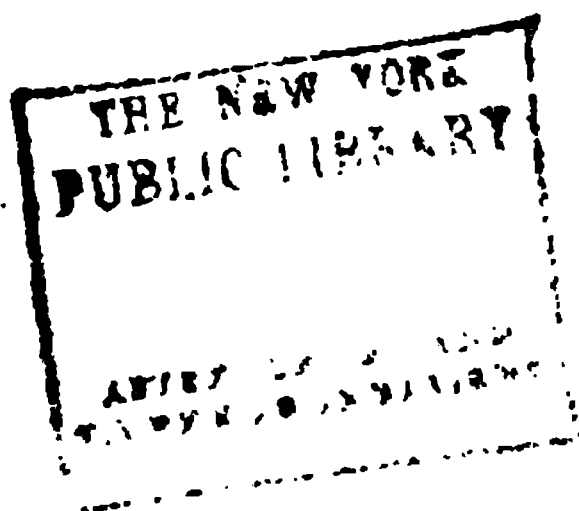
The country of Mecklenburgh,

I must confess, was more likely to make such rapid improvements in their breed than any other part of the world, (save England, which will always be the great model for improvements of that kind,) as almost every country gentleman and farmer has been a breeder of horses for the last century; so that in fact it may be said truly, the whole mass of the inhabitants are fond of horses. If till of late they did not breed superior horses, it was not from want of care nor attention to breeding, but owing to having no distinct idea of the qualities of a thorough-bred horse, and the influence such noble blood has upon improving the breed. This salutary idea was forced upon them by establishing races.

People told me at Doberan, that at the first establishment of their races, whenever the owners of thorough-bred horses foretold their beneficial tendency on breeding, they were internally smiled at: but events having fully verified the predictions, the former sceptics are now so thoroughly convinced of the difference between a thorough and half-bred horse, that no owner of the latter sort has ever ventured to subscribe sweepstakes to which they had but 50 per cent. to stake against thorough-bred horses.

The races began on the 11th of August, His Serene Highness the Duke of Brunswick Oels steward; and, after the Duke's leaving Doberan, General Halkett. He was assisted by His Royal Highness the Hereditary Grand Duke, and by His Highness Prince Gustavus of Mecklenburgh. The first day, I confess, I was much disappointed. Count Plessen's b. c. Darlington, by Herodotus, out of Young Darling, by Waxy, walked over for a Sweepstakes of

Alfred R. A.



30 Louis each. Next came a match that had excited general interest in Mecklenburgh, between Count Plessen's Tancred, by Herodotus, out of Bellissima, by Camillus, 6 yrs old; and Count Bassewitz's Chancy, by Baron Biel's Robin Hood, out of Streamlet, by Rubens, 4 yrs old. The match was 100 Louis each, over a course of three miles and a quarter. Both horses were in high condition, and went round the first time at a most furious pace. Tancred took the lead, and every body expected to see excellent sport; but after they had gone about a mile and a quarter, Chancy became awkward, bolted out of the course over a six-foot bank of earth, and fell into a ditch on the other side, where his rider got off his back, in order to give him liberty to recover his legs. Meanwhile Tancred's rider hurried him along in a most unaccountable way. He possibly suspected something of the kind NIMROD tells us of in your last July Number, with respect to Sir Tatton Sykes, who very nearly won a race in disguise, after his horse had bolted, while his antagonist's walked on quietly. The fellow at Doberan was punished as he deserved: for, in going round the second time, his very honest horse became unruly likewise, attempted to bolt, ran against the bank, and threw his rider right over. The match was consequently off, as the racing laws there do not allow a person to win after having been off his horse during the race.

On Monday the 13th we saw a match of 30 Louis each, one mile, between Baron Biel's Haydee, by Young Pericles, out of Streamlet, against Count Plessen's Trouba-
bour, by Herodotus, out of Mi-
nona; both five years old, carrying

9st. 5lb. Haydee won by two lengths, in 1 minute 58 seconds.

This match was followed by a race which amused me very much; I mean a race established for the Peasantry, who are extremely well off in this country, and have got very nice and useful horses. The interest of the race was heightened this year by an uncommonly pretty silver gilt Cup, presented by Admiral Sir Charles Ogle and John Pearce, Esq. M.P., who saw that race last year, and were so highly pleased with its novelty, that they sent the above-mentioned Cup to be run for. One hundred and sixteen horses were entered, which ran by classes of ten. After the twelve classes had done so, the winners contended between themselves for the Cup, and then the same twelve horses ran again for the plate, which was of the value of about 20l. The same horse carried both prizes.

On Tuesday the races began with the *First Subscription Plate of 90 Louis*. Only three horses ran, viz.

Count Plessen's Typhon by Adrast (Winkelmann)	1
Baron Biel's Haydee.....	2
Count Bassewitz's Chancy (bolted)	0

The mile was run in 1 min. 59 sec. the winner carrying 10st. 5lb.

Match of thirty Louis each, one mile, between two half-bred three-year-old colts, carrying 9st. 9lb.

Count Hahn's ch. c. by Hector.....	1
Count Bassewitz's ch. c. by Hector (bolted)	0

Second Subscription Plate for horses not thorough-bred—80 Louis, one mile.

Baron Biel's b. c. by Wildfire, 3 yrs old, (Wyb)	1
Count Bassewitz's gr. h. by Oracle, 6 yrs old.....	2
Mr. Lichtwald's b. h. by Guy Manner- ing, 4 yrs old.....	3

Two more started, but were not placed, and two were drawn. The

winner carried 8st. 4lb., won very easy, and did the mile in 1 min. 57 sec.

Third Subscription Plate of 60 Louis for four-year-old horses, carrying 10st. 5lb. Only three horses started.

Baron Biel's Black Overseer (Wyb) ... 1
Count Plessen's Allegranti, by Adrast,
out of Young Darling, by Waxy..... 2
Count Plessen's Babran, by Adrast,
dam by Hambletonian..... 3

In the afternoon there was a good trotting match between Count Voss and Baron Biel, 40 Louis each, the former to do four miles and a distance in twelve minutes on the road to the shore. The mare did not break once into a canter, but yet lost by fifteen seconds.

Wednesday, the two prizes H. R. H. the hereditary Grand Duchess annually gives, were run for. They consisted of a very handsome Gold and a Silver Cup. Heats of one mile. Gentlemen riders. Weight for six-year-olds, 11st. 12lb.

For the Gold Cup, Count Hahn on his b. m. Alarme, by Claveline, out of Sweetlips, by Coriander, won both heats, running the first heat in 1 min. 56 seconds, and the second in 1 min. 58 seconds, beating Baron Maltzahn on his father's (Count Plessen's) bl. h. Othello by Adrast, out of Bellissima.

For the Silver Cup there were entered five horses, one-mile heats.

Count Hahn's Verona..... 2 1 1
Count Plessen's Troubadour..... 1 2 2
Count Hahn's gr. c. by Oracle... 3 3 3
Major de Kleeburg's Abdorhaman, by an Arabian, out of Miss Bashful, by Stamford 4 0

On Thursday the renewed contest took place for the Whip, which H. R. H. the Grand Duke, who does every thing that might be useful to his country, graciously bestowed last year. It is a racing whip of usual size, richly mounted

with gold, and a beautiful specimen of English workmanship. At the top of the handle, there is engraved the Grand Duke's cipher, Doberan, and the year it was given. The name of the horse which won it, together with the owner's, is annually to be engraved on a small golden ring, put on the whip every year. Count Plessen won it last year with Typhon, and the whip was challenged this year by Count Hahn's mare Alarme, aged, and Baron Biel's br h. Young Tiresias, dam by Partisan, out of Mr. Wilson's Oscar mare, 4 yrs old. Count Plessen defended it with Typhon and his b. h. Allegranti. Each of the horses had to stake 15 Louis, to form a plate for the winner. The horses went off at a very great pace, Typhon taking the lead, closely followed by the rest. After about a quarter of a mile, Young Tiresias began to shew symptoms of his sire's blood, as he became capricious and would not exert himself, so that he was a hundred yards behind at the last turn, about one third of a mile from home. But then it seemed that his noble blood began to overcome his awkward temper, for he gained on the others by every bound, went easily by Typhon and Alarme, and, after a severe struggle, beat Allegranti by one length, doing the mile in 1 min. and 52 sec. The winner was rode by Wyb.

After this there was a match of 50 Louis each, one mile.

Count Bassewitz's m. by Young Wafel, 4 yrs old ... 1
Mr. de Levetzow's Brightlock, aged... 2

It seemed that both of the riders were determined to ride a very waiting race, for they went three quarters of a mile quite in a gentle canter, when the mare pushed off and won easy.

The last race that took place this season was on Friday, and certainly not the least interesting. It was a match between two horses which had distinguished themselves on former occasions—60 Louis each, two miles and a distance. The horses were Count Hahn's *Alarme*, which last year won the silver, and this year the Gold Cup in such beautiful style, and Baron Biel's *Black Overseer*, which, both at Gustrow in May, and at Doberan just now, had easily beaten the horses he ran with. The mare was bred in England, and the horse by the owner in Mecklenburgh, (got by his horse *Robin Hood*, dam by *Overseer*,) which added to the interest of the race. The mare went off at a very good pace and took the lead, when the horse kept always within two or three lengths behind, till they came to the last turn, where the horse began to make his running, and beat the mare with much ease. The winner was rode by a boy (*Glaesener*), steadily and very well. He did it in 3 minutes 59 seconds, which is very fair on the whole, but especially if we compare it with races in other countries on the Continent; for instance, with those in Paris; where the course is only forty-seven yards longer, and which they completed in 5 min. 5 sec. this year, according to the report published.

During these races there were many new and good stakes made for succeeding years, amongst which I will mention the following.

For 1828—at *Doberan* a match of 50 Louis each, one mile, six years old, carrying 11st. 12lb.; and two other matches.

For 1829—of two miles and a distance, heats, 100 Louis each,

10st. 5lb. No younger horses than 4 yrs old allowed to start.

1830—Sweepstakes of 50 Louis each, two miles and a distance. Half bred horses stake but 25 Louis each, h. ft. 10st. 5lb. Five subscribers.—Proposed by your valuable correspondent COUNT VELTHEIM.

A match of 100 Louis each, h. ft. two miles and a distance, between Count Plessen's gr. h. by *Torador*, out of *Narina* by *Knowsley*, and Baron Biel's ch. c. by *Centaur*, dam by *Soothsayer*, out of *Olivera*.

1831—Sweepstakes for horses not thorough-bred, 50 Louis each, h. ft. three miles and a quarter, 11st. 6lb, for 5 year old horses.—Proposed by H. S. H. the Duke of Holstein Augustenburg, a very passionate admirer of the race horse, and who has himself a very considerable stud. There are ten subscribers to this interesting Sweepstakes, which will prove the winner to possess both bottom and power.

Two different Produce Stakes both of 10 Louis, each of them to be run for twice, at 10 Louis:—viz. at Gustrow in spring, and Doberan in summer: ten and eleven subscribers.

You see by this account that the interest racing excites in Mecklenburgh is very great, as they have already begun the custom of making Produce Stakes, and engaging their horses for a good many years to come. Their success seems to be better founded than it is in other countries on the Continent; as the Government does not interfere at all in their doings; and therefore the improvement of their horses does not depend on the accidental fancy of a Prince, after whose death the whole

returns, perhaps, to its former insignificance.

They have taken this year a very important step towards keeping the blood pure which they imported from England, by publishing a Stud Book in the English way, which, as yet, is not very voluminous, but shews how aware they are of that first requisite for improving, I mean purity of blood.

Next year there will be races at three more places besides Doberan—namely, Gustrow, in May; Brandenburgh, in Mecklenburgh Strelitz, ten days after Doberan, at the end of August; and Weimar, in October—those towns having given plates and arranged very good courses.

They have likewise established this autumn a pack of fox-hounds by subscription, which every body will allow to be almost indispensable for making improvements in the breed of horses, for on no other occasion are good horses so absolutely wanted as in that noble pursuit.

MEDORA AND GULNARE.

PEDIGREE and PERFORMANCES of MEDORA.

(With a Portrait from a Painting by
SARTORIUS.)

MEDORA, a chesnut mare, foaled in 1811, bred by Col. Adeane, and afterwards sold to the Duke of Rutland, was got by Selim; dam by Sir Harry; grandam by Volunteer; great grandam by Herod, out of Golden Grove, by Blank—the Widdrington Mare, by Partner—Bay Bloody Buttocks, by Bloody Buttocks—Greyhound—Brown's Farewell—Makeless—

Brimmer—Place's White Turk—
Dodsworth—Layton Barb Mare,
PERFORMANCES.

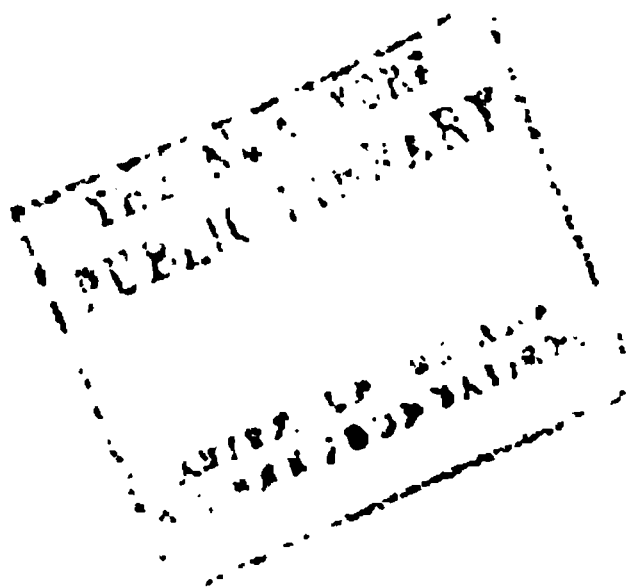
At Epsom, on Friday, May 26, 1814, MEDORA won the Oaks Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lb. the last mile and a half (44 subscribers), beating Duke of Grafton's bay Vestal, by Walton; Duke of Grafton's br. Wire, Sister to Whalebone; Sir G. Webster's b. Grand Duchess, by Dick Andrews; Lord Egremont's b. Wasp, by Gohanna; Lord Grosvenor's b. Zadora, by Trafalgar; Mr. Lake's ch. by Granicus, dam by Sorcerer; Mr. Allix's b. by Orville, dam by Sir Solomon; and Mr. Gully's b. by Cardinal York, dam by Coriander:—2 to 1 and 5 to 2 agst Wire, 5 to 2 agst Zadora, 6 to 1 agst Grand Duchess, 9 to 1 agst Vestal, 10 to 1 agst Medora, and 12 to 1 agst Mr. Lake's filly.

At Ascot Heath, Thursday, June 9, MEDORA, at 8st. 9lb. won the Windsor Forest Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old fillies, the Old Mile, beating Duke of York's ch. Aquilina, by Eagle, 8st. 4lb. and Duke of St. Alban's b. Violet, by Waxy:—5 to 2 on Medora.

On Friday in the same Meeting, MEDORA at 8st. 9lb. won the Billingbear Stakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. last mile (4 subscribers), beating Gen. Grosvenor's br. c. Mulatto, by Sorcerer, 8st. 6lb.:—4 to 1 on Medora.

At Newmarket, Thursday, October 6, MEDORA received 50gs. from Lord Rous's Pythagorus, 8st. 7lb. each, A. F. 200gs. h. ft.

At Newmarket, on Thursday, May 12, 1815, MEDORA, at 8st. won a Sweepstakes of 155gs. T. Y. C. beating Mr. Wilson's ch.



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c. Capricorn, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.; Mr. Stonehewer's b. c. Skipjack, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.; Lord F. Bentinck's b. c. Monkey, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.; and Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. Bando, 3 yrs old, 6st.:—5 to 4 agst Medora, 4 to 1 agst Capricorn, and 5 to 1 agst Skipjack. She was then sold to Mr. Cussana.

At Newmarket, on Tuesday, October 31, MEDORA, at 8st. 4lb. won a Sweepstakes of 150gs. T.Y.C. (16 subscribers), beating Lord Rous's ch. c. Equator, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.; Mr. Villiers's br. h. Cwrw, 6 yrs old, 9st.; Lord Suffield's ch. h. Hocuspocus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.; Lord Jersey's br. h. Fugitive, 5 yrs old, 8st.; Duke of Grafton's b. f. Discord, 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.; Mr. Wilson's ch. c. Capricorn, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.; Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. f. by Windle, out of Theophania, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.; Lord Foley's ch. h. Corporal Violet, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.; and Mr. Lake's b. c. Cashew, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb.:—13 to 8 agst Medora, and 5 to 1 agst Fugitive.

At Newmarket, on Wednesday, May 1, 1816, MEDORA, at 8st. 9lb., rec. ft. from Mr. Shakspeare's br. c. Skipjack, 8st. 2lb., first half of Ab. M. 100gs. h. ft. She was then put to the stud and was the dam of

- 1818—f. by Juniper—Mr. Cussana.
- 1819—b. f. Posthuma, by Orville—Duke of Grafton.
- 1820—barren—Lord Suffield.
- 1821—ch. f. Pucelle, by Muley—Duke of Grafton.
- 1822—ch. c. by ditto (lamed when young)—Mr. R. Wilson.
- 1823—b. c. by Smolensko (died a foal)—Mr. R. Wilson.
- 1824—b. f. Gulnare, by ditto—Duke of Richmond.
- 1825—(slipped foal to Lory)—Mr. R. Wilson.
- 1826—b. f. by Wrangler (died young)—Mr. R. Wilson.
- 1827—by ditto—Mr. R. Wilson.

PERFORMANCES OF GULNARE.
(With a Portrait, from a Painting by Mr. BARNGER.)

At Newmarket, on Friday, April 19, 1827, GULNARE won a Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 4lb. D. M. (5 subscribers), beating Duke of Portland's br. by Tiresias, out of Ambiguity, and Lord G. H. Cavendish's br. by Partisan, out of Mouse. Even betting on Gulnare, and 6 to 4 agst Duke of Portland's filly. Won by a length.

At Newmarket, on Monday, April 30, GULNARE won a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb. D. M. (4 subscribers), beating Mr. Prendergast's b. f. Garnish, by Comus:—4 to 1 on Gulnare. Won easy.

At Epsom, on Friday, June 1, GULNARE won the Oaks Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lb. last mile and a half (79 subscribers), beating Mr. Forth's b. Translation, by Interpreter; Lord Verulam's b. Brocard, by Whalebone; Mr. Forth's ch. Martha, by Merlin; Mr. Irby's br. Toso, by Rainbow; Mr. Scott Stonehewer's b. Souvenir, by Orville; Mr. Payne's re. Serenade, by Rainbow; Mr. Thornhill's ch. Mustard, by Merlin; Mr. Udny's b. by Partisan, out of Donna Clara; Mr. Attwood's b. by Comus, dam by Shuttle; Mr. Nowell's ch. by Comus, dam by Election; Lord Exeter's ch. Marinella; Mr. Harris's b. by Tramp, out of Remembrance; Mr. Ormsby Gore's br. Belvidera, by Blacklock; Mr. Lumley's b. Livonia, by Smolensko; Mr. Scarfe's b. by Whalebone, dam by Seymour; Mr. Rawlinson's b. Passion, Sister to Panic;

Col. Wilson's ch. by Rubens, out of Tippetwitchet; and Lord Wharncliffe's br. by Filho da Puta, out of Calypso:—7 to 2 agst Brocard, 9 to 2 agst Toso, 6 to 1 agst Mr. Udny's filly, 7 to 1 agst Serenade, 8 to 1 agst Souvenir, 14 to 1 agst Gulnare, 14 to 1 agst Col. Wilson's filly, 30 to 1 agst Mustard, and 35 to 1 agst Translation. A well-contested race, and won by half a length.

At Brighton, Wednesday, August 1, GULNARE, at 8st. 9lb. walked over for the Scrub Stakes of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, one mile (4 subscribers).

At Goodwood, Wednesday, August 15, GULNARE, at 8st. walked over for a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds, last mile (3 subscribers).

At Egham, Wednesday, August 29, GULNARE, at 8st. 7lb. won the Magna Charta Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds, New Mile (6 subscribers), beating Mr. Ramsbottom's ro. c. Prism, 8st. 5lb.:—6 to 1 on Gulnare. Won by two lengths.

At Newmarket, Friday, October 19, GULNARE, at 7st. 11lb. beat Lord Anson's ch. c. Nouredin, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. D. M. 200, h. ft. —3 to 1 on Gulnare.

At Newmarket, Monday, October 29, GULNARE, at 8st. 9lb. beat Lord Exeter's ch. Marinella, 8st. D. M. 300, h. f.:—2 to 1 on Gulnare. A good race, won by a neck.

HERON'S NESTS.

SIR,
YOUR correspondent BOGTROTTER has accused me of an error in my attempt to delineate the circumstances of a Decoy, and various scenes attendant upon it. Had I meant to describe the na-

tural history of the Heron, and its domestic habits, I should not have forgotten to relate the aspiring taste of this bird to build on the tops of high trees, emulating with the rook the charms of society and the pleasure of rearing its young in fresh breezes and pure air. I have often, like this gentleman, enjoyed such sights, and employed many hours and days in watching their instructive and amusing movements; but I cannot allow him (Mr. Bog.) to tell the Sporting World that I am wrong, and to suppose that my flights of fancy are as wild as the scenes inspiring them. Herons *do* build their nests and rear their young among reeds in marshy districts; and I am positive a greater number become inhabitants of their natural aquatic soil in that way than from the other mode. Had your friend floundered over the bogs of Ireland, struggled through the fens of Lincoln, Norfolk, and Cambridge, and traversed the marshes of Essex, as I have done, he would have seen the same extraordinaries. As it is, I think his trotting must have been confined (most agreeably) upon a Welsh pony, over the verdure of his friend's park.

To fix the truth of my statement, I must be rather more particular, and run the risk of personal discovery, by stating the spot from which I drew my picture. On the lands of Phillip Bennett, Esq. at Tollesbury, about eight miles from Maldon, I lived; and on the sea coast, in a wild and little-known district, I had the Decoy, and saw Herons and their nests; and many's the time and oft, with my friend the parson (*vide page 140 of your Number for July*), have we robbed the nests and ate the eggs afterwards for breakfast.

I am, &c. PETER PRY.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SOME FARTHER PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN "OXFORD SCHOLAR," DURING HIS SECOND YEAR'S RESIDENCE AT ALMA MATER.

BY A LATE MEMBER OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD,
Continued from page 125 of Vol. XX.

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"Well, Sir, in this course of life I continued full two years."—"What course of life? (interrupted Adams), I do not remember you have mentioned any."—"Your remark is just (replied the Gentleman): I should rather have said, in this course of doing nothing."—*Joseph Andrews*.

SIR,

THE critical reader who may accidentally cast his eyes over this and the two foregoing letters on the same subjects, might ask me much the same question which the inimitable and unrivalled (till the *Diary of Henry Teongue** made its appearance) Parson Adams put to his hospitable entertainer; indeed some, more severely inclined, might exclaim, "For what earthly good was this young man sent to Christ Church, since what he chiefly relates he might just as well have seen and known by taking a house during the winter either at Bicester or Woodstock!" But it must

be borne in mind that it is the *Sporting Magazine* for which I am now writing. What I really did gain in a two years' residence at the University, beyond mere knowledge of sporting, is not for me to tell in these pages—I *might* have done better, or I *may* have acted differently. Although some years have passed over my head since those days, I believe, were I to go back to-morrow, and stay till the year 1829, I should do pretty much the same as I did before. One thing I have to say, that at any other place I should have neither gained as much knowledge of

* He was a Naval Chaplain in the reign of Charles the Second; and, by his own shewing, as vain of his learning, as simple-minded, and kind-hearted as Adams himself.

the world, nor made so many friends, without, I believe, creating a single enemy, a tutor or lecturer perhaps excepted. To those who may, in the spirit of hypercriticism, say "What can it signify to nine-tenths of us, whether nearly ten years ago you began hunting with Sir Thomas Mostyn or the Duke of Beaufort? or how can it concern any but the actors, whether on the night Mercury was pulled down, some* of the conspirators *floored Mercury*, or *Bacchus floored them*?" But all this may be said against most writers who give any account of themselves or their adventures; nay, it would be applicable to NIMROD himself at times.

Why I have troubled the reader with my College life, or rather parts of it, I can give these reasons for so doing. In pleasing myself, I may give some pleasure to others—many accounts of sporting characters, and opinions on sporting subjects, some original and others selected with care and founded on experience, could not singly and individually be made the subject of a letter in the Magazine; whereas, taken as a body, and properly worked up, many of them will be found amusing, and others interesting. Thus have I made part of my College life serve as a vehicle in which to put them forth to the public.

Lastly, one more objection may be raised against these papers. It may be urged that there is something both of *vanity* and *presumption* in all this. Perhaps there may be a *little* of the *former*, none I sincerely believe of the *latter*. There is much of truth in what a writer of the *Edinburgh Review* says, in

speaking of the late celebrated editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, Mr. Perry. "There was a little of the coxcomb, and we do not think he was a bit the worse for it. A man who does not think well of *himself* generally thinks ill of *others*, nor do they fail to return the compliment†."

I wasted more than half my second long vacation in London, and in a short trip across the Channel; but, to make amends, I commenced for the first time shooting on my own land, where, although scarcely any pains had been taken to preserve game, I found not only plenty of partridges, but a larger sprinkling of pheasants than any of my neighbours, some of whom had been at considerable expense in getting up a large head of game. A great deal must be ascribed to the peculiarly favorable situation in which our land laid: but there were other causes; and, as a good deal has been lately written in the *Sporting Magazine* on the Game Laws, and on *over-preservation* of game, the few remarks I shall now make may not be considered misplaced. The land (ours) was let in large farms, and to respectable tenants, some of whom were duly qualified by law to shoot. During the season, by a day's notice being given, all who were qualified for carrying a gun had free permission to shoot on the out-manors; and frequently, when the keeper had to kill any large quantity of game, the tenant on whose land it was found was often invited to join with *his* gun. Every tenant, without exception, was allowed a certain quantity of game; and those who shewed themselves strict pre-

* Some two of the intended party were prevented joining by a late wine party. *Agreed*, and hence unable to be at the scratch in due time.

† *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxxviii. page 222.

servers and rearers of game were always the better off, in more respects than one.

In commencing shooting down there, I made a practice, which I adhered to very steadily afterwards, of always, where I knew the tenant on whose land I was shooting was a sportsman, to beg he would take his gun and join my sport. The *rearer* and *preserver* of the game had thus an equal interest in it, and the tenant was by this mean led to consider the poacher as much an enemy to him as to his *landlord*. As to *battue*-shooting, I set my face against it from the very first: it is a *foreign* amusement, and unworthy of *Englishmen*. *Rook*-shooting is just as good sport, and unattended with any of the baleful effects of the *battue* system. Pheasants and hares were kept always under due bounds as to numbers; and for many years I scarcely have heard of any complaints of damage committed; though, when a resident in that country, I could always shew my friends a better day's shooting than many others who had the characters of being better stocked with game. The farmers took care we should have no poachers near home, and the quantity of pheasants did not make it worth the risk, to a distant poacher, to pay us a visit. One or two occasionally did come over, but always *alone*, and were seldom heard of a *second* time. Not so with a gentleman of large landed property about ten miles distant: his tenants were eaten up by the feathered and four-legged vermin, which were kept up in enormous quantities, to rival Norfolk, and afford to half a dozen *strangers* a week's indiscriminate slaughter. Poaching instantly became a *pro-*

fessed business: instead of one or two together, with merely snares, or now and then guns, they went out in large bodies, armed up to the teeth, and aided by *bull-dogs*. A friend of mine in that neighbourhood had very nearly lost his keeper, an old and faithful servant, who was attacked by three *bull-dogs* at once, and who had all but killed him.

Though still a young man, I can recollect the time in my native country, before those accursed *battues* came in vogue, when a poacher was always met singly, and, when taken, hardly thought of resistance. Now, that some of the large landed proprietors have game enough to stock half England, armed gangs of desperadoes are constantly out, and bloodshed a matter of common occurrence—many of the poachers now being small farmers or their sons, who take up this dangerous occupation in despair, and, as some of them on their trials have asserted, in *self defence*. Those who own property in the immediate neighbourhood of great game preservers are more or less sufferers. *They* cannot, like the game preserver's own tenants, claim compensation for the damage done *their* crops. The poacher too, when he finds the great man's keepers too strong for him, comes upon one of his neighbours, who, not expecting any such visitation, is not prepared to make resistance, and has the mortification almost to see the few birds he may possess, and even his poultry, carried off from under his very windows.

After all, with ninety-nine men out of a hundred, whether on a large or small scale, shooting is more or less the most selfish of all our field sports. It would lead me

late too long a digression here to defend an assertion which may bring a hornet's nest about my ears. But in another article on that amusement, so contrasted with hunting, I will make good my words.

On coming up to Christ Church for the October term, I made it my business, early the very day of my arrival (greeting old friends, and the bore of a visit to the Deanery over) to pay a visit of a more agreeable nature, to the livery stables of Messrs. Randall and Sadler, whose stalls I was pleased to find very full of horses, and some goodly looking nags among them. A Gentleman Commoner, of the name of Deane (whom by the bye NIMROD must recollect, as, if I mistake not, he bought a horse of him), had no less than six up; among them I found Mr. Vincent Corbett's old horse Sase-nagh (by Waxy out of Gohanna's dam by Herod), who having been used as a stallion for several years down in Wales, was now, at Oxford, as a covert hack, and to run private matches in *Pert Meadow*. Mr. Deane ought to have been at the head of the hunting men, from the strength of his stable; but there were others, who, with smaller studs, did better; he did not remain long enough, however, having during a frost gone to town (before the season was over), and married a wife, "so could not come"—and his horses were then sold; Sase-nagh coming into the hands of the Sadlers, who bred from him—a son of his (Welshman) winning every thing at the Mostyn Hunt Meeting in April, being much in the old horse's favour.

By far the most sporting character among those who had just come up for the first time, was Mr.

Vernon Dolphin, not a bad pun on whose name was made a short time before his arrival by the Senior Censor, Mr. (now Dr.) Bull. A pupil of B.'s seeing one of the best set of rooms in Peckwater vacant, begged he might be put in possession. "You must wait," cried the Censor; "these rooms, like the *Horace* you now are reading, are "*In usum Dolphinis*." Mr. Dolphin brought with him a very sporting reputation, having for some months previous to his entering at Christ Church worked a good deal on the box of the Exeter mail, between Piddletown and Dorchester. He was a member of the honorable corps of Blue and Buffs, and rode a charming light weight, under ten stone I should think, and had a very select, though by no means very large stud. A sporting act of his during the ensuing term (Lent) deserves a place here. The Christ Church men had built a new eight-oar in London, and the crew, on its arrival at Reading, had obtained leave of the Dean to repair to the latter place to pull her up to Oxford. Dolphin hearing of this, for the honour of the College, hired one of the light Cheltenham coaches, placed relays on the road, and *tooled* the whole party up to Reading in very prime style. My friend Fowler, at whose rooms I have *blown many a cheerful cloud*, was guard on the occasion—his rough poodle benjamin, his key bugle, and even the way-bill, were done to the life.

The remaining hunting men of the last season I found in full force, some with additional horses—others, like myself, with a change for the better. But all our preparation and show of bringing back the good old hunting days

were of but little avail against the chilling effects of long and almost constant frosts, which prevailed the greatest part of the season 1819-20. The internal government too of the College was sadly altered for the worse. Christ Church, when under the guidance of two such men as the present head-master of Westminster and the Bishop of Oxford, who were not only excellent scholars, but men of the world and gentlemen, was quiet, peaceable, and contented. They were revered more than feared; and I for the first year looked on Dr. G. more as a friend than tutor. Their successors, even as tutors and lecturers, had made themselves very unpopular, one of them in particular; and, as ill fortune would have it, I got the worst of the two for a tutor. Mr. Goodenough having been particularly successful in a Blackstone lecture, which he had established for those young men who preferred *English study* to Greek and Latin, his successor wished to tread in his steps, having got nearly all the same set as his pupils; but unfortunately, knowing little beyond the classics and mathematics*, he put us into a lecture of *Midford's History of Greece* and the New Testament. The idle rejoiced at this arrangement, while myself and one or two others who wished seriously to read, in disgust, treated the concern with contempt. The Greek was given up in consequence of the ridicule attached to the lecture, from a blunder of an Irish Nobleman in our class.

Having been rebuked frequently for not being perfect in his chapter of the New Testament, he was determined to *astonish* us all; and certainly he did succeed marvelously. As our custom was to read three or four verses in Greek and then give the English at once, he got the *chapter by heart* in *English*: however, like a true Paddy, he learnt the *wrong* chapter, and gravely gave the translation of the fourth chapter of St. Mark's Gospel instead of the fifth; and as he could never afterwards open the Testament without setting the room in a roar, the matter was dropped. The worst part of these lectures was, their being on alternate days with the public ones. We begged hard for a change, as it would prevent occasionally hunting. S—— told us, by way of a comfort, *that* was the *very* reason he fixed on those days.

The persecution of hunting men had begun, and daily grew worse. We could not go out without either cutting tutor or lecturer, and our day's hunting regularly cost half-a-crown extra for impositions to our tutors. I made a rule to hunt two days following, by which I had all the *jobation* the same morning, and that, when I ordered my impositions, I could have a *brace*, and so kill two birds with one stone. What made it more annoying to us red coats was, our knowing that the greatest excesses were daily committed by men who were never outside a horse any day of the term; while

* A laughable example of how ridiculous a pedant makes himself from want of general knowledge, occurred a short time before I came up. Mr. Twisselton had taken up *Pliny's Natural History* for Collections in Hall: being asked the English name of the *Ampelis Garrulus* of Linnaeus, he answered, *Waxen Chatterer*. The tutor frowned, thinking he was jesting; but when he translated *Upupa Epops* into *Hoopoe*, "Phoo! phoo!" quoth the tutor, in a rage, shutting the book, "there is no such bird. Never, Mr. T., let us hear such impertinencies in future."

I and others were constantly pulled up for the most trifling breaches of College discipline. It is utterly impossible, in such a place as Oxford, that *all* the Under-graduates can be studious: those who do not read must do something else; and how can a young man of rank and fortune spend the day better, when not reading, than following a pack of fox-hounds? A good fixture of the Duke, or Sir Thomas Mostyn, carried off the *surplus idle population*, who would otherwise be constantly tormenting and interrupting the hard-reading men; besides, there is no contagion so catching as idleness. The present Member for Evesham, Mr. Protheroe, once met me in "Quad." during the frost, in my last winter at Christ Church, and cried out, with much vehemence, "I do wish to God—this cursed frost would break up."—"Why?" asked I: "you never hunt."—"But you do; and the sight every morning, as I pass to Hall or my tutor, of you and other idle fellows doing nothing, makes me as bad as yourselves."

While hunting was thus gradually being put down by the Dons, a much more dangerous amusement began to shew itself in College:—*high play* prevailed in a great degree, as men found every day fresh difficulties were thrown in the way of hunting. The tutors well knew what was going on; so, by way of an example, an unlucky student was rusticated for having won or lost *ten pounds* at half-crown whist, short points (which might and does happen often without any very great gambling), while *hundreds* were nightly won or lost over their very tutors' heads, by sundry *Lords, Honorables, and Baronets*. One or two young men

I could name, who have greatly injured their fortunes at the "*Fish-monger's*," began their career in play at Oxford. Now hunting is the best preservative I know against the vice of gaming: it requires early hours and regular living. The excitement and fatigue attending a good day's sport with a pack of fox-hounds, obliges a man to retire to his bed betimes. Indeed, during the whole time I was at Christ Church, I observed that hardly one of the regular hunting men went beyond a quiet rubber at whist.

Fox-hunting can, in general, hardly be said to be at its best till near Christmas; few horses, on the common system of grass, being fit to ride with any thing like real comfort and satisfaction. I was, to the eye, when I came up for the November term, capitally mounted, for a *provincial*; but the two first days I was out with hounds, I discovered that sweating and the three doses of physic had not quite carried off the relaxing effects of a three months' run at grass: for this reason I was tempted, unluckily, to reserve my horses for the latter part of the season, by which, as the weather continued pretty open till the end of the *December term*, I lost one or two good things with the Duke and Codrington.

With the latter's hounds I had a capital run, by accident, from perhaps the worst fixture in the country—*Bagley Wood*, close to the town of Oxford. I had been prevented meeting Sir Thomas Mostyn, by an order (not to be evaded) of waiting on the Dean at ten o'clock: that *black job* over, to get rid of the disgust I felt at Dean, tutors, and lecturers, I ordered my nag, meaning to pass the

day at Faringdon. Luckily my horse had not been watered that morning; for, as I was quietly cantering through Bagley Wood, I heard first a halloo, and then came by one

“Bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste,”

who exclaimed, seeing me, “By G—, Sir, he is broke at last, and we are in for a clipper.” It was one of Codrington’s whippers-in. Our fox went away merrily for Tubney Woods; skirting these he made towards Purzey Furzes, but, being headed back, took his line for Lord Abingdon’s preserves at Whiteham, near which he was run in to and killed, after a capital burst of five-and-forty minutes.

When we broke up for the Christmas vacation, I sent on my horses towards Newbury, meaning to hunt my way, with harriers or fox-hounds, into Dorsetshire, where I had promised myself a pleasant month’s hunting with Farquharson’s hounds. My hunters had started the night before, and I was to follow on a hack the next morning. To my utter disgust I found, when I got up, the snow falling heavily. Taking the chance of a thaw, I got on to Speenhamland to dinner, at the house of a lady, where I had spent so many very pleasant hours the year before—Sir John Pollen, whom I had the pleasure of meeting there, inviting me, should the weather break up, to visit his harriers, near Andover. Frost, however, continued; so I pushed on for the other side Blandford, where a warm reception awaited me from one of my oldest friends, at his snug Vicarage at —.

A rapid thaw took place the day of my arrival. The fox-hounds were expected in another week. In

the mean time I had as pretty a ten days’ hunting with either Mr. Snow’s or another pack of harriers, whose owner’s name I have forgot, as ever I had in my life. Having been always accustomed to hare-hunting, in a highly-cultivated woody and stiffly-inclosed country, where a man placed on the top of a hill may see all the sport with hardly going out of a trot, I could almost fancy I was riding after a fox—such is the stoutness of hares over these Dorsetshire downs. For a residence as a sportsman I should prefer Dorsetshire to most countries I know. There is a first-rate establishment of fox-hounds in a good country, well stocked with foxes; perhaps one of the most complete establishments of harriers in England, Mr. Yeatman’s; no lack of racing meetings during the summer; and as good shooting of all kinds, wild and tame, as few other countries can boast of. Indeed it is the only part of England where the roebuck is to be found in a state of nature.

Mr. Farquharson had arrived at his home kennel: a capital fixture, near where I was staying, was announced: my nerves were well strung, and my hunters in blooming condition. What more could the heart of man desire? Alas! a chilling, bitter feel, as I jumped out of bed the morning I was to hunt, told me how vain are the hopes of man! The first peep out of the window was enough: *three feet* nearly of snow lay on the ground, and there it remained from the 23d of December to the end of January. What was to be done? “*Acra scæva hyems*” was fast producing the blue devils, the only effectual preventive of which I always find in locomotion. Away, therefore, went I into

Hampshire, with orders for my groom to follow with the horses, if the frost should break; and in the mean time, my friend Mr. Lowth, whose house I was bound to, had always a thorough-bred one or two in his stable, to mount me, in case of necessity; but from the continuance of the hard weather, the only place where I saw any of the Hampshire Hunt was either with my knees under the mahogany of my kind friends in the neighbourhood, or at the Hunt Ball at Alresford.

If "wit, that loved to play, not wound," beauty, and good humour, could keep a fox-hunter from hanging himself in a fit of *ennui* during such weather, I am sure I had reason to rejoice in my abode at Hinton. But my host—"now that he is gone, I'll speak of him as he was, a plain good man"—if ever a man merited a niche in the Temple of Sporting Fame (*this Magazine*), surely Mr. L. deserved a place on the highest pinnacle of it. Oh, for the eloquent pen of PETER PRY to do justice to the subject of this hasty and imperfect sketch! As I read, last month, his delightful description of his Reverend friend in the Essex hundreds, I exclaimed, What a biographer would PETER make of the Reverend author of the *Billesdon Coplow*, a poem, which will only cease to interest when the grass shall grow in winter in the streets of Melton Mowbray!

Mr. L., though the son of one of the most learned Bishops that ever graced the Bench, and an excellent classical scholar himself, was early distinguished as one of the best riders of his day at Christ Church, of which College he was a student. A pack of buck-hounds was then kept near East Dacey, in

Berkshire, and with this pack he generally hunted.—(A pack of *that kind now*, I should think, would be highly popular among the Undergraduates.)—It was while at Christ Church that he purchased a little grey pony from a baker, which he called Pickle, who afterwards died (from an accident in his master's park at Chiswick) at the great age of *thirty-seven*; and, from all appearance, had he not got staked in endeavoring to break his pound he might have lived several years longer. Of this pony he wrote a very amusing biography, in verse, which was handed about among his friends, but never printed. He was a resident Member of Christ Church when Bibury races were first instituted, and was one of the original Members of that Club, riding for the first Welter Stakes there against Lord Sackville (now Duke of Dorset), and his brother George Germaine, Canon Dowdeswell, and others. As a gentleman rider Mr. L. stood very high, and had a good deal of practice in that way at Kingscote, Bibury, &c. His last race was for a friend in Goodwood Park—having had an unpleasant hint from his Diocesan, who had the bad taste to consider riding a race among gentlemen, and to please a friend, incompatible with the Cloth. Although he had given up racing, he stuck close to his neat *jockey seat* on horseback, perhaps too much so, as I have known him get some bad falls in consequence. We had a hearty laugh against him about ten years ago on this head. My father, Mr. L., and myself, were returning through Hyde Park to his house at Chiswick; he was standing well up in his stirrups, *à la Buckle*, and going about three parts speed, when his mare taking

fright, and making a violent start, *spilt* his Reverence. That eccentric character Mr. S. Prince was close to the spot, and jumped from his horse to assist the fallen jockey, when, seeing not much the matter, he pulled off his hat to him, exclaiming, "I think, Sir, you have been riding a little too much at *Bibury*." When he took up his residence at his living in Hampshire, he became a member of the "Hampshire Hunt" Club; and, about eleven years ago he won the Hunt Cup at Winchester, with a very famous old mare of his by Gohanna, the very picture of the old horse. He had another winner of that Cup in his stables, old Zephyr by Hyacinthus; and a clever little bay horse called Harlequin, whom he had purchased after winning the Farmers' Cup on Soberton Downs, for the Hambledon Hunt races.

It was, on a visit to Melton, when Mr. Meynell hunted the Quorn country, that he was an eye witness of the celebrated run from Billesdon Coplow. Some of the party who, perhaps, saw the *least* of that run, had published a very garbled account of the affair, wilfully, from a paltry feeling of jealousy, omitting the names of the *real best performers*. At the request of a friend (I believe the Hon. G. Germaine), he sat down one evening to pen and ink, and the next morning the true version of the affair appeared in verse. For originality, and the very happy way the various horses and riders are hit off to the life, it is a perfect poem in its way, and has served as a model for the Epwell Hunt (written by Mr. E. Goulburn), and others of the same kind.

Mr. L. was a very fair whip of the Old School, and stuck to the box till within a few days of his

death. Let moralists say what they will, many a valuable friend has been made and found by the covert side, or by riding a race together. Two of Mr. L.'s best and warmest friends through life, who were always with him to the last, "When the base fawning crowd had bid farewell,"

were two of his ancient antagonists at Bibury, the Duke of Dorset and Lord Oxford. His Grace of Dorset I had the pleasure of often meeting a short time previous to Mr. L.'s death, at Chiswick, where he would ride quietly down to take a family dinner with his old friend *Bob* (so he always called him), and, though "Master of the Horse," unattended with the pomp of Royal liveries, carriages, &c. &c.

"For L. and he despised the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great."

The last time I was ever there we had waited dinner nearly an hour for the master of the house, who it seemed was busily superintending the breaking in of some young colts he intended selling the ensuing week. Coming home at night on horseback with the Duke, he said, "my old acquaintance *Bob* is as *young as ever*, in his own estimation, but depend on it those colts of his will be his death some day or other." We were to have met again the following week at a venison party at Chiswick; but, alas! the Duke's words were prophetic: our friend took a violent cold the next morning by standing for hours on the wet grass on the bank of the Thames, while in his favorite pastime of seeing his colts broke; took to his bed immediately; and the very morning I was to have gone to his house, a note, in deep mourning, was put into my hands, announcing that my excellent friend had breathed his last.

His health had been failing for some years, yet his activity of mind urged him on to undertakings beyond his strength—his was

“A fiery soul, which, eating out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o’er-informed its tenement of clay.”
DRYDEN.

An instance of how little he valued trouble or inconvenience where he could oblige others, occurred during my being snowed up at his house for the Christmas vacation. We were sitting round the fire after dinner, when one of his daughters observed it was the Winchester ball night, and what a pleasant thing it would be if some *Genii* could transport us all that night to the ball by magic. To our astonishment, and in spite of all opposition, the coach and four horses were brought to the door. When he had made his daughters put on their ball dresses, and notwithstanding a fearful cold night, and heavy snow on the ground, he drove us to Winchester, *twelve miles*, and back again when the ball was over. Few modern coachmen would ever dream of such a thing. “*Alas! poor Yorick!*”

In some respects I am inclined to think that hunters, if properly worked in their turns, suffer less during a moderately open winter, than during such a one as we had during my last year at Oxford. After the going off of snow, scent often lies breast high; and, to a horse short of work, parts of Sir Thomas Mostyn’s country, with hounds

running *heads up and sterns down*, it must be the very devil—so that by the middle of March I found myself with one horse with a very dubious fore leg, and my gallant grey constantly giving me hints of bellows to mend.

By far the best sport I had during the season, with the exception of a very brilliant affair with Sir Thomas Mostyn late in April, from Gallows Bridge, was in March with the Duke of Beaufort, for which I had to thank my friend, Mr. Berkely Portman, whom I had the pleasure of mounting. The day before, I was at my stables, making arrangements for sending on a hunter hack to meet Sir Thomas Mostyn in Northamptonshire, thirty-three miles distant, and which fixture many of the Christ Church men made a point of attending, out of bravado*. While talking matters over, some one plucked me by my gown, and, to my surprise, told me he was there nearly on the same errand: it was Portman, who I thought was too deeply engaged in reading for a first class to attend to such matters as horses and hounds. He then said, “Why do you not go with the Duke?—his is a better fixture, and just half the distance: if I can get *cold G-ret*† to lend me his horse I shall go myself; Dolphin too will be of the party.” I was so delighted to hear of such a man as Portman leaving his books for the hounds, that I, in the joy of

* I did this the year before: Leaving Tem Gate at half-past eight, we were (with a change of hacks on the road) by the covert side at a quarter before eleven. We had two good runs, and leaving the hounds within *eight miles* of Northampton, and *forty-two miles* from Oxford, we reached Christ Church at half-past nine—no bad day’s work for young ones! There were five of the party.

† This young gentleman had the reputation of being the best tempered man in College: keeping a hunter for the use of his friends, and wearing *long cloth gaiters* and *breeches* summer and winter, with a neckcloth guileless of starch. He was also well known as the most constant attendant at morning chapel Christ Church ever saw. A bet was made at the long odds, that he would not be seen at chapel on a certain morn-

my heart, told him, if he would send the horse on to the place where the Duke was to meet, I would come too, and he should ride my grey horse into the bargain. Having, unfortunately, before I quitted England in the year 1822, destroyed nearly all my papers, and among others my journal, which I had regularly kept during my residence at Alma Mater, the name of where we met the following morning has fled from my memory, which, though tenacious enough in trifles, has the misfortune of losing names of men and places. It was, however, a gentleman's place about four miles to the left of Hobcroft's Holts, on the road to Northampton. A slight frost early in the morning threw a damp on the expected pleasures of the day, and though the hour of meeting was ten o'clock, it was nearly eleven before the appearance of Philip Payne and the rest of the Duke's hunting establishment greeted our longing eyes. During the few minutes passed in anxious expectation before their arrival, I was chatting (apart from the rest) with my friends Dolphin and Portman, when Mr. Lindow rode up, and, half in jest and half in earnest, recommended our turning our horses' heads towards home. "The Duke," said he, "has had a nasty dream last night, of Oxford men riding over his hounds. This morning he struck his *gouty heel against a flint* on the *North side of Heythorpe*, and swears it is too hard a frost to allow his hounds to leave the kennel." This was certainly a damper; but the delightful view of old Philip's *green plush*

coming through some fields in the distance, soon told us that it was all right; and twenty minutes afterwards one of those thrilling halloos, which even at this hour ring through my ears, told us the gallant varmint had gone away. As a most formidable brook, a few fields off, appeared directly in his line, most had made up their minds for something very good, and particularly select. Fate, however, directed otherwise: the critical moment was lost; and what with a doubtful scent and change of foxes, nothing of consequence took place. We trotted away, about twelve, to another covert; and a speedy find, and satisfactory, if not fast, run of an hour and a half put the field in good humour, as it ended in blood. We chopped, however, a two o'clock fox in some gorse half an hour after, just as the scent was rapidly improving. This sent many home, under the idea that it was all over for the day, and which had a good effect in getting rid of the major part of the *bottle greens* and *Oxford greys*, and no man seemed to enjoy their departure more than the master of the hounds.

In our previous run we had a check a short time before the fox was killed; scent was not too burning, and a breathless silence prevailed while Philip was making his cast. A *tout* of an ex-College man, who was out for the first time on a two-guinea hunter for the day, would persist in riding among the leading hounds. In vain did huntsman and whippers call to him—when, losing all pa-

ing. The bet was won only by a *ruse de guerre*: three or four of us having, in the middle of the night, nailed up *his oak* (the outer door of College rooms)—having first put in a few screws to prevent his escape when he should hear the hammering—he did not get out till long after chapel was over.

time, his Grace called out in a voice of thunder, "You b—ted fool on a brown horse and red coat, hold hard and be d—d to you!" This timely address had the desired effect, and the hounds, left to themselves, soon hit it off, and tasted a few minutes afterwards their fox. Although by no means what we used to call at sea a "*blue light*," I dislike unnecessary profaneness; yet a hearty "d—n your blood!" now and then in hunting, if properly applied, I cannot help thinking more worthy of praise than censure; as a Reverend friend of mine once told me, "Swearing is a heinous sin, but a hearty d—n carries off a vast quantity of bile now and then!"

While on this subject, I may perhaps venture on a couple of anecdotes. The late Payne Knight, of Downton Castle, hearing a certain Divine, of high standing in the Church, and an intimate friend, had been seen with the hounds in the vicinity, asked an old farmer, "if Dr. —, now he was promoted to the — —, swore as much as ever?"—"Why no, Sir, *he dunna* (does not) swear now, but *a hollows sweetly*."—The other was—Sir William Boughton and myself were in the presence of a *Saintly Parson*, inquiring particulars from a farmer of the Old School of an otter hunt which had lately taken place on the river Teme, below Ludlow: after minutely giving us every *blow* of the hunted otter as he occasionally rose to the surface for breath, he ended, "but the best fun was to see Squire D. and old Parson R— on the banks of the river—*Lord ha' mercy* on us, how them two did *cusse*" and swear." I thought our Evangeli-

cal friend would have groused himself to death at the bare mention of his reverend brother's profaneness.

Our last fox that day beat us after a dragging run of upwards of two hours, all parties having had enough of it, and only six remaining at the last out of a field of nearly two hundred at starting—three being Christ Church boys. Portman had the hounds all to himself for a field or two: the Duke actually caught him in the fact of speaking to the hounds; he saw he had a sportsman to deal with, and to my infinite surprise seemed rather pleased than otherwise, and when we bowed to him on leaving the pack, he wished us good morning in rather a *different tone* from what he usually addressed the Oxonians.

We wound up the day with a jollification at the Mitre—Dolphin having sent over half a dozen of champagne to enliven the recital of our day's sport. Portman, who never took aught but tea and bread and butter after his day's work, declined joining our dinner party, but made his appearance two hours afterwards. I thought he had gone to his tutor; but he told us he had been all the while at the stables seeing the horses properly done up for the evening; and as my grey horse shewed awkward symptoms of exhaustion, he had remained by *his sick patient*, giving the necessary orders, till the danger was over. Such a man as this, it does one good to give a lift to when in want of a hunter. Without the least tincture of slang, and possessing the *most unpretending* manners, Mr. Berkely Portman knows more of the points of a horse than nine-tenths of the *sai-disant* knowing

* Herefordshire for curre.

ones in the University—who, in aping the *dress, manners, and language* of a *horse dealer*, fancy themselves judges at once. Mr. Portman perhaps was the only one who really understood hunting in itself, as separated from mere hard riding. If not so forward as some others at first, at the end he was sure to be found in a good place—he seemed to know instinctively what were the nature and qualities of his horse on first getting on his back, and always rode accordingly.

Venables in St. Aldgate, where the club of that name had been formerly held, was our great place of resort after our day's sport was over, from its proximity to Tom Gate, and our being obliged to send *our own wine*, which was not only a saving of cash, but of health into the bargain. Indeed such horrid trash in the shape of wine prevailed in the town of Oxford, that at most of the various club dinners the wine was always sent for express from London. A few of us sported red dress coats on these occasions, which made the room, when there was a good roaring fire, and plenty of good claret on the table, appear to great advantage. Latterly, however, another mode of finishing our hunting days was adopted, which, if things are not very much changed, I can strongly recommend to the notice of the hunting men at present at Christ Church. It was to take it in turn to give a supper to all those of our own set who were out hunting that day. In my time we could have our supper on table a little before nine, which made it only a late London dinner, as we could have every dish except fish and joints. We had thus in our own rooms all the snugness and comfort of a dinner

party in our own country house, and at half the expense of what it would cost either at the Mitre or the Star. We also, each in his turn, undertook to provide breakfast on the hunting mornings. When we left hounds, breakfasting so early as we generally did, we were obliged to take a snack on the road, if returning in time for Hall was impracticable: hence on our return men were always half asleep, and in no humour to eat—thus, waiting for a couple of hours for supper is an advantage rather than otherwise. My plan was, after any very severe day, after completing my ablutions and pulling off my dirty clothes, to go to bed, where my servant brought me a dish of strong tea. There I quietly remained, reading or holding a levee of all the usual loungers, who from morning to evening chapel were scarcely out of my rooms. A quarter of an hour before supper was ready I rose and dressed, ran down to the stables to see how my horse was, and then took my place at the festive board as fresh as if I never had been out of my arm chair all day.

Where the distance of the place of meeting did not exceed twenty-two miles, I always made a practice to send on my hunter to covert very early in the morning; for I considered that sleeping in a strange stable, exposed to cold draughts, bad food, &c. was more injurious to the horse than his extra journey in the morning; and even where I was obliged to let the hunter sleep abroad, I always arranged it, if possible, that he should have to walk to the covert at least six or seven miles that morning.

Nothing in my time could present a livelier scene than the start, of a good hunting morning, from Tom

or Canterbury Gates—*there*, the varmint looking hacks led up and down (“rum ones to look at, good ones to go”) by knowing ostlers, and *here* a white-coated, mud-booted young man of rank vaulting into his saddle, and disappearing from one’s sight at the rate of some twenty miles an hour. In the archway might be seen a youth, by the ready aid of his valet, performing a sort of harlequin-touch; the silk gown and cap suddenly thrown on the ground; and *brown great coat** and *duck trousers*, in their hasty fall, displaying a *red coat* and *white cords*. Now and then the busy scene was varied by a quiet Commoner or Student sneaking out, with anxiety and fear of the Dons pictured in his face, to mount what was to serve him, perhaps, as hunter and hack for the day. And then the ride to covert’s side—a dozen red-coated mud-booted young fellows, charging along the road in a body, hallooing, laughing, in the hey-day of youth, hope, and the ever-buoyant spirit of eighteen or twenty. Those days were the happiest I ever shall see again—

“When Jocus and Comus
Rode tandem with Momus,
Beguiling the way with joke, banter, and
glee.”

The finish of the hunting season I unfortunately lost, by being called to London by the alarming illness of a near relation, a day or two before the Cottesford Heath races—the which I had particularly set my heart on seeing, from having often met NIMROD in the field, while qualifying Welshman for the Mostyn Hunt Stakes and Mr. Harrison’s Plate, which, with a

doubtful leg, Taffy, the *well-booted* Welshman (he was hunted in a laced *boot*), led the way for, although Mr. Harrison, by way of “being quite correct” on the occasion, sported a *tight grey pantaloons* on the Heath that morning.

“In life I’ve tried each pleasure through,
Run every folly down;
Midst each extreme of fashion too,
And lived with half the town.”

CAPT. MORRIS.

But I must say, my last six months at Christ Church would be those, as far as pleasure is concerned, which I would wish to live over again.

My rooms were the general rendezvous of *half* the College (had I given a spread, or large wine party, I must have asked at least *one hundred and fifty* men). Not only hunting men would drop in to learn the fixtures for the ensuing week, and lounge over the *Sporting Magazine*, a few Numbers of which always laid on my table; but even the *dilletanti* would also call on me to skim the contents of the *Chronicle* or last *Review*, and talk over with me the merits of a new edition of Pope, or the last *Waverley* novel. A decanter of Port, ditto Sherry and Madeira, with a bottle of cool Claret ready to be tapped,

“As the sunshine or cold might prevail,” were always on my table when Hall was over, to regale the thirsty. Three provincial papers I also took in, which drew many a Devonshire and Yorkshireman to my inner room. On a Tuesday, in my arm-chair, after breakfast, might be seen the quiet gentlemanlike figure of Mr. William Duncombe (*now* M. P. for

* Those who attended chapel disguised themselves thus the hunting mornings, while their servants waited at either of the gates with their masters’ hats, spurs, and mud-boots, ready to be put on in a minute.

Yorkshire, then only a humble Commoner at Christ Church), with the *York Herald* in his hand, discussing with me the respective merits of his uncle's horses, St. Helena and Mozart, as opposed to Blacklock and Reveller. Late at night some first class men would take their commons with "*Old Ports*," and unbend their minds over a glass of *hot-spiced Port*, and the grateful fumes of Turkish tobacco, with a little cheerful talk, where rank was forgotten; and the only recommendation to my supper parties were wit, talent, and good-humour.

"O noctes cœnæque Deum! quibus ipse
meique
Ante Larem proprium vescor, vernasque
procaces
Pasco libatis dapibus! Prout cuique li-
bido est,
Siccant inæquales calices conviva, solutus
Legibus insanis: seu quis capit acris fortis
Pocula, seu modicis humes cit lætius. Erge
Sermo oritur, non de villis domibusve
alienis;
Nec malè necne Lepos saltet: sed quod
magis ad nos
Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitur."
HON. SAT. LIB. II. 6.

I could also count a Don among my visitors—the late Chaplain of All Souls, whose melancholy end I once prophesied in joke, as he himself did that of the very great amateur of stage coaches, Student Atterbury*. I was galloping down High-street rather late, to meet Sir Thomas Mostyn, when my Reverend Friend of All Souls, seeing the pace, called out, "My good fellow, take care; you will break your neck!" I answered, in sport, "Such an accident may happen to you, even from the back

of your steady old brown horse, on which you daily pace two miles out and two in, on the Woodstock road, for an appetite to dinner." About a twelvemonth ago this gentleman, when on his way back to Oxford from his living in Herefordshire, was killed from a fall from the *very same horse*, near Broadway.

I came back after the Easter vacation, supposing I was to remain at College till June; but the storm which had, since the departure of Mr. Goodenough, been brewing against me at the Deanery, and in the Common room, burst at last. I found my rooms occupied by another, and I was civilly informed, *not* to consider myself *expelled*, but that my name was to be removed from the College books. I had, while at Christ Church, a most unfortunate knack of jesting on all men and things. I would have my jokes "*coute qui coute*," and sorry as many of them were, like Yorick's they recoiled on my own head. The *female* part of the Deanery, and, *certainly*, not the least powerful, I mortally offended, by drily observing, of some *amateur* drawings of Switzerland, which I ought to have praised to the skies, that the drawing was not so bad *considering*, but that the country appeared to me the *most difficult to ride to hounds* in Ieversaw." I heard "*Goth!*" muttered pretty audibly in return, and, thank heaven! I was never asked to a tea party at the Deanery again. My tutor's Divinity Lecture, I attended, armed with every possible objection against the

* This gentleman, a lineal descendant of the celebrated Bishop of that name, possessing great talents, and not badly connected, remained a student to the last, refusing all College livings. His great hobby was seeing the various coaches through Oxford arrive and start. From early in the morning till nearly midnight he was to be seen at the Star, Mitre, or Angel inns, on the look out for the coaches. He lost his life on his way to London (as Graham once said he would) by the upsetting of his favorite opposition coach.

Thirty-nine Articles, which we were then reading in *Prettyman's Theology*, and bent more on puzzling the lecturer than making myself a sound divine, once I introduced Horn Tooke's definition of the Trinity (one man riding to Brentford in three gigs at once) to the utter horror of all the lecture. Poor as my witticisms might be, they came under the denomination of what St. Paul warns his Corinthian brethren so much against, "*jesting that is not convenient.*"

I believe I might have been suffered to remain—at least so my excellent friend at All Souls, who pleaded hard for me, mentioned to my governor a few weeks afterward—had not the Logic lecturer remained inexorable, hinting, a *vile joke* of mine at a lecture some time before hurt his dignity as a Professor so much that *he* could not look it over: that, and complaints that the chaste ears of some of the D——y family were offended at the singing in my rooms* at night—though God knows what business they had there at those hours—decided my removal. The affront to Mr. —— was ridiculous enough. In the public lecture room at Christ Church nearly forty young men are ranged round a huge oak table, covered with books, papers, &c. One morning, in the mood *Barbara* of the *Ars logica*, certain propositions were given out to work up. One was "*pigs see the wind.*" At least such was the middle term to be used. When it came to my turn, I was desired to give *the middle term* to pigs and wind. I answered slap at once—"break, Sir;" which so took the lecturer off his guard that he turned to my next neighbour, just as I spoke, "*pigs break wind—how do you prove*

that, Sir?" The blunder was hardly made before such an unextinguishable shout of laughter burst forth as never was heard since the day when Vulcan (so Homer tells us) turned tapster to the Gods on Olympus, *serving out* Nectar and Ambrosia, as Billy Richmond might the *heavy wet* and *blue ruin* in a public house in London. I believe the whole matter would have gone off unnoticed, but for my being publicly congratulated for turning the *lecturer* and the whole humbug of the logic system into everlasting ridicule—so a few at my table chose to say; and as we were always surrounded with spies, it came (double-distilled of course) to the lecturer's ears, *et hinc illæ lacrymæ!*

The three days I allowed myself to pack up and depart (when my final doom was sealed), were extended to a fortnight, having taken a room at the Angel, and living on my friends, who considered me a sort of martyr. I accordingly all the time dined in Hall in a *red coat*, or else in *top boots* or huge *heel spurs*, to the great rage of the Dons, who, as I was no longer under their jurisdiction, could not pull me up for my unacademical costume; while in defiance of Proctors, I ranged at will of an evening amid the environs of Headington Hill and St. Thomas's. During this species of interregnum, one of my own particular set, at present a Captain in the 60th, was ordered away from College. He instantly went to the Deanery, where he found his tutor, the Dean, and the Proctors, in close council. Making a low bow to the conclave, he said it would be necessary for him to tell his family *who* had expelled him—"Mr. Dean, is it you?"—"Oh,

* They looked in upon a remote part of the —— Garden.

no, I leave it to your tutor."—

"But *he*, Sir, this morning said he would let me remain if possible.

Is it you, Sirs?" to the Proctors.

"By no means!" was *their* answer.

"Then, Gentlemen," said U——,

"there seems to have been a *slight mistake*: as *all* of you deny any intention of expulsion, I suppose I may remain in my rooms till the term finishes."

In bringing before the world my College life, let it not for a moment be understood, that I in this make a vain glory of scenes long since past, where my crop of wild oats was sowed; or that, in speaking as I have of some of the Heads of the College, none of whom at present remain, I am actuated by either ill-nature, malice, or revenge for fancied ill-usage. I certainly *might* have made these papers more amusing by exaggeration and fictitious narrative, as is the case with all other autobiography lately introduced in the Magazines; but, having once begun, I was determined to continue in the same line—speaking of things and men as they *truly* existed in my day at Christ Church,

"Nothing extenuating, nor setting down aught in malice."

To the institutions of the University where I was educated, as well as to that venerable place itself, I am most warmly attached both from habit and principle. It would therefore give me pain to think any thing which may have dropped from my pen should give any handle for attacking Alma Mater, to the libellers in some of the leading periodicals, by way of puffing up their cockney University in Gower Street, which, fifty years hence, may have these lines applied to it;—

Vol. XXI. N. S.—No. 123.

"In *show* the ancient schools could *once* surpass,
But now, worn down, appears in native *brass*."

In my two years' residence at Oxford, I always observed that hardly any of the honours fell to the share of men educated *at home*; and, in spite of the Calvinistic Poet of Olney (Cowper), boys who have been at public schools, when at College, are less profligate, and get into fewer scrapes than those who are, at eighteen or twenty, suddenly let loose on the world. Without exception the most gentlemanlike, quiet, steady men at Christ Church were those who had spent nine or ten years of their early lives at Westminster. I allude to the students who came from that school. That many turn out badly after leaving the public schools or Universities is but too true; but they were, and are, men who would have been equally *foolish, ignorant, or vicious*, perhaps *more so*, had no such places ever existed.

Of Oxford, and more particularly Christ Church, I now take leave.

"Thus far I've dared to write: howe'er I may
Have wronged that learned place let others
say:

This let the world, which knows not how
to spare,

But rarely blames unjustly, now declare!"

A late Member of Ch. Ch. Oxon.

TREATMENT OF DISTEMPER.

SIR,

IN cases of distemper accompanied by severe looseness, and where the medicines usually employed have been of little use, I would recommend that the dog be fed on balls of unboiled arrow-root made up with mucilage of gum arabic. If arrow root cannot

be obtained, potatoe starch may do equally well. Six, eight, or ten grains of James's powder and from one to two grains of opium ought to be given night and morning, proportioning the doses to the size and strength of the dog, and putting them in one of the balls. I consider the antimonial powder essential on account of the febrile nature of the complaint. The common looseness is seldom attended by fever; but in this case the disease is entirely of a different character, being consequent on an inflammatory state of the mucous membrane, extending from the linings of the nose and fauces to the villous coat of the intestines. Opium not only arrests the morbid increase of the peristaltic motion, but acts powerfully as a sudorific in combination with antimony; and may be repeated in considerable doses, when its effects are required to be kept up, with great safety, as it is by no means so prejudicial to the canine race as is generally imagined.

In the supervening state of debility cinchona bark, with myrrh and camphor, and if a laxative is required a few grains of rhubarb, will be found serviceable in improving the digestive functions, and restoring the appetite and strength.

I beg leave to add for the information of those who put sulphur amongst the water given as drink to their dogs, that although it is insoluble, or nearly so, in cold water, as mentioned by Mr. Blane, he should have stated that it yields a small part of its substance to boiling water by infusion, and probably more by decoction. I doubt, however, if the quantity dissolved is sufficient to produce any medicinal effect.

I am, Sir, respectfully, your
most obedient servant, C. M.
Montrose, October 19, 1827.

THE ROYAL HUNT.

SIR,

I Am delighted that the present mode of conducting the Royal Hunt has attracted the attention of such an able sportsman as VENATOR. His letter in your Number for September being evidently the production of a practical man, excited my curiosity to discover the author; and, after scanning over my reminiscences of the different performers I have seen in the field with His Majesty's buck hounds, I have in my own mind fixed on the VENATOR to whom we are indebted for remarks on "Stag-hunting." Few could have ventured to say "*it is impossible to ride to the stag-hounds,*" without being suspected of an attachment to *craneing*, or some such other slow-going propensity; but those who know VENATOR as well as I think I do, know, that when there is a possibility of being with the hounds he will be with them, and will not be found wanting at the end of the day.

It has been of late years so much the practice in financial matters (which govern all things) to compare "the present with the corresponding quarters of preceding years," to draw from the result the arguments which were to beguile John Bull into quiescence, and thus make way by comparison, (and the practice has been so successful,) that I am tempted to adopt a similar proceeding, and to compare the stag-hunting of former days with that of the present—not with a view to lull the *Tantivies* of 1827

into approbation of their mode of hunting, but to stimulate them to such an alteration as will not only accord better with humanity and good sense, but at the same time will afford them better sport than they can ever hope to enjoy under the present system.

I am not so old as to think that the crimes of the present generation exceed in atrocity those of the last, or to fancy that "the court, the camp, the grove" of fifty years ago "were sweeter far" than anything of the same kind which youth and health can now enjoy. I think with Schiller, "that this is a beautiful world;" and with a late Rev. Divine, "that man alone is vile," by omitting the many opportunities afforded of making himself happy. I shall therefore not endeavour to pourtray the solemn splendour of the old hunting meetings, or to induce a belief that the chase of the present day cannot afford equal pleasure; but proceed to those stubborn things called facts, which still live in the memory of the Old Foresters.

An old sportsman, who had been one of the most enthusiastic attendants on the stag-hounds during the period that His late Majesty hunted with them, in describing the pleasure of the chase—after detailing the gorgeous display of *turning out* in those days, and "the rapturous exultation of the joyous burst"—observes, that "it is only at that moment that the kind of horse indispensably necessary for that particular kind of chase can be ascertained; for, out of from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty horsemen, seven or eight only would be seen to lie any where near or within a hundred yards of the hounds; so that, when the hounds were stopped upon the

heath, or in an open country, by the few who were up, lines of horsemen more than a mile in length were to be seen behind, getting forward in a variety of directions, bearing no inapplicable affinity to various teams of wild ducks crossing from one country to another; and that those horses who were so distressed by the *first burst*, if the hounds broke away, and the deer crossed the country, were seldom seen at the end of the second, which proved that any horse might *follow*, but none except *thorough-bred horses* would go with the hounds." Those who now *follow* the stag-hounds, and are occasionally under the necessity of asking some gaping ploughman, who "leans to hear," while they scramble into his field, or some toll-gate keeper while he prepares the change and ticket for the next gate, "whether he has seen the hounds that way?" can best say how far the majority of the *followers* of the Royal Hunt still resemble the comparison of the flight of wild ducks. And those who know what the speed of the old hounds was, (in a country then possessing few impediments from double banks or *or fences*,) who remember the necessity, as above stated, of a thorough-bred horse to keep up with them at that time, and how frequently they were stopped, if they have ever been with the present hounds, must be aware how wholly inadequate the power of any horse is to maintain that situation near the hounds which every true sportsman desiring a view of the chase must wish to possess.

On any private pack such remarks might appear impertinent or invidious; but I maintain, that every public establishment is, like

every public work, open to fair criticism, and that, having for their object the benefit or amusement of the community, such institutions should be conducted in accordance with the taste of the majority of those who are to enjoy them; and, in this instance, within compass of the physical powers of that noble animal, who, while he contributes so much to our health and amusement, bears so large a share of the fatigue. That some alteration is necessary is evident to every one who will ask himself the following question—the premises to which every one who has ever rode with the old hounds will admit—“if a thoroughbred horse was required to keep up with the old *slow* and *lame* hounds, what horse must be produced to keep with the present pack?”

VENATOR has, I fear, been too correctly informed respecting the destruction of foxes on the Royal domains; and I have reason to apprehend, that, on the adjoining estates of a large land-owner, the same system has been and is still adopted. If there is any mistake, of course “the Powers that be” will be anxious to circulate a contradiction; and most sincerely do I wish that those only who are guilty may bear the odium of such a proceeding. At present I blush to think that so many are suspected.

I am, Sir, yours, &c. E. T.

THE BATTUE.

SIR,
PERMIT me, as far as my feeble efforts go, to assist, if possible, in checking that bane of every true lover of the trigger, a *battue*, where the quantity butchered, and not the quality of sporting-dogs or guns are regarded. I use the

term *butchered*, for I know none so applicable—where men go out at one o'clock, sportsmen—I beg pardon, I mean shooters—game-keepers, beaters, servants, and attendants, in such a body, that, were not the times more peaceable than the days of King Charles, or old Noll Cromwell, the Government might fear an insurrection, and call out the Trained Bands—where the tradespeople of the neighbouring town put on their holiday clothes, and parade the skirts of the covert to hear the bang, bang, bang, and see, as I have done, the poor pheasants blazed at by a dozen barrels at once, and blown to *atoms*, at least so terribly mangled that they could not be picked up. Now this cannot be sporting in the true sense of the word; for a sportsman goes out to see his dogs perform their part, make his good shots, and kill his game clever, thereby attaching himself still more to his favorite dog and gun: but in the *battue* none of those things can take place; as you never see a dog, and have no opportunity of making such shots as can in any way give satisfaction. There is no waiting till your friend has fired, or *vice versa*; but, directly a bird is up, or a hare started, the word *mark* is more, in effect, like the word of an officer commanding a regiment, than that of keeper; for the moment the word is given, ten, perhaps twenty, barrels are emptied of their death-dealing contents, each man claiming as having been the first to fire; though, most likely, from the precipitation with which he shot he was not within a yard of the object.

I recollect on one occasion to have been loading my gun at the end of a covert, when a cock-pheasant got up, and was fired at by a

Nobleman on my left, and fell, as I conceived, to his gun; but immediately the bird was claimed by a second; and, shortly after, a third shooter emerged from the wood, and eagerly inquired if any person had shot at the bird besides himself. Now these three are all of them first-rate shots and good sportsmen; but I firmly believe, that fashion, or a wish not to be thought singular, makes them conform to this system, which, in my opinion, is a military one—at any rate we copied it from a military people, where every kind of sporting is conducted with the

“Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,”

which must, in a great degree, destroy the very character of sporting. The practice may be well enough on the Continent, where wolves and wild boars are common; and in India, where you are as likely to meet with a tiger as a teal; but in this country there can be no necessity for such an armament, as the game is in no way disposed to turn on its pursuers. But fashion rules every thing here; therefore we have *battues*, where the game is driven into a corner, and shot at like so many barn-door fowls, and more slaughtered in three hours than would have afforded excellent sport for half a dozen men,

“Who love the sylvan sport that cheers
the mind
With sweet diversion and with bounteous
health,”

for as many weeks. This is to be lamented; and, in addition to the great waste of game this system annually produces, there can be no doubt of the encouragement it must give to poaching, in consequence of feeding so many birds in small coverts, independently of the

horrible risk every man runs of shooting his best friends, or being shot by them. This danger is considerably increased if the covert happens to be situated on hilly ground. I have twice narrowly escaped in consequence of the undulations of surface which at times place you on the elevated ground; and if birds are sprung in the bottom of the wood, and fly at all in your direction, you are sure to have the shot come dusting about you. I then, being of the same opinion with the gallant Knight who fought eight hours by Shrewsbury clock, generally duck my head and save my eyes with the brim of my hat.

“Though last not least” in my estimation, this system must tend to the destruction of foxes by unfair means. I deem all means unfair, where a fox dies without having two or three of the best fellows on earth to witness his exit, and a few couple of hounds to pay due respect to his remains.

With a hope, Mr. Editor, that some of your able correspondents will back my endeavour in the attempt to abolish *battueing*,

I am, Sir, yours,

A BOGTROTTER.

REPLIES TO INQUIRIES RELATIVE TO THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

SIR,

IN your Number of this month I observe some inquiries relative to the Newfoundland dog. Your Correspondent's question is more difficult to answer than would appear at first sight. It was once my fate to be stationed at St. John's, in that Island, for about half a year. I did not look forward to my sojourn there with much

pleasure, but consoled myself by reflecting, that it would at least enable me to procure a thoroughbred dog of that species, which I had long desired. Upon my arrival I commenced my search. St. John's was full of dogs of all sorts and sizes, but such evident curs, that I quickly gave up the idea of finding there what I wanted. In the neighbourhood I was for a long time equally unsuccessful. I then inquired amongst the oldest inhabitants; and they told me that they believed the breed to be extinct, or, if found any where, only on the north shore, by the Straits of Belle Isle, or the coast of Labrador. They accounted for it very naturally, by telling me, that, as the only way in which these dogs were required was for the purposes of draught, size was the main point, and the real Newfoundland dog, at least in his own frozen climate, is considerably smaller than we generally suppose. A number of large dogs had been imported in the fishing vessels from England, were left upon the island, and soon contaminated the native blood, but answered the purpose as well, if not better.

The condition of these dogs is a most wretched one: during the winter they are forced to drag loads of wood every day from sixteen to twenty miles, and at night get nothing but a little fish. In the summer they are rather better off; for as soon as the snow is melted, and they are no longer useful, they are turned into the streets, and left to shift for themselves. As the tails, entrails, and heads of cod fish, their principal if not only food, are lying about in every direction, and used to manure the surrounding country—which, by the bye, makes a walk

out any thing but fragrant—this is not difficult.

After some time, I by chance procured a bitch, which tallied more with the description of the real Newfoundland dog than any I had seen. She was about the size of a large harrier, black and rough, with pointed pendulous ears, but which, upon any excitement, stood almost erect; the head was sharp. The Labrador breed, at least those I have seen, are smoother, and have the head shorter and thicker. The chief excellence of mine consisted in her diving: she would go down to the depth of sixteen or twenty feet, and when near the bottom, her exertions to reach it, which might easily be seen in that clear water, were most violent. I never found her of any use as a sporting dog, but to fetch birds which had fallen into the water. She used to go out snipe-shooting with me, and appeared very fond of it, but had not the smallest idea of finding game, or even of trying for it. A native of so severe a climate, it was natural to suppose she would not be very susceptible of cold, but the reverse was the case: after a few plunges into the water, she would sit by the side, shivering and shaking, her teeth chattering as if in an ague fit, watching for me to throw in another stone.

I afterwards went to the West Indies, and took her with me. All the time I had her in Newfoundland she had been very ill and weak, but when within seven degrees of the Line recovered rapidly. A great change, however, took place in her appearance—her long hair fell off, and she became nearly smooth. About a year after my return to England she again fell ill, and I was obliged to shoot

her. I must observe, that in this country she recovered her long rough coat. In the *Cynographia Britannica* it is said that they are generally black and white, or red and white; but I never saw one supposed to be genuine that was not entirely black.

If your Correspondent is anxious to possess a thorough-bred one of this kind, and has no means of procuring it from the Straits of Belle Isle, or the coast of Labrador, he is more likely to find it in England than any where else. At all events, I would recommend him not to send to St. John's, unless he has a resident friend there; as I know, from experience, that masters of merchant vessels, who are sometimes employed for that purpose, seize and convey on board the first large dog they meet, and bring him home in triumph as genuine Newfoundland.

I remain, Sir, your most obedient servant,
A WANDERER.
October 16, 1827.

TO CANIS MAJOR*, AND HIS NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

SIR,

AN invitation to inquiry upon the original character of a favorite animal is not only a natural, but an amiable feeling. From the remarks in your letter addressed to the Editor of this Magazine, I conclude that you have been searching for information, without being able to reward your curiosity in an ample manner; and in this my attempt to elucidate the subject, I am fearful also of an unsuccessful issue: for, indeed, the matter, on the face of it, is not capable of much farther developement than what is now be-

fore the world. However, as I am, and ever have been, devoted to the study of Nature's productions, although I may not be able to anatomise like the two great Professors, yet my experience and investigations may enable me to throw a little light on the obscurity, and at any rate to exhibit a few interesting anecdotes which this noble creature has supplied.

You ask for the natural history of the animal, and appear at a loss for characteristics. The latter, I think, may easily be drawn; but how you are to be satisfied *distinctly* from the generalities of *them*, in any effort to trace pure origin, I confess myself ignorant. It is well known Newfoundland supplied this country with these dogs; but it is not known at all how the Aborigines became possessed of them:—that they are not indigenous, and that they are not a parent stock, is certain.

The first visitors to the American continent carried out the species in all distinctions, which Europeans had ages before become familiar with, and which had been entirely domesticated with their habits. These, from the unsettled state of the interlopers, and the various discomfitures and losses they sustained, were consequently unattended to; and, as might have been expected, very soon lost their restrictive character and affection for man. They wandered into the forests; they sought food through their natural instinct; they became ferocious; and, in a short time, were a race of wild creatures, little less dangerous and destructive than wolves.

Of all animals the dog is most susceptible of change; most easily affected by climate, food, and edu-

* Printed by mistake Canis Major.

cation : his form, his faculties, his disposition vary in a wonderful manner. With these notorious truths in view, and applying the circumstances of emigration before mentioned, I think the veil begins to be withdrawn : besides, there is a more positive confirmation at hand, upon which a strong hypothesis may be raised. Naturalists have determined upon beyond thirty varieties of the species, more than half of which are ascertained to be influenced by the above circumstances, and to experience such changes in form, features, size, and temperament, as to render any attempts at tracing original character hopeless. It is known also, that the hound, the harrier, the *water* dog, and the spaniel are the same dog, and *natives* of both France and Spain : these kinds accompanied the American explorers : it may, therefore, be fairly presumed, upon these premises, that the Spanish water dog is the original parent stock of our subject.

I have said before, in the misfortunes of early transportation, they became wild, and lost to their masters ; but as settlements became permanent, and civilization established, domestic necessities soon reduced their savage state, and, in time, reformed the vicious habits, bringing them to subjugation, and, as it were, reason. There are no circumstances in which man has been placed, but this wonderful creature—the dog—has ever been of the most eminent service. Providence, in his wise dispensations, has, in this particular, provided with a benevolent and liberal hand for our wants ; and whether or not the dog was at first placed and devoted to the particular calling, yet his con-

struction and his instinct were to be in a manner the most easy directed to especial necessities.

In the case before us, the Island itself (if I may use the term) is amphibious—the inhabitants we know are, their occupations being even more subservient to water than land. The dog, with his web feet and aquatic disposition, given to him by all-powerful Nature as co-assistants to his species, is as valuable as the boat—a saviour in shipwreck, a recoverer of losses, a helper in toil, a watchman, and a companion in calms and in storms : on shore, under a yoke to a sledge, performing the duties of a horse, supplying every want, and eminently useful in drawing wood from the forests, which is done in considerable weights, unattended by a driver!! returning again and again, after having delivered the load ; and, when the labour is ended, enjoying, like their lords, dried cod for supper. These are local examples of character, but they are born in the blood : as the portrait rises into life, many more attend the picture, and personally applicable, highly interesting. We all know—(talking in this number, I include searchers of wonders, observers of nature, describers of nature, and withal sportsmen, *not only in scarlet*, but who, having these affections in their hearts, embrace a wider field, and may be justly stamped of Thornton blood)—the noble deportment of the animal, the intelligent head, the peculiar soft and generous countenance, displaying, in a language going at once to the heart, strength in attachments, steady faithfulness, gratitude, courage, fine temperament devoid of ferocity, but with a front heroic in features, daring to his ene-

mies, but firm and kind to his friends. The muscular limbs, the towering curly tail, the soft silky ear, the remarkably smooth coat, though long, curling only on the upper part of the legs and on the back part of the thighs, breadth over the shoulders, depth in the brisket or girth, are all descriptive of his appearance, distinguishing his nobleness and constituting his attractions.

Thus far his person and disposition are delineated, with an endeavour at a faithful representation, arising entirely from personal knowledge. His instinct, or sagacity, now remain to be described—a cultivated soil, yielding abundant harvest, and only to be duly appreciated by actual anecdotes, which, sought for in a trifling ratio of industry, would fill a volume. My space is limited: therefore I shall only select a few facts of undoubted authority—in effect carrying the strongest conviction that the mental qualities are not over-rated.

In the winter of 1789, a ship was lost near Yarmouth, a Newfoundland dog only escaping to shore, but loaded with a sacred deposit—no doubt entrusted to his well-known perseverance and understanding by his perishing master—a pocket-book. The sagacious friend, on his landing amidst a crowd, took some time to select his object; when, leaping fawningly on the breast of a man, he delivered his charge. The dog immediately returned to the spot of his landing, watching with great attention for every thing that came from the wreck, seizing and endeavoring to bring them on shore.

A vessel having left her port, deeply laden with corn, had only

cleared the river of her harbour, when the Captain's *exotic* suddenly jumped into the boat towing astern, shewing considerable uneasiness, by refusing all entreaties to return on board. This evidently displayed some evil. Upon examination it was discovered a plank had started, and the vessel was filling fast. Cesar not only saved his own life, but all the crew's, displaying a matchless fore-knowledge.

At a salmon fishery in Wales I once saw a most interesting instance of canine wisdom, and upon a favorite element: The instant the net was cast, the attendant dog (one of our own breed) took post on a shallow in the middle of the stream, watching any fish that might escape the toil. A large salmon rushed down the river. A most diverting chase now began, and when the depth foiled poor Ajax, he flew to the next shallow: the fish dashing for the sea, here a desperate struggle ensued, and was several times repeated. At last it came to swimming, where the noble fish outwitted all the astonishing exertions to arrest its progress.

At the Vicarage of Church Eden, in Staffordshire, a labourer, long confidentially employed, was entrusted with the key of the barn, frequently bringing corn to the house for family use. A large dog of our breed was loose of a night. Honesty failed, and Hodge ventured to carry a sack in a different direction to the parsonage. So long as the path went straight Ajax was passive; but the moment his companion forgot to stop, he seized the flaps of his coat and pinned him to the spot: return was attempted; but, no! here you must stand and see what day-light says to your

M

acts. In this dilemma constable and thief remained all night—a trusty guardian—practising no injury, but dispensing justice with a stern hand. In this singular situation the parson in the morning found both delinquent and friend. Mercy was shown, repentance effected, and dog and man were ever afterwards sworn chums.

In His Majesty's ship Blisson, Captain Beaufort had a favorite named after his gallant vessel.—“A huge whale (these are his words) reared his unwieldy back out of the water, near the ship. Blisson barked; the whale, unused to such an attack, flapped the sea with his monstrous tail. Blisson was in an agony of ardour to be at him. The whale put his nostril to the water's edge, and snorted a river into the air. Blisson could stand that no longer, but jumped into the sea from our quarter deck, and chased him: calling and roaring were of no use; fortunately, the whale thought proper to dive, or my

Blisson would have fared worse than Jonah!”—Here's courage!!

I have numerous other facts to relate, but surely these are *quantum suff.*; and they prove indisputably all the virtues enumerated in his character of a life preserver. The cases are so frequent, and the circumstances so imposing, that, if justice were rendered, a public monument ought to be erected in Hyde Park to the immortal Newfoundland dog, to be typified by a figure of old Neptune in cast iron, at the charge of the Humane Society.

I must now take my leave, offering in humble deference this effort to satisfy your laudable interest. If it prove successful I shall be gratified. It has led me to rather a lengthened discussion; but, like other gourmands, I recommend to my friends what I like myself. To the critic's spleen I consider it a rare morsel.

I remain your obedient servant,
PETER PAY.

LETTERS FROM “A NORTH COUNTRYMAN,” ON THE SPORT OF SHOOTING.

LETTER I.—INTRODUCTORY.

SIR,

WHEN first I introduced myself to your notice, I mentioned to you that I was not very guilty of disturbing the peace of society, by vociferating my own opinions, in defiance of the rest of my kind, in print in particular, where a good deal of consideration for others, and no small regard for myself, induce me very rarely to exhibit.

Some men have a fancy to describe scenes and objects which they have never witnessed, or sports

which they have never enjoyed; others, to gather up the opinions of others, and string them together as their own. I confess myself unequal to do the one; and I conceive it to be quite unworthy to do the other.

If ever, then, I am to be found attempting to perpetuate beyond the moment the floating ideas of my brain, and thence to convey them to the pages of your Magazine, it will be to do one of two things—either to attempt to de-

scribe the images and impressions there left, from scenes that are passed, and sports that are gone by, in which I happened to play my part; or, it will be to give my opinions, such as they are, without any wish to please or displease, upon what has passed or is passing in the world around me. You need not, however, be under any alarm that you will ever be deluged with such attempts, or that I shall ever be over solicitous to appear in your columns, having to satisfy myself upon two very important points:—first, that there is a space there vacant which requires to be filled; and, secondly, that I have the means of filling it from my own resources, without either cramming, or running the hazard of being crammed, for my pains.

And now then, Sir, as in the sequel I may have need of all your patience, I will not fatigue it at the commencement with a longer preface, but will simply tell you, that in looking at your Magazine for this month, I was particularly struck with your fair but plaintive appeal to those of your friends who are, as you term it, "Lovers of the Trigger;" though of this very expression, a word, if you please, at starting. I am really not apt to quarrel with a name or a title, as it is, after all, but little real consequence what things are called in this world, if they are only intelligible; but I must tell you, that I do detest slang or quaint expressions, more particularly when they have no wit or meaning; and you will excuse me when I say, that you may as well call those who are fond of shooting lovers of the *ramrod* and the *lock*, the *barrel* and the *stock*, or why not of the effective part

the *powder* and the *shot*, as of your chosen symbol. I am, of course, presuming that you are too correct a man to have any *double* allusions. If such are inclusive, *you have reason*, as the French say, and you certainly have contrived to lay hold of the delicate and ticklish part, and of such as all true sportsmen are lovers; but be that as it may, do let us rescue this our noble sport, even in name, from the fixture of gun-smiths; and let us hail it, as it ever ought to be hailed, as one of the noblest of our old English sports; and let us not even attempt to mend its name, as we cannot; and let us be satisfied with its olden title—the noble sport of Shooting.

When you expressed a wish to have communications upon this subject, I presume that you did not mean to call upon your friends for a mere list of their killed and wounded, but that you were anxious to see this charming sport occupying that place in your columns which is its native right; and that in the space which has too often lately been found vacant, should again be seen to spring, and to be revived, this noble branch of sport. I think that I hear your simple call tingling and echoing in every sportsman's ear; its tone deepening, with its effect increasing, from its conveying of a simple truth, though with it a sad reproach that this well-deserved theme of a sportsman's song should remain rudely scattered over the thoughts of so many, and yet unsung by so few. You have had occasionally, it is true, some remarks upon detonators, and their caps of copper; upon self-primers, and their pans of water-proof; upon shooting pigeons at Battersea; and upon practising the art of shooting

others like ourselves at the Haymarket: but any attempt to uphold the dignity of this our ancient sport, or to describe its charms, as imbibed by one of its true followers, seems long to have been abandoned as a thing unworthy, or—what is nearer the truth, I fancy—unfashionable.

And now, Sir, let us proceed to inquire to what state times and circumstances have brought this our manly sport, in this our good country, at this present day, this present year, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven.

One thing, I think, is quite clear, that we have got plenty of shooters, of all ranks, ages, and grades, from His Majesty's Royal Brothers down to the most ignoble of his subjects. Every man, now-a-days, fancies that he has a natural right (and such are ever the most dear to him) to pursue and overtake, by such means as he can command, the wild animals, to which, from their powers and disposition to wander, none who can be called a positive owner is to be found, and whose very name holds them forth as the objects for pursuit and chase. How far this is altogether a right common to all, or where it is exactly centered, it is not altogether my present purpose to inquire, as it would lead me into far too wide a field; but a word respecting it as we pass.

I am not insensible that this will be making a home-thrust into the very body of the never-to-be-ceased discussing and debating question—the Game Laws; but it is not my wish to add much to all the nonsense that has been talked and written upon this wasted weary subject.

All discontents and grumblings, and, their next of kin, contentious

and arguments connected with this matter, may be said to emanate from a source, the common spring of a vast many of the stranger proceedings of our nature—a sort of gathering of heterogeneous ideas, of fancied and undefined grievances existing, and consequences following, making us ever restless for the possession of that which is new, with its unknown treasure, and reckless as to surrendering that which is old, with its known value. In all changes, be they of the great things of the world, or be they of the small, we think but of the bad that is past, and forget the good. In the future is seen, but too often, the good only that is in prospect; but to our faulty vision is obscured the ill that is also as surely in store. That which is easy of comprehension, or, what is too often the same thing, in practice that which is considered so, is like unto an unfortunate man in a party, whom it requireth no depth of reasoning to confront, usually selected as the fit object of attack, by those who would be busy. Thus it is with our Game Laws. Every body thinks they understand them; and, therefore, every body speaks about them; and many write who never wrote before. As physicians prescribe, surgeons cut and lacerate, and apothecaries administer nostrums—all are at work upon their subject, and all, as doctors, disagreeing; each endeavoring to find a remedy, when none is really required, beyond perhaps a slight *alterative*, forgetting the well-known, but not the less well-meaning, lines:—

“Better to bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.”

However, to proceed: I feel that in meddling with the subject, I

am fast tumbling into the errors of those who have preceded me, and am beginning the same weary journey that many have gone before; and setting off, as I do, unwillingly, I much fear that we shall have a very tedious *voyage*. We shall endeavour, at all events, to post rapidly along the road, as the new state of ways and mode of proceeding admit of, and for once attempt to go *the pace* that is now the fashion; contenting ourselves with a few simple observations on the ground we are proceeding over, and consoling ourselves with the belief that we are now only getting through the dirty work, that we may arrive more directly on the confines, with a better right of entry into the interesting and beauteous regions of sport, where Shooting holds her place.

As a *commencement* then, as the French say, I must broadly declare, that, to my mind, it has ever appeared the height of absurdity to assert, that a man has a right, or the shadow of pretext, to do any one thing in a civilised country which the law does not give him the privilege of doing—all our properties, our comforts, our enjoyments, our every thing, depending upon a firm and sturdy support being given to the foundation of them all—good law and order; with a good government administering, and a sensible people obeying. And it would be well if a few of the grumblers of the severity of this enactment, and the tightness of that, should be condemned to pass a little time in some other quarter of the globe, or even, as applicable to our present subject, without stirring out of Europe; and he would soon find, without opening his eyes very wide, that

he had left the only place where he really could call his person and property his own, and, what is more to our present purpose, where he really can have and enjoy sport.

It has ever, therefore, been with the greatest indignation, that I have heard till I was disgusted, and read till I was weary, all the *fine* sentimental things that have been said and written about the *poor poacher*, the most proper blackguard commonly in his native village, who commits an outrage against the law, generally, in the dead of the night, when few but thieves or those who watch them are to be found abroad, and, when deservedly convicted, is at once held up as the object of pity by all the *Saints* and folks of *uncommon* feeling. As if the midnight poacher and gang of poachers, who go about, not only to trespass on the properties of others, not only to kill game upon them, but men too, if they dare oppose them, are one iota better than common thieves, both of whom are led to commit murder upon the same subjects, and from the self-same cause—those who manfully defend their own or their master's property. And yet these are the men for whom so much is felt, for whom so much whining is made, for whom our good laws are to be execrated, and for whom so many (would-be wise men) wish to *make a great change!* Laying aside the aggravated circumstances under which, to my mind, poaching is often committed, and the worthless character of him who commits it, what possible defence, excuse, or palliation can there be for a man, who breaks not only one but two laws, and too often three, the colour of which he knows as well as that of the game he is in quest of?

If the actors in such scenes were usually poor ignorant boys, who, from a daring and manly spirit, were induced—as Gibbon describes the Northern Britons of old, who, clad in their national garb, were wont to chase the deer over their native mountains through the blue mist that covers them—to pursue game, for the glory of killing it; then indeed I should be the first to feel, and the last to wish to see visited upon them the punishment due to their breach of the law. But to suppose this, is to do that which is not true. Such are not the subjects which the law overtakes in this illegal traffic, or that the good old Justices of England have received such heaps of censure for inflicting it upon. In the poacher is usually to be found almost every vice to which the lower orders in this country are addicted: he would feign pull down all barriers around all law and order, because his calling then would be upon a high road. In a word, he is the very worst subject in the neighbourhood in which he lives, the very scum of the territory upon which he crawls, to gain by dishonest means what he cannot by industry; and I will venture to assert, that nine men out of ten, in a country side, will concur with me in opinion that the poachers and rogues who infest it are nearly synonymous terms.

Besides the poacher, there are two other classes of persons, who, it has been contended, are sorely aggrieved by the effects of the Game Laws as now on our Statute Book: first, those who are denied the *lawful right of shooting*; and, secondly, those whose money cannot at once give them the *legal privilege of eating game*.

In regard to the first of these, though I might be disposed to allow, that, abstractedly, the law may be a little absurd upon this head, and might be easily and perhaps better altered, and, if its theory were acted upon to its strictest letter in regard to qualification, that its severity would be felt by some; yet I will put it candidly to any gentleman who may have shot all his life, though really unqualified, whether it ever deprived him of a single day's sport, or whether it ever met him when he was where he ought to have been, or, in other words, when he was not where *he had no right to be*? This, I am aware, is not strict argument, as what is wrong ought not even *latently* to remain so; and farther, that it is not rigid reasoning to say practically it is harmless: but if it is not argument, it is good common sense, which I hold to be a much firmer *stump* to graft opinion upon. I have heard it, too, very fairly argued by as good men and sportsmen as ever breathed the morning air, that it is well the power of overtaking the unqualified man should still exist, as it is often the only possible means that can be got at to turn him out of the wrong road into which he may have wandered, and setting him *neatly* down, as the Irishman would say, on the right one again.

In regard to what are termed other grievances wrapped up in the powers of the much-reviled Game Laws—that first of all, a man who does not possess one acre of land, or one shadow of right over one, and *never a friend* who has either, should consider himself very very ill-used because he cannot *go a shooting*, is really very very melancholy indeed. It is equally

melancholy that we should not all have the power of doing exactly what we like in this world: but I fancy *it would never answer*; and I should really think it about quite as reasonable that the quiet 'squire—whose acres are his birth-right, and whose occupation has been their improvement, (and God knows the man of money has no reason to envy him his actual receipts from them, in comparison with their nominal value,) and whose delight has been to see them well stocked with game—should all at once take a fancy to have a taste of the luxuries that he may have heard described as to be had in plenty on some Lord Mayor's day of 9th November, and, without leave or otherwise, should make his way to the well-laid table, to feast on the good things going; as that the young citizen—whose birth-right has been his father's business and receipts therefrom, his employment attendance thereunto, and his enjoyment spending the money derived from it in the numberless ways a town affords him the choice—should all at once, on 1st September, take a fancy to have a bit of sport, on the well-lying fields of some neighbouring Lord Manor, and taste its sweet charms.

If the former were laid hold of by well-clothed beadle, with staff in hand, and sent to the right-about, as having neither leave nor even the qualification of a liveryman, to be present; or, if he appeared a second time, were taken up before the great man of the city, or Junta of Aldermen, and fined, or sent to the tread-mill to mend his *action*; surely he might just as reasonably complain as the latter, if he were told to be off by

keeper with gun in hand, as neither having permission, nor even the qualification of a sportsman; and, if he appeared again, were taken up before the great Lord of the country, or bench of Justices, and fined, or otherwise.

However, I am aware that there are what are called much more crying cases than such as this: Reverend Gentlemen, for example—whom, if religion's law has dubbed as such, nature's never consented to or approved the deed—who have an itch for sport, without an inch of land or right; or those of a brighter cloth, who, cantoned in country quarters, have little else to do but *take liberties* with any sort of game they can find to run after in the neighbourhood; or, men of some property, but no land, who have hung up their houses in different parts of the country, on the dimensions of a few acres, who find that they cannot shoot over the neighbouring fields because they are not their own, and they have no leave to go across them:—terrible hardships indeed, that men cannot trespass upon other people's properties! and that if a man wanders thereon with a gun, he should be made to depart a little more rapidly than when simply straying!

As to another class—those who have succeeded to properties, or who have bought them, full well knowing (and in the latter case paying a proportionate price) that the right of shooting is vested not in them—that they should grumble, or should come to the Legislature, requesting its interference in their behalf, is neither more nor less than requiring of it to give them something, and to take it away from others. Or, that the farmer or lessee of an estate, with

the knowlege, and often with a binding clause, to prevent disputes, that the game is to belong to the proprietor, and the sport afforded by killing it, exclusively his right, should grumble because he too cannot sport as his superior can do; that he cannot, as they, regale his friends with that which he could only do at the expense of breaking his agreement or forfeiting his word—is really so absurd and so ridiculous, that to answer it would be to give it too much importance. And yet I have heard a drunken pudding-headed farmer, with all the insolence and foul ideas that belong to bad discontented men of low degree, arrogate to himself all the airs of a man of consequence; deal right and left at his landlord and the Game Laws; accuse both for the effects of that, for which, if he looked at home, he would find a simple cause in his own negligence and bad management; and, what was the most amusing part of all, broadly assert that his landlord had no right to shoot at all without forsooth leave from *him* by *himself* *him*.

Don't, however, let me be misunderstood upon this subject: there are instances in which a good man and industrious farmer is to be pitied, and sometimes very hardly dealt with—when his landlord is absurd enough to *domesticate* his game, if I may use the expression, and have pheasants, hares, and rabbits crawling about in countless numbers upon his estate, and who has not common honesty to indemnify his tenant for the damage which they do. Then, however, he can recover at common law, as I remember an instance of one doing some years ago in the northern part of the island; but a lawsuit between a landlord and tenant is,

to say the least of it, a most unsatisfactory proceeding to both parties, and is of all things to be avoided, and the last thing for either to resort to. Game enough for sport (of which more hereafter) can be kept on any farm without the smallest injury to its crops; and the pride of the right sort of farmer should be in keeping it well for his lord and master's amusement; and have his highest pleasure in attending him on the first day of the season, and shewing him where the birds are to be found; and learning at the close of it that he had seen a great many birds, and had a good day's sport; and receiving, as a mark of approbation, a present perhaps of a hare and a brace or two of birds. The possessor and the occupier of the land cannot have two interests: live and let live ought to be the standard motto of each, and they will find it the most productive one to guide them. The one, however, ought always to remember that in his tenant's prosperity is dovetailed his own; and the other ought never to forget that he receives his very existence from his landlord, and that, in upholding his interest and dignity, he promotes his own.

Now we come to the second party, who considers himself wonderfully ill-used because he happens to have all his wealth in *moneyed* ways, has no dirty acres, or no friend who has, or at least who thinks or cares enough about him to send him game to adorn his civic table. He says, let me buy. Why should not I buy game? Why should not my good money, which gets me every thing else, get me this also? So, by the way, it unfortunately does, but all under the rose: but

what a hardship, that good citizens cannot get a legal mouthful of this *recherché* food without running the risk of being informed against! (and I wish sincerely they were.) Their poor stomachs must go without—quite a calamity!—such prohibitions will ruin the country!—very, very melancholy indeed! What makes it worse, the wives say, that it is fashionable to have the game; they must be like their neighbours—everybody has it. “You know, my dear,” says the bustling dame to her quiet spouse, “Mrs. So-and-so had it when we dined there last, and told us that Mr. — had a basket of game sent them up from his manor in Kent twice a week; and also do recollect even Mrs. — had it, when we last dined with her, and mentioned that some friend had sent it to her. Now, my love, though we have neither manors nor friends to supply us, you know it will never do for people to know that. We must keep up appearances; seem to be what we are not; do and have what other great folks have; or we shall be talked about, my dear, and be considered unfashionable; which (the lady in tears, if any resistance was offered) would break my poor heart!” and perhaps add the charming and touching appeal—“and all this comes of my marrying a good-for-nothing unkind man like you, when you know I might have married the ‘Squire of the Lord knows what!’” What is a poor man to do upon such an occasion, but to submit, and to allow the receiver of stolen goods, to bring them within his door, though many a one, while unwillingly agreeing, has, I have little doubt, sweetened his consent with a round blessing upon the wordly nonsense that renders necessary the perching of a pheasant or partridge at the top of a

table, often too after everybody has had a good dinner? Yet so it is; we must all follow each other like a flock of sheep, and must do as others do, however different our means, and however opposite ought to be our modes of life—and why? because we are fools, and have neither the sense to think, nor the manliness to act for ourselves.

We have thus got more at large, while indulging this passing word; than was our intent; but when pens are seldom at work, their movements are, something like unto those such as were ascribed to the bodies of Volunteers when in exercise some fifteen or twenty years ago, rather irregular, not under proper restraint, and not always to be found keeping the line. We have only really got so far in our subject as to admit that there are plenty of shooters; and to say a more lengthened word than we meant to do, to endeavour to satisfy us that our present Game Laws are really quite good enough for us; and I doubt very much, indeed I feel firmly persuaded, that, with some very trifling changes, no one system could work half so well as the old one, or under any other should we have half so much sport. Having arrived at this stage of our journey, though we have got but slowly on, as I feel rather weary myself, and those who may have travelled with me thus far having still more reason to complain, we had better make up our minds here to stop and rest for the night, and as to-morrow is a dangerous period to postpone, even the taking up of an old thread, I shall not wait for what it may bring forth, but straightway despatch this to you, fearing that you too, Sir, in your

turn will have as much as you well can swallow, and wishing you, as I am in duty bound, no bad thing, a good digestion.

I remain your obedient servant,
A NORTH COUNTRYMAN.

October 15, 1827.

EXTRAORDINARY CHANGE OF PLUMAGE.

SIR,

I Should be obliged to any of your readers who may be lovers of Ornithology to account for the following singular circumstance.

Two years ago, a friend of mine, while at his estate in the Highlands, was presented by a cottager with a hen perfectly *black*, but which he was assured changed colour each year. Last winter the hen became quite white, which colour she retained till about three weeks back, when some of her feathers began to turn black, and have since increased so fast that there is no doubt she will be entirely black in another fortnight. The hen is much muffled about the head; and, among a brood of chickens reared this year, two bear a strong resemblance to her. They are at present white; whether they will change, like the mother, remains to be seen. The hen is only a few miles from London, and I have no doubt my friend would be happy to shew her to any person curious in these things.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
ANCEPS, JUN.

November 5, 1827.

P. S. If you wish to learn any farther particulars concerning this bird, a word in your Magazine (which I constantly read) will be sufficient. I am in the habit of writing down sporting anecdotes

that happen to me; and if I thought any were of sufficient interest to amuse your readers, I would send some to you for insertion.

[They will be most acceptable.—ED.]

MASTERS OF HOUNDS.

"The first upon my list is a Gentleman of Warwickshire, a Baronet, his name Sir Theophilus Biddulph: all who know that shire are well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir The."—SPECTATOR.

I Am persuaded, Mr. Editor, that few men deserve better of their country than *Masters of Hounds*; and, however such an assertion may be cavilled at by *some*, it is by no means uneasy of proof: for grant me, as you must, that the true fulchrum of the State lies in the courage and hardihood of individual members of the community—above all, of *those* members who *may* be called upon to guide their country's strength in the hour of conflict—and my assertion is incontrovertible. For who I would ask, especially "in this weak piping time of peace," contribute more to nourish and keep alive that courage and hardihood than Masters of Hounds? In short, Mr. Editor, "the field" is the nursery of those noble principles which in times of peril form the bulwark of the State, and should therefore be viewed by all who have at heart their country's welfare with the most fostering regard. *Sporting* is a name far too inadequate for the noble pursuit of hunting; and, in regarding it as a mere object of amusement, we are apt to lose sight of one of our greatest national advantages. With such feelings then as these I have rejoiced to see NIMROD immortalize with his unrivalled pen many of our greatest sportsmen; but, as there are some

who, equally deserving, may be placed beyond the reach of his wide-stretched exertions, I trust the attempts of a much humbler pen to place their names on record will not be deemed presumptuous. I can truly say, Mr. Editor, that I am constrained to this undertaking by my ardent love for sporting, and a desire that all who have devoted their fortunes and their time to so noble a cause should live in the pages of your excellent Magazine. With such motives then, which I hope will atone for the unworthy manner in which it is executed, I proceed to the commencement of my task.

Early impressions are the strongest; and I doubt not I have been induced to select Sir Theophilus Biddulph as the object of my first essay on Masters of Hounds, from the pleasing recollections I have of the delight his harriers occasionally afforded me when a school-boy at Rugby: but I never had the opportunity of *riding* with them until three years ago, when I was sent to *die* at Leamington in Warwickshire; and fox-hunting being of course forbidden me, I made eager inquiries for the quieter and less hazardous enjoyment of hare-hunting. I was told that the best harriers within reach were *Sir Thay's*, and, although the distance was considerable, I frequently had the pleasure of hunting with them. Sir T. Biddulph has been a master of harriers for a great many years, and is now quite a veteran in the field; and I may confidently say there are few better packs in the country. They are larger in size than many harriers I have seen, shewing a strong cross of the fox-hound, but possess extraordinary speed, and are admirably adapted to the coun-

try they hunt over. Sir The's pack generally consists of about ten couple of hounds, which he hunts himself; and I must do him the justice to say he thoroughly understands the secrets of his calling; avoiding as much as possible giving his hounds *the view*, which is too much the practice with gentlemen who hunt harriers. Sir The is, however, too slow for his hounds and country; but when I mention that he is upwards of sixty years of age, and rides about eighteen stone, some allowance will be made for his want of quickness; and his defects in this respect are amply made up by the occasional assistance of his son, Captain Biddulph, who is an excellent rider, and is always with his hounds. Sir The's kennel is at his seat at Burbury, and I am informed that he attends to the duties of it himself; but as I never had the pleasure of seeing him at his own house, (being afraid in my state of health to avail myself of the kind invitations which on two occasions he did me the honour to offer,) I know little of the economy of his hunting establishment: judging, however, from the appearance of his hounds in the field, and what information I could collect, it must be very well conducted. Sir The, greatly to his credit, never suffers his arrangements to interfere with fox-hunting, and does all in his power to promote the sport of his "brothers of the brush." He has recently formed an excellent fox-covert in the very heart of his "home country," which promises to be one of the best in the county. He will not, if he can possibly prevent it, allow his harriers to run a fox. On one occasion, however, I had the pleasure of seeing these hounds with a "long tail," and I

never saw a better run or their speed exceeded. The fox jumped up in a small plantation, the name of which I quite forget; and after a splendid chase of forty minutes, with only two checks, they ran in to him in the most gallant style, just as he was gaining some earths at Stockton.

There is seldom a large field out with Sir The; but amongst those I generally met were two or three performers who would do credit to any hunt in the kingdom. Capt. Biddulph I have already mentioned as an excellent rider; and a *tall* young Gentleman, who, I believe, is a nephew of Sir The's, promises well; I never saw a man get *such* falls, and care about them so little! Mr. Venner cuts a conspicuous figure with these hounds, and is reckoned a first-rate performer; but to me he did not appear to be a very *judicious* rider. Mr. Wheler and Mr. Hume are also two very promising young-ones, and their names deserve to be recorded here. I have had the pleasure of meeting them on other ground, and of seeing Mr. Wheler ride a small bay horse, which came as near to my idea of what a hunter should be as any horse I ever saw. I once rode by his side in a very severe burst with the Warwickshire, from Ufton Wood, and, although mounted on a celebrated descendant of Jack-a-lantern, I owned myself completely beat.

But to return to Sir The: I much wish I could embellish my account with a sketch of his figure on horseback. Suffice it to say, he is one of the few existing specimens of the true old English Gentleman—every thing about him is sterling.

Age, however, has now stamped

his furrows on his cheek, but health and vigour promise for a long while to dispute his absolute dominion; and I most heartily wish Sir The may live to enjoy many more seasons, and that I may again have the pleasure of meeting him in the field.

Leamington possesses so many desiderata for the sportsman, that I strongly recommend it to the notice of your readers as one of the best hunting stations I know. It is within reach of several excellent packs of fox-hounds, and affords the best "accommodation for man and beast." My horses are now on the road; and I intend to follow them to Leamington next week, where I shall take up my quarters for the season; and if any thing worthy of note occurs with the Warwickshire, or Lord Anson's, you may rely on my sending it to *The Magazine*.

And now, Mr. Editor, I must pull up, or I shall occupy too many of your valuable pages; so, wishing all your readers much sport and a good season,

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

RAMBLER.

October 18, 1827.

COACH ACCIDENTS.

SIR,

IT was recently mentioned, in one of the French Papers, that the widow of a man who had been killed in a duel had, by process of law, recovered from his antagonist a compensation in damages for the loss she had thereby sustained. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the French laws to be able to say whether the statement might be correct; but in cases where death occurs to passengers by stage coaches, or steam boats, through

the wilful negligence or misconduct of coachmen, or those who have the command of such vessels, I am inclined to think such a remedy resembling in a great degree our own ancient *weregild** should be granted, to be recovered against the proprietors of such conveyances, in addition to any punishment which might be inflicted on the actual offenders. For at present, in case death ensues to any of the passengers, the owner, who has perhaps been the most culpable, by risking the lives of individuals in the hands of an inexperienced or unskilful conductor, or with inefficient horses or machinery, escapes unpunished.

As I am not much acquainted with travelling by steam, but have had considerable experience in coach travelling, my remarks are intended to apply to that subject only. The mention of steam vessels was induced by my recollecting at the moment the lamentable accident which occurred two years ago to the *Comet* and another steam boat on the coast of Scotland, the origin of which was, I believe, traced to the negligence of the respective captains, in not having lights placed in conspicuous situations. The business of a coach proprietor being liable to a peculiar degree of risk, whenever it is conducted by individuals of respectability, with a proper feeling of the responsibility they incur, and with that degree of spirit and liberality which such undertak-

ings require, should meet with every encouragement which the public can confer or the laws afford. And I am willing to admit, that the improvement in coaches, horses, and, above all, in the description of men who have now become drivers, is such, that you rarely, within sixty or seventy miles of London on the main roads, find that degree of carelessness, which, I agree with *Nimrod*, is the cause of ninety out of a hundred coach accidents. But as our travels cannot be limited to particular roads or distances, in general, when you get beyond that distance, you find an alarming difference in all those three important requisites which contribute so eminently to our safety. *The Shrewsbury Wonder*, the *Dorchester Magnet*, the *Nimrod*, *Telegraph*, and *Independent Southamptons*, the Norwich coaches, and many others too numerous to mention, together with, I think I may say, all the mails out of London, are exceptions; but, alas! when you get beyond the magic circle, you will find *Magnets* without attractions, *Flys* that only crawl, most dangerous *Safetys*, and *Regulators* pre-eminently uncertain. To such conveyances you generally find attached coachmen of the Old School, men weighing the weight of two outsides, and occupying the space too; or shadows, nerveless and powerless from habitual dram drinking, and who think bad language, worse slang, hard drinking, and

* *Weregild*, the price of homicide paid partly to the King for the loss of a subject, partly to the lord whose vassal he was, and partly to the next of kin of the person slain. In our ancient Saxon laws the different *weregilds* for homicide are established in progressive order from the coorle to the peasant. The *weregild* of a coorle was fixed at two hundred and sixty-six thrismas, that of a King at thirty thousand, each thrisma being equal to about a shilling of our present money. The *weregild* of the King was divided, one half being paid to the public, the other to the Royal Family; but that of a subject was paid entirely to the relatives of the party slain.—The King, as public prosecutor, might, therefore, still fairly claim the punishment of the actual offender, while the proprietors, as accessories, might be held liable to the relations of the deceased.

cruelty to their unfortunate cattle, the essential requisites to establish the character of a stage coachman. Custom, till within these few years, has habituated us to trust our lives to that class of men; and to them I attribute the majority of the accidents that occur: they are generally obstinate in the extreme; and the accidental breakings of reins, pole-chains, hame-straps, or the fall of a horse, which generally occur descending hills, and from which the most fatal results commonly ensue, could in general be guarded against to a great degree, by the precaution of locking the wheel, which those kind of men will seldom adopt.

Until you consider the large portion of the community who are hourly exposed to these dangers, the importance of the subject is not known. I am not nervous nor timid with such men as Peer, Hall, Ball, or William Williams. I should not have much apprehension in any of those situations which are least desirable in travelling; but it is folly to expose life and limb to the risk of safety from a bungler, or to encourage the avaricious propensities of a rapacious coachmaster, in submitting to be drawn by unsafe horses.

In numerous instances where death has occurred from furious driving, or placing ungovernable horses in a coach, I am by no means satisfied that the heaviest punishment attendant on a conviction for manslaughter is sufficient. I am aware, that to constitute a more serious offence, there must be malice expressed or implied; but it has been held, "where death happens in the execution of an unlawful action, principally intended for some other purpose, and not expressed in its nature to do a per-

sonal injury to him in particular that is killed, is most properly malice implied." *Kel.* 129, 130. And, where a park-keeper tied a boy that he found stealing wood to a horse's tail, and the horse ran away and killed him, it was held to be murder. *Hale, P. C.* 454. Also, where a sick man was exposed to the cold, and died thereof. *3 Inst.* 51. Many other cases might be cited of a similar description, which, like these, bear a very close resemblance to the guilt of a coachman or proprietor who knowingly exposes the lives of passengers in situations, where, if any accident takes place, they know the consequences must be fatal to some one. I should be most unwilling to increase the severity of our laws, where, in their present state, they were able to reach with due rigour the offending parties; but I am of opinion that they are now in serious cases too lenient, and, in the event of minor offences, too easily evaded—the public assisting offenders too much, by neglecting to enforce those regulations, which cannot be too strictly attended to, to ensure their safety. In my next I will give a kind of short schedule of such laws as are useful to travellers, and may be abridged into the compass of your pages.

VIATOR.

BAG FOXES.

SIR,

THE few lines I sent you in the Spring on the traffic in cubs were inserted too late to do much good, even had they been penned by one having influence with the *Sporting World*. This is not my case; but the dealing in bagmen

has become so great, I feel it the duty of every one wishing well to fox-hunters to assist (however small may be his power) in the endeavour to stop this unsportsmanlike practice: and I cannot help thinking, that if every master of fox-hounds would declare publicly he would consider it a personal insult from any man to turn down a bagsgman before his hounds, it would go a long way towards putting a stop to the practice—(there are more reasons than one inducing persons to turn down bagsgmen unknown to the master of hounds)—and consequently to the trade, the next greatest patrons of which are persons keeping harriers.

The practice of turning down bag foxes before harriers has within these few years greatly increased. This should certainly be put a stop to, and may, I should think, be easily done, so far as gentlemen are concerned, by the fox-hunters dropping the acquaintance of any one attending such a chase, after having given them a hint (for they are generally young ones) of the consequence.

As to the farmers, with their joint-stock company hare dogs—who, in my opinion, should be encouraged in the open, where they cannot disturb the coverts, as their sport or pastime tends to make them friendly to hunting generally—they may be easily persuaded to desist from hunting either bagsgmen or found foxes, if judiciously spoken to by some one having weight in the country. I am much engaged at present, and can therefore not enter fully into the subject; but trust some abler pen may be used thereon in your next Number. If NIMROD will take this matter in hand, as he visits

the different masters of fox-hounds, he may much serve the cause; for some (not even suspected by the many) encourage, not only the traffic in cubs, but in bagsgmen, either of which, if not decidedly opposed, will increase, and must destroy sport.

VENATOR.

P. S. I wish some one would find time to point at the effeminacy of *battues*—a fine subject for the caricaturist—and also killing such lots of partridges in one day, not by the true sporting method of finding the game with dogs (the hunting of which is, in my opinion, the prettiest part of shooting), but by lots of markers, who tell their employer the turnip under which the bird will be found.

A LETTER FROM "A YORKSHIREMAN," IN REPLY TO "OBSERVATOR."

SIR,

MY remarks on Glenartney have, I see, produced a reply from OBSERVATOR. He lashes A LOSER and myself, to be sure, in cat-o'-nine-tail style; but methinks, in flourishing the cat, a few of the tails have fallen rather wide: in other words, he appears to have written hastily.

Your Magazine is the standard work on sporting subjects, and is the proper organ for the discussion and decision of this great question—Is a man bound by any law of honour to start a horse, if well, for a race, like the one in question, or not? Betting is no longer resorted to as an idle amusement only: immense capital and a great share of capacity are engaged in it; and a turf speculator gains or loses as much by the rise and fall of the odds, as a stockjobber does by a

similar change in the funds. Suppose, then, a man speculates and backs such a horse as Glenartney, for one, two, or three thousand pounds, which was, directly after the Derby, when that horse was at seventeen to one, a very probable speculation—is it, I ask, to be tolerated, that he is quietly to hear the next day, that Mr. Anybody has given 4000*l.* for another horse, on condition the one he had backed does not start against him? Is he to be expected to present the winner with a cheque to the amount lost without one single complaint? Or is that complaint to be ridiculed as the miserable cant of a loser? And is he to be told, that nobody has yet hit upon a method of compelling owners of race-horses to consult and prefer the interests of others to their own; and, till somebody has done so, he has no right to grumble?

If my notions are so new-fangled about honour, and my theory of right and wrong so visionary, at any rate I may console myself that I do not stand alone. Why did Mr. Watt refuse such sums for Belzoni? How was it we heard The General's not starting so reprobated by men who never risked a shilling on a race in their lives, so had no interest in the opinions they expressed? Why did Lord Verulam start The Moslem, though he was not right? The reason for all this is plain enough:—there are yet a few left, who draw a distinction between right and wrong, and who think it is not by any means justifiable for a man to consult his own interest in any way whatever at the expense of that of others.

OBSERVATOR has one merit—he does not quibble about words; he boldly takes his ground, and at-

tempts to maintain his position by argument as erroneous in principle as dangerous in its consequences. He quotes a most villainous trial between two horses, and says no dissatisfaction was expressed. I cannot take that for granted. The fact remains long after the discontent it produced may have been forgotten: but had that been the case, it is easily accounted for. The singular coincidence of a double piece of roguery kept all things straight, and no one was defrauded, so no one was left to complain. If a man, in a bungling attempt to steal my horse, locks himself in the stable, it is very possible, as I sustain no loss, I may be more amused than enraged; but does this justify the thief? He then says, in the case of Asparagus, the world was perfectly satisfied. They were so, I allow—they were perfectly satisfied it was a most swindling transaction, and in that sense only I will take upon myself to affirm.

Does OBSERVATOR seek to justify Lord Jersey by such a line of reasoning as this? I, though a sufferer, can find a better apology. I was, I confess, out of humour when I wrote, and beg OBSERVATOR's pardon for my remarks. Lord Jersey probably thought that little or no money was laid out on Glenartney, and that, by so early an appraisal, little harm would result: and, as I am firmly convinced Mr. Gully bought Mameluke, to win and win only, I, on better consideration, will fully acquit all parties of doing anything intentionally dishonorable.

OBSERVATOR will, I trust, recall a little of what he has written; and, as he was so jocose about my Yorkshire ancestors, must allow me to return the compliment.

Did you ever, Mr. Editor, hear or read of a certain fox, who in an unlucky rencontre lost what was wont amongst his tribe to be considered a great ornament, in those days denominated a tail? He was at first rather posed, and felt a little awkward in his new situation: it was a very *funny* adventure, but not quite agreeable. What was to be done? A lucky thought struck him! Away he goes to his friends, and, after the first clamour had subsided, requested to be heard; and by the most cogent arguments clearly demonstrated that these same tails were but a sad impediment, and were in his opinion no ornament at all: in short proved, by an all-powerful appeal to "*common sense*," that they were better off than on. Unfortunately for him, however, his companions possessed a little "*uncommon sense*," and politely declined his proposal to change the fashion, with this most sagacious reply: "Brother Pug, you undoubtedly look mighty knowing without your tail; but should we follow your example, and tails ever come again into vogue, all the *powers on earth will not* put them on again." A YORKSHIREMAN.

P. S. OBSERVATOR says my list of honorable men is rather short. It was, I thought, sufficiently obvious that I gave the names I did as examples only, and naturally hit upon the leading men of rank on the turf. -

ALTCAR OCTOBER COURSING MEETING.

SIR,

THIS Meeting was well attended this year by the members and their friends; and though the hares did not display that

speed and stoutness which has distinguished them on former occasions, yet the weather, which was most delightful, caused the Meeting to come off most satisfactorily. Fifty-eight dogs were posted the first day, with which twenty-seven hares were killed; and on the second, forty-six dogs, with which twenty-six hares were killed.

The weather, which has been extremely open, no doubt tended to render the hares foggy and less active—a circumstance much to be regretted, as, on the fine flats of Altcar, a stout hare has ample opportunity to try the speed and bottom of a brace of greyhounds.

The Cup will be run for in February, when, should the season prove open and the weather fortunate, a high treat may be expected. The kennel of Mr. Lloyd is at present very strong; but, as many of the members appear to enter into the spirit of the thing, his dogs, which undoubtedly stand at the top, will be better matched. It appears that Lord Molyneux has been more fortunate at Ashdown than at Altcar.

FIRST DAY.

Sefton Stakes, for Puppies.—Mr. Lloyd's blk. d. Linnaeus beat Mr. Hornby's brin. and wh. b. Hoyden; Mr. Rigbye's bl. b. Riband beat Mr. B. Houghton's bl. and wh. d. Hazard; Mr. Rawstorne's yel. b. Wings beat Mr. Hesketh's blk. and wh. d. Helmet; Mr. Formby's blk. and wh. d. Flexible beat Lord Molyneux's wh. d. Moslem.

Croxteth Stakes.—Mr. Willis's blk. d. Lancer beat Mr. Seel's blk. and wh. d. Snap; Mr. Lloyd's blk. d. Lunardi beat Mr. Cholmondeley's blk. b. Child; Mr. Rawstorne's brin. and wh. d. Lightning beat Mr. B. Houghton's blk. b. Harriet; Lord Molyneux's blk. b. Merry beat Mr. Hesketh's blk. d. Hotspur.

Matches.—Mr. Alison's Shark beat Mr. Unsworth's Umpire; Mr. Houghton's Fly beat Mr. Lloyd's Light; Mr. Alison's Lunaria beat Lord Molyneux's Mervyn; Mr. Rigbye's Reveller beat Lord Molyneux's Marshal; Mr. Lloyd's Lascar beat

Mr. Formby's Flight; Mr. Rigbye's Ruler beat Lord Molyneux's Marigold; Mr. Lloyd's Lambert beat Mr. Blackburne's Bedlamite; Mr. Alison's Sweetlips agst Mr. Lloyd's Lilinet—undecided; Mr. J. Blackburne's Bizarre beat Mr. Willis's Rufus; Mr. Cholmondeley's Chateau Margaux beat Mr. Hornby's Hebe; Mr. Hornby's Halcyon beat Mr. Hoghton's Harlot; Mr. Alison's Tinker agst Lord Molyneux's Mole—undecided; Mr. Rigbye's Ruby beat Mr. Hornby's Hottentot; Mr. Lloyd's Lobelia beat Mr. Unsworth's Undine; Mr. Hesketh's Heartsease beat Lord Molyneux's Milo; Mr. B. Hoghton's Hale beat Mr. Alison's Muslin; Lord Molyneux's Mohawk beat Mr. Rigbye's Riggle; Lord Molyneux's Malek beat Mr. Lloyd's Limner; Lord Molyneux's May beat Mr. Lloyd's Lunenburg; Mr. Lloyd's Lutestring beat Lord Molyneux's Morel; Mr. Lloyd's Linnet beat Mr. Hesketh's Hetman.

SECOND DAY.

TIES FOR THE SEFTON STAKES.

Wings beat Riband.
Flexible — Linnaeus.

Deciding Course for the Sefton Stakes.—Mr. Formby's blk. and wh. d. Flexible beat Mr. Rawstone's yel. b. Wings, and won the Stakes.

TIES FOR THE CROXTETH STAKES.

Lightning beat Lancer.
Lunardi — Merry.

Deciding Course for the Croxteth Stakes.—Mr. Lloyd's blk. d. Lunardi beat Mr. Rawstone's brin. and wh. d. Lightning, and won the Stakes.

Stakes for Beaten Dogs, First Class.—Mr. Hesketh's Helmet beat Mr. Hornby's Hoyden; Lord Molyneux's Moslem beat Mr. Hoghton's Hazard.

Deciding Course for Beaten Stakes, First Class.—Mr. Hesketh's Helmet beat Lord Molyneux's Moslem, and won the Stakes.

Stakes for Beaten Dogs, Second Class.—Mr. Cholmondeley's Child beat Mr. Seel's Snap; Mr. Hesketh's Hotspur beat Mr. B. Hoghton's Harriet.

Deciding Course for Beaten Stakes, Second Class.—Mr. Cholmondeley's Child beat Mr. Hesketh's Hotspur, and won the Stakes.

Matches.—Mr. Lloyd's Lambert beat Mr. Grenfell's Grains; Mr. Cholmondeley's Chateau Margaux beat Mr. Lloyd's Light; Mr. Hornby's Halcyon agst Mr. Alison's Muslin—undecided; Mr. Hornby's Hebe beat Mr. Formby's Flight; Mr. Lloyd's Lascar beat Lord Molyneux's Malek; Lord Molyneux's Mole beat Mr. Hornby's Hottentot; Mr. Alison's Sweet-

lips beat Mr. Lloyd's Lilinet; Mr. Seel's Spot beat Mr. Hesketh's Herald; Lord Molyneux's Milo beat Mr. Rigbye's Ruler; Mr. Lloyd's Linnet beat Mr. Hoghton's Fly; Mr. Formby's Fandango beat Mr. Lloyd's Lunenburg; Mr. Unsworth's Umpire beat Mr. Hesketh's Hebe; Mr. Lloyd's Lutestring beat Major H. Molyneux's May; Mr. Lloyd's Lobelia beat Mr. Unsworth's Undine; Lord Molyneux's Marigold beat Mr. Alison's Tinker.

ON THE STATE OF THE GAME AT PRESENT, AND FUTURE ANTICIPATIONS WITH REGARD TO IT—THE PRESERVATION OF GAME GENERALLY, AND IN CONNEXION WITH FOXES, &c. &c.

C—e, near Edinburgh,
Aug. 6, 1827.

SIR,

IN the memory of the oldest sportsman, there never was such a show of partridges, at the close of the shooting season, as this spring; for, owing to the very early hatch in the previous summer, the birds were strong on wing by the beginning of August; and by September, all the stubbles being cleared, they were as shy as in most seasons more than a month later: and besides, owing to the almost invariable bad scenting weather, from the prevalence of dry winds and want of moisture, not two thirds of the usual number were bagged by most sportsmen. But whether, with the advantages of numbers and strength, the hatch of this summer will equal that of the last, is yet doubtful, the birds having the following disadvantages against them. After the second snow storm in the beginning of March, the country assumed the appearance of spring, and by the beginning of April partridges and pheasants had begun to lay—a circumstance with regard to the former never before known in this neighbourhood. About the 8th we

were visited with another snow storm, which extended over the north of England and more than the southern half of Scotland: this consequently destroyed all the nests. Immediately after the melting of the snow, the birds began generally to lay, but all verdure having received a check, the nests were so open and exposed to the depredations of vermin (including the rational), that keepers declare they never lost more in any two former seasons. At this time the sown grass began to afford good covert, and the greatest part of the birds which had their nests destroyed having taken to it, from its rapid growth afterwards, the loss of eggs by the scythe has been very great. The young birds since hatched have also had very variable weather and some long continued rains, which often cause a great mortality among the lately hatched poults. A very dry season, like last, is always favorable for partridges—the nightly dews, the exudations of the grasses (called in Scotland *gowk spittle*), and the numerous insects, entirely supplying to the young birds the want of water. The above remarks apply also to the pheasant. I have been informed by a keeper of experience, that he considers the poults a fortnight later than usual. It is therefore to be hoped that the crops will not ripen too rapidly, so that some shelter may be had by late broods for some time in September; and sportsmen will do well to stay their murderous hand till the fields are cleared, when the birds will afford better sport than, if it is necessary to pick them up, at the commencement of the season.

Hares were never more numerous (the same may be said of last season): they do not suffer much

from the weather in low and well-wooded districts; and all that is necessary for their unlimited increase in any favorable situation, as they are not inclined to leave it, is quietness and preservation. I understand, however, they have suffered in high situations during the snow storms, a number having been found dead.

Grouse and black game, in the south of Scotland and north of England—over which the April snow storm extended, the first nests and many old birds being destroyed by it—are in general rather scarce, and the second hatches late; so that, in anticipation of after years, mercy will be necessary. From the north of Scotland the accounts are most favorable, the packs being numerous and already strong on wing. The wetness of this season is most favorable for grouse. Last year, although the best ever known for partridges, was bad for moor game, as, from the dry nature of the heather (the young shoots are their chief food), insects were few, and the juices and dews were soon dried up; so that, in a very dry season, the birds, when hatched, often die with fatigue in searching for water, or are drowned in holes or rapid streams, where it is sometimes only to be found.

I have seen it mentioned in books, and also been told by English sportsmen, that, by continually beating the grass-fields in spring with dogs, partridges and pheasants may be prevented from laying in them. I tried it, however, for two seasons without the promised effect—for at least as many, if not more, nests were cut over than usually were, upon which I discontinued it. Indeed it appeared to me that being kept from laying

later than they otherwise would, the birds returned to them after it was necessary to give up going through those fields to prevent damage to the crop. Roping hay fields has also been recommended; but having had a hundred and fifty acres so treated this season, besides fifty in my home farm being also all turned over with a stick by the keeper just before it was cut, it does not seem of any use, as not a single nest was found, though the mowers cut over more than they had ever done before, the birds sitting so close that many were killed by the scythe, and always so little grass left, that almost all were forsaken by the old birds. Were either of the above methods efficacious, I believe the number of birds would in any season be a third increased in the best cultivated districts of Scotland, where a great deal of hay is grown. I should be happy to know if any of your experienced game-preserving correspondents have found these methods successful, or if they practice any other to accomplish so desirable an object.

Partridges, except in some few favored parts of England, are much more plentifully and generally diffused in Scotland; and pheasants and hares in some of our preserves are little short in numbers than in those of our southern neighbours. Night poaching has become common of late (as may be seen by the newspapers), since pheasants have so much increased. A few years since it was entirely confined to snaring hares. I believe netting or snaring of winged game is not yet practised, and that on preserved grounds no loss is sustained as to partridges, except by vermin and the scythe. Preservers should fell the larch tree in

all coverts that cannot be strictly watched, as pheasants roost on them in preference to all others; and when on them a cock may be distinguished from a hen. On the Scots and spruce fir and oak, as long as the leaves remain, in an equally dark night they are perfectly concealed. This I have never heard noticed. It will be found, however, a useful hint; as, if there are no larches, pheasants prefer the other mentioned trees, on which they are always perfectly safe from view in any night, provided they roost twenty to thirty feet from the ground.

I have noticed in your Magazine, and in Colonel Hawker, &c. that Jerusalem artichokes, sunflowers, and buck wheat—(raisins have also been recommended)—are a great attraction to pheasants and partridges; but I have tried them all without the least success—the feeding-box filled with any sort of common grain, and sliced potatoes scattered around, always drawing the former away from all those plants. I therefore think preservers would find it for their advantage to turn the land so occupied to some useful purpose, or into covert, and at all seasons to have the feeding boxes regularly filled with different sorts of grain, and also potatoes strewed around. Troughs filled with good water will also keep the pheasants from wandering, when there is none in the immediate neighbourhood of the covert. In a very dry season, I have had wide shallow stone dishes filled regularly with water placed in such part of the field where it was least likely to be found; and I understand from the keeper they were continually resorted to by the young game. Pheasants must always be well fed if you

wish them to remain with you; and if they are, you may drive them, to almost any number, into a very small covert from the surrounding ones. Partridges can generally shift for themselves; but, in long storms, it is advisable to remove the snow in some conspicuous places, and feed them with grain. This attaches them to the place, and prevents their going off to other lands, where there may be a good feeding place, from the snow having drifted off a rising ground, and where they are liable to be destroyed by poachers. It will also entice game from other lands, especially if they are much disturbed. They may be cheaply fed with wild mustard seed, generally thrown away as refuse, when sifted from grain, of which they are very fond. I have seen them, as well as crows, make use of a feeding box, by two or more getting on the perch at the same time. The Sussex game-breeders recommend hemp-seed to be given in a backward spring to hasten their laying. May it not be given with the same advantage to game in a wild state? If efficacious, it must prevent so many being cut over in the hay, by accelerating the time of incubation.

It is well known that game are generally numerous near the sea, as it is said salt causes an increase in the number of eggs. Pigeons are particularly fond of it; and it was formerly thought to be so enticing to them, that it (and also a looking glass) was debarred by an Act of Parliament, under a certain penalty, from being placed in a dovecot. It might be at least tried, along with hemp-seed, in the feeding boxes; for, if it did no good, it could do no harm.

Hares are particularly attracted by parsley, mangel wurzel, and rape, as well as turnips: the former is sown with advantage amongst grass seeds, and remains for two seasons; it is said also to be useful in sheep pastures as a cure for the rot.

Wishing to introduce the quail in my neighbourhood (they were formerly said to be common in Scotland), where they are now almost extinct, rarely one having been shot for twenty years past, I procured some dozens from a poulterer in London at the beginning of July, intending to keep them for breeding next spring. More than the half, however, died before reaching their destination, and the remainder escaped through a net covering their pen; but, as they were repeatedly seen and heard for a month afterwards, I should like to know if they are ever known to remain in this country during the winter; or if they migrate, as is the general opinion, whether they are likely to return next season and breed whence they got away? I shall, however, if possible, procure some, and have them turned out at next breeding season. They are pretty common in some parts of the North of Scotland, as also I believe in England.

I also procured some eggs of the red-legged partridge, but unfortunately none of them came out. It is said they drive away the common; if this is not the case, they would form an agreeable variety to the sportsman; as would the quail, bustard, and capercaillie, were they again introduced, being once common, though now nearly extinct in Britain.

Rats must destroy a quantity of young game, as they resort to the fields at the time of incubation.

I had about a hundred young pheasants and partridges killed by them this summer, although they were removed to many different situations.

Can any of your correspondents give me advice as to the best means of extirpating rabbits (dead or alive all the same), without endangering foxes or game?—(Snare and stamps, as they are commonly used, are apt to destroy both.) The holes and burrows are generally too numerous for a ferret to do much good, and the gun, from the thickness of the covert, cannot keep them down. Is there any way of poisoning them? Although I should like to know how to extirpate them without hurting foxes or game, still I would not do so entirely, but leave a few for the former, in which case the latter would be safe from his depredations.

I must now conclude with a few remarks relative to the preservation of foxes as well as game. The damage by the fox to game is very small, and it is generally complained of by ignorant and dishonest keepers, who (to give some excuse for game not being so plentiful as it ought to be if they destroyed all winged and ground vermin, or kept poachers and egg-stealers off their manor, or did not sell the game for their own benefit) always accuse the fox, from its having got a bad name among old women and children, and the ignorant in general, and from its being the largest and most terrific carnivorous animal we have, and from its certainly on barren hills and deserts sometimes killing a lamb; and also, it cannot certainly be denied, sometimes taking an old woman's hen, or even a pheasant or hare in a preserve. Where there are rabbits, however, I be-

lieve the fox rarely if ever touches game; and where there are none, although he may now and then, still he far more than compensates for the damage, especially to his enemies, (generally a useless game-killer,) and also to the farmer; for he is a determined enemy to the cat, foamart, weasel, rat, and snake, &c. and also to mice, moles, (he only eats the head; I have seen nearly a dozen at a time in this state at my fox-earths,) and even beetles, &c.; and where there are rabbits, he is the best friend the farmer has. I have always at least a couple of litters in my coverts every season, and turn out about fourteen brace of cubs and old foxes; and besides there being many litters within three or four miles round, yet I never knew of any damage done to my game by them. The coverts I refer to are not above twenty acres in extent, and are more than a mile from any others; yet they are as well stocked with pheasants as any I have seen where they are not turned out; and in spite of all the foxes, they are increasing from feeding and preservation every season. For the honour of Linlithgowshire, although most of the proprietors are strict game-preservers, such a thing as a fox being killed with their knowledge was never known; and should one happen to be, the person is turned out of the country, if possible, or persecuted by all the means in their power—just in the way in which a poacher is treated. The popularity of the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire fox-hounds is great throughout all their country; and although foxes are plentiful, still the game is not to be equalled in most districts in Britain, which the preserves of the

Earls of Hopetoun and Rosebery, &c. (all fox-preservers), and other parts of the country, can shew as to pheasants; and it is generally throughout abundantly stocked with partridges, hares, &c.

Some people catch foxes in stamps, and say it is done accidentally: if it is so, however, it at least shews their ignorance—for a stamp, which always ought to be muffled when used for ground vermin, may easily be put close to a wall or tree, with a flat stone or log of wood almost covering it, or in some hole in the ground, or in a wall; and, when intended for winged vermin, it is set with an egg or other bait in a pond, or the middle of a field. For a hawk it is best set on the top of a pole, where there are no trees near. Two flat stones (set in the same manner as gardeners catch mice, with two slates and a pea), baited with flesh, is the surest trap for weasels; and it also catches magpies and crows. The hutch trap is the best for cats (place valerian root in and near—it entices them from a great distance), and also good for other vermin. These, with the gun, and destroying nests, make up a goodly list, wherewith any experienced and active keeper may effectually keep down all vermin. I omit poison; for, although neither intended for foxes or game, still it sometimes happens to destroy both: it is well known pheasants greedily eat carrion.

NIMROD entirely condemns *battues* as inimical to fox-hunting. If foxes are not killed, I do not think they are so; for, instead of coverts being disturbed often, if they are *the go*, the covert is only beat once or twice a-year. This is at east quietness for foxes, and certainly

in favour of finding. Should game-preservers, however, be determined to have no foxes in their coverts, let them do as little hurt as possible to their hunting brethren, and desire them to be caught alive. This, I understand, may be effectually done with very large hutch traps baited with cheese; or by a circular pit, three feet or more in diameter and six feet deep, in the mouth of which there is placed a circular cover of wood, nicely balanced by a transverse rod (running through iron staples on the lower side) fixed to the sides, the upper surface being made like the ground where it is situated, by grass and moss, &c. strewn upon it. On the centre a bait is to be placed; or a piece of sponge, dipped in the emission of a common bitch at heat, is to be dragged through the covert from different parts to the pitfall on which it is to be placed; and the fox, in getting at the bait, or following the scent, (according to the latter method, which I have been informed by a friend was always practised with success in some coverts in Hampshire by an experienced keeper,) is precipitated into the pit as soon as he sets foot on the cover, which immediately gives way, and, after admitting him, turns round and resumes its former place. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the above methods, as well as digging out both old foxes and cubs, or any other way to take them alive, will be resorted to, so that they may be sent to some district where they will be thankfully received. This would in a great degree suppress the bad blood which often exists between fox-hunters and game-preservers, should it be impossible to convince the latter of the little

injury done to game by the fox, and they are still determined to get rid of them.

I should be indebted for information as to the proportion of cocks and hens, which, in the best-managed pheasant preserves in England, is thought most advantageous with regard to their future increase. It is the custom in Scotland; in general indiscriminately to slaughter cocks, perhaps also killing a hen that has assumed the male plumage should she come in the way, or *at least* to leave five or six hens to one cock. The first plan appears to me most preposterous; and by the second, I should think the number of hens is also too great, and that a number of eggs must be addled, and small broods the consequence. It seems to me that if coverts are well stocked, by killing all the old hens as well as cocks, (approved of as to partridges,) the number might be soon increased to almost an unlimited extent; as it is well known old birds drive away the young from their favorite haunts, in a district not so thickly stocked. However, it may be carrying the slaughter too far; as there will be room for both, provided a proper proportion of males and females is attended to. I have been informed by a gentleman, a great breeder of pheasants, that he found, in a confined state, that a greater number of birds were hatched from the eggs of two than from (the total amount of) those of three hens with one cock. If this is always found to be the case in a confined state, is it not likely to be more than equally true in their state of nature, when certainly a meeting at the critical time cannot always take place? Any information from

those who have had a constant opportunity of observing the nature and habits of the pheasant in a domesticated and wild state, in those districts where their preservation and increase is most successfully attended to, must therefore be a desideratum, where there is such a difference of opinion on the subject.

I have changed my sentiments in a great degree since I wrote to you some time since on the Game Laws: I still think, however, it ought always to be considered the property of the person on whose land it is for the time being. I agree with NIMRON, that the sale of game will not eradicate poaching, as the thief can always undersell the fair dealer and feeder. If it can be legally sold, it can be no longer called game, but must come under the denomination of poultry. The certificate should be raised in price to all persons who have not a certain quantity of land, or their sons. Persons who have no land, but plenty of money, can well afford, and deserve, to pay considerably higher for a certificate, than those who have land and feed the game: and persons who cannot afford (I mean trades-people and those who are not properly an Esquire in their own right) to pay higher, will find it for their own and families' advantage to refrain from wasting their time in sporting, when it can be much more profitably employed in attending to their respective businesses. Keepers who *shoot* should also pay high for a certificate, as they then lose the name of game-keeper, and ought properly to be called *killers*: they also save their master all, or much, trouble in killing game themselves, and are

consequently a superfluous luxury. *Keepers*, properly so called, should be protected in every legal way, and be empowered to pursue a poacher or trespasser from off their masters' land through those of any person whatsoever. It is useful to have them made constables, as it gives them, I believe, considerable additional powers as to poachers, &c. and they can always apprehend any persons who may do damage to, or commit a breach of the peace in or near their manor.

One circumstance with regard to preserving game from poachers has just occurred to my recollection. I had almost forgotten where I had read it, but have just luckily, in looking into the Index to the *Sporting Magazine*, found it in vol. i. N. S. page 163. It relates to the singular efficacy of a blood-hound in preserving the game from poachers on a very large extent of land. I shall say no more, however, but recommend the serious consideration of the paragraph to all interested in their game and the suppression of poaching, in an interested as well as a moral point of view, and equally to be wished by the philanthropist and law-giver, as by the game preserver.

I have now spun out this epistle to an unconscionable length: hoping, however, it may contain a few useful hints, and be the means of eliciting much useful information on the subjects treated of, I conclude by leaving it to the judgment of your all powerful nod.

I remain, Mr. Editor, your old correspondent,

SCOTII BRITANNICUS.

October 17th.

P. S. Although the above was Vol. XXI. N. S.—No. 123.

written more than two months ago, and at the time was intended to be sent to the *Sporting Magazine*, (but from the hurry and anxiety of departure for the moors was by some chance mislaid,) I send it to you such as it is: as, although the first portion refers in a great measure to the observations I made as to what *would be* the state of the game, still, after having been a considerable time at the moors, and since having had a constant opportunity of judging of the state of matters with regard to partridges, &c. I find I am right in the conclusions I then drew, from the previous course of weather, that rather a wet season is in favour of heath game, and the contrary as to partridges generally speaking. But as the soil in some parts of the country varies much, and a very wet season, or *vice versa*, may be injurious to one party, and of advantage to another, I have no doubt the variation of the weather in different years is ordered so as to divide the advantages of each equally between different soils, both with regard to agricultural produce and game. The most of the letter, however, refers to general subjects entirely, and such as it is it must now take its chance.

In this district the coveys are pretty numerous, but few in them, and small in size. The pheasants have also bred ill, and are late; and hares are scarce in the upland districts. All this is owing to the wet variable weather in spring and summer, which did not agree with the soil. The birds, however, owing to the rainy weather for a month past, are now shy, so that a good breeding stock will be left. May I request your sporting readers will give all the information

P

they can as to the preservation of game, &c.?

October 21st.

As I have alluded in the preceding letter to the increase of night poaching in Scotland, this will shew with what audacity it is sometimes carried on. It may be in the remembrance of some of your readers, that nearly two years since, three gamekeepers of the Earl of Hopetoun, having for a long time past been on the nightly look out for some poacher who had long infested the neighbourhood, came at last in contact with Simpson *alias* Edwards (the suspected person), and two colleagues. One of the keepers instantly grappled with Simpson, and had got the better of him, when the head-keeper, who had secured another, (the third having run off pursued by the other keeper,) was alarmed to hear the man who had thrown down Simpson call that he had escaped, and that he was hurt in the encounter. Upon this, as Simpson was their principal object, he immediately let go the one he had caught, and pursued, when, having gained upon him unawares, he was obliged to shoot a dog Simpson set at him; and he disabled one of his arms with a blow of a bludgeon; but not being able to keep up, or contend in a close combat with him—Simpson having besides a very large Spanish case knife—and not wishing to shoot him, he was necessitated to give up the pursuit. Upon returning to the scene of action, he found that both the other poachers had escaped—(they were afterwards caught, and suffered a long imprisonment)—and that his assistant was severely wounded in the head, neck, &c. by the knife of Simpson, which was the reason of his letting him es-

cape, being faint from the great loss of blood. He was long dangerously ill, but is now happily recovered. Simpson evaded all pursuit, till lately, being concerned in a fire-rising in the North, he was identified and apprehended, and is now committed to take his trial, under Lord Ellenborough's Cutting and Maiming Act, and for being armed in the night for the destruction of game.

WENSLEYDALE COURSING MEETING.

THE Members of this Club held their annual meeting on the grounds of the Right Hon. Lord Bolton, when the contest for the Silver Cup was decided as follows:—

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1827.

For the Cup.—Mr. Lamb's Sweeper beat Mr. Willis's Dart; Master Powlett's Fly beat Mr. R. Thompson's Tamar; Mr. W. Fisher's Chance beat Mr. T. Thompson's Trinket; Mr. Lodge's D I O beat Mr. C. Other's Catch; Mr. Maclellan's Lisle beat Mr. Hutchinson's Patch; Mr. Wray's Dandy beat Mr. Simpson's Davy; Mr. Chapman's Spanker beat Mr. Hammond's Fanny; Mr. I. Fisher's Minx beat Mr. Scroope's Matilda.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Sweeper	beat	Fly.
D I O	—	Chance.
Dandy	—	Lisle.
Minx	—	Spanker.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Sweeper	beat	D I O.
Minx	—	Dandy.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Mr. Lamb's Sweeper beat Mr. I. Fisher's Minx, and won the Cup.

Match.—Mr. Maclellan's Lisle beat Mr. Hutchinson's Patch.

The coursing was most excellent, and the hares ran particularly strong.

HERONS NESTS.

SIR,
IT is well known that *herons* build, in the manner of *rooks*, on lofty trees, but the account, page 48 of your last Number, of their not forming their nests in reeds is erroneous. I have taken both the eggs and young herons from the very numerous nests formed amongst the reeds, by the side of the Fleets belonging to Mr. Bennett, at Tollesbury, in Essex.

Yours, &c.

W. B. DANIEL.

November 9, 1827.

INVITATION FROM GERMANY
 TO "THE OLD FORESTER"
 AND "NIMROD."

SIR,
YOU will oblige me by giving place to the following lines in one of your early Numbers, and so become the medium of bringing the contents to the knowledge of your justly and universally admired correspondent **THE OLD FORESTER**.

It was with infinite pleasure we saw, by one of your recent Numbers, that so distinguished a sportsman leads us to hope a visit from him to our country, in consequence of the invitation of our most esteemed friend Count Veltheim. If the general assurance of the vast pleasure and satisfaction we all expect from such visit (more especially if accompanied by the intelligent **NIMROD**) can confirm him in his resolution, we shall indeed be most happy, and in that case hope of seeing them amidst us next summer.

NIMROD's kind advice about hunting matters, and **THE OLD**

FORESTER about breeding and training the race horse, will be of infinite service in our various establishments. The latter gentleman will allow me to tell him that he will have to fight some severe battles about crossing the present breed with Arab blood, to which most of us have great objection; and though we can hardly in Mecklenburgh shew him the result of such crossing, he will have in a bordering country an opportunity (and that on a large scale too) of seeing it, and judging for himself on its merits.

We shall wonder whether **THE OLD FORESTER**, after his visit, will still think of putting into execution his plan of crossing Norman mares with Arab stallions, as he suggested to us in your September Number*; or give the preference to old English blood, like most of his countrymen and ourselves.

I beg, before I take leave of these two gentlemen, to suggest that they do in good time apprise Richard Tattersall, Esq. of their intention before they embark, in order that myself and friends may be amongst the first to welcome them here. Though Mr. Tattersall is not at present aware of my addressing these lines to you, I know he will give a valued friend of mine and good sportsman early intelligence of such an event, that he and myself may be duly prepared to receive them at his place. The season when there is most sport with us is the beginning of August, when we beg leave to say we shall keep rooms ready for our wished-for guests.

A Subscriber in Mecklenburgh.
 November 8, 1827.

* *Sporting Magazine*, vol. xx. p. 346.

A LETTER FROM "A RURAL-IST" ON DIFFERENT HUNTING ESTABLISHMENTS.

SIR,

SUMMER, with all its enervating, indolent amusements, has now closed its career; and winter, with its more animating, hardy, nerve-bracing sports, comes on, hailed with delight by the expectant sportsman, and only regretted by those listless spirits whose fire-sides form the chief centre of attraction, and who shudder at even the idea of its icy rigors. All, at least all the swell yachts are *paid off, dismantled, and laid up in ordinary*, until they are next year *commissioned* again, under their bold Commodore, to brave the terrors of the mighty ocean between Southampton and Portsmouth. I think yachting a very pleasant summer amusement—that is, unless you receive an invitation (a thing which does not often happen to an humble individual like myself) for a day's sailing on board any of the very swell yachts, and which, from the honour you are expected to consider it, you are afraid to refuse. There all is form and state. Even the moment you get aboard, the very sight of the unsullied purity and formal regularity which is observed in every part of the vessel, and the solemn silence of the crew which welcomes your admission on board, is an antidote against every feeling of pleasure.—(May I here suggest to the wealthy owners of these kinds of yachts, that it would be an improvement were they to place *scrapers* and *mats* at the entrance of their vessels; as it was once my misfortune, on stepping aboard, to leave an indelible impression on the snow-white deck

from the dirt of my plebeian boots!)—And then the vessel must be trimmed, and you are *recommended* to a seat, which you may safely consider your own as long as you remain on deck. But I cannot recount half the formalities you meet with until you quit the vessel, with many thanks to the hospitable owner for the *very pleasant* sail you have had, and the kind attention you have experienced—glad once more to stretch your weary body, and feel yourself at ease on shore. On board of less aspiring yachts, however, I spent several very pleasant days during the summer months, unshackled by any of the chilling observances of formality and pomp. A little of this amusement is sufficient at one time for me; and, I confess, I spent several weeks in a way much more to my own gratification—I mean, by seeing different packs of hounds, which my peregrinations enabled me to visit.

The first I shall mention is Tom Smith's (there being two masters of hounds bearing that name, he is generally called the "Great Tom Smith," and him I mean). In spite of all the obstacles he has had to encounter, and a very indifferent country, being chiefly all woodland, he has, the short time he has had is, collected together as fine a pack of hounds as he ever had, or as any country in England can boast; and that is making a bold assertion at this day, when the breed of hounds has arrived at a higher degree of perfection than it ever did before. This gentleman seems to succeed in whatever he undertakes, on water as well as on land—his yacht being in every point of view decidedly the first in the Club, considering its speed in sailing, or as being calculated to meet

a sea. He has begun his hunting career this year under *happy auspices*, and long may he continue it!

With equal prospects of success has his namesake in the Hambledon country commenced the season, being only *afraid* (as I heard) that he had too many foxes in his country. Whether this really is the case or not—and there is no reason that I know of to doubt it—it is at all events rather an impolitic assertion to make; giving those who love their pheasants better than foxes, and who only refrain from destroying them through “dread of shame,” a very good excuse for thinning the “too many.” Mr. Smith has nearly sixty couples of hounds in his kennel. What his country wants with such a pack as that I cannot guess, unless he is afraid the foxes will attack his hounds in a body, and overwhelm them by numbers. They are in good order and look well; but, from what I saw of them, I should say his entry was not so good this year as the last, though I believe my opinion is contrary to his own. He has, I am told, left home for the purpose of giving his country a fortnight's rest, so blood-thirsty and destructive has his pack already been amongst the cubs. He has got this year in his kennel another “man to boil,” and the victim is Joe Peckham, who before lived with Mr. Nicoll, and whipped in to the Forest Hounds. I believe Mr. Smith is perfectly satisfied with him in his department.

I had intended here to have said a few words of Sir John Cope's and Mr. Villebois' kennels and prospects this season; but I will defer it until I can give a fuller and more accurate account than I hitherto have been able to collect. Mr.

William Wyndham, of Dinton, has succeeded Mr. Horlock in the management of the Craven Hounds; and, as far as numerical force is concerned, he has commenced his career very strong, having, I understand, no less than nearly ninety couples of hounds. Collected, as of course they must be from so many different quarters, they will require to be considerably and skilfully reduced before they can be considered an effective pack. Mr. Wyndham, though this is his first year of actual government, from his fondness for the thing, and the attention which he has for a long time given both to the practical and theoretical part of fox-hunting, is as able as many more inexperienced in the cause to succeed in what he has undertaken. It would be advisable, perhaps, at the same time not to select them too much for speed. Will Nevered, who was Mr. Warde's *factotum* when he had the same country, is at present living with Mr. Wyndham, but in what capacity I do not know. I should think he was too far sticken in years to be of much use to him but in the kennel, where his long experience should render him invaluable. He always bore an excellent character in his situation, and the many years he lived with his late master would seem to prove that he was not undeserving it.

I was not surprised on hearing that Mr. Harvey Combe had given up his Oxfordshire country, because I always considered it an impolitic and useless measure his ever taking it; but I own I was a little astonished when I heard that Lord Kintore had succeeded him, though I understood he has had, for a long time, a partiality for that country, but for what reason I am at a loss

to guess: for it is not very favorable to foxes, and you are constantly sadly plagued with (that greatest of pests!) Oxford men upon Oxford hacks. His Lordship has brought his own hounds from Scotland, a distance of five hundred miles, and hunts from the neighbourhood of Swindon. In this, as in every thing else he undertakes, I wish him from my heart success; for I know that a more liberal, hospitable, warmer-hearted man than his Lordship breathes not; and I say this without any fear of being accused of flattery by those who know him. What his judgment and talents may be in the field I profess myself unable to decide, for I never met him in the field at the head of his own hounds: but if *voice* may be considered as any requisite in a master of fox-hounds, his cheering halloos over the mahogany are a proof that he is not deficient in that respect, as those can witness who were present some time ago at a public Hunt dinner, and heard his "Yoiks, L——n! forward Ralph, my boy!"

I regret I had neither time nor opportunity to pay my respects to my favorite pack in the Forest when last at Southampton, but I could not manage to get so far as Lyndhurst for that purpose; and I still more regret, that I fear I shall not be able to have even a day with them this year, so awkwardly am I situated; but I always hear of them with pleasure, and only received the following letter a day or two ago:

"DEAR ———, You will be pleased, I think, to hear something of your friends in Southampton, &c. Amongst other things, I will not forget the pack you were so delighted with last season. I am happy to tell you that Mr. Nicoll

has got a very strong entry of young hounds. Besides his own puppies, and the Duke of Beaufort's drafts, he has got six or seven couples, chiefly bitches, from John Warde, who has bred them since he retired to Squirries; and I am told, for I have not seen them myself, that they are magnificent. But what is the best pack of hounds without foxes in the country? And here is the misery—not a cub to be found in all the outskirts of the Forest; consequently Mr. Nicoll's hounds are wofully out of blood, and cannot be broke without going into the heart and the best parts of the Forest, which hitherto have been kept in reserve for the latter end of the season. Whether it is the weather, or that they really have been destroyed, I cannot tell, but such is the fact."

I am sorry for them. To such an entry of young hounds it is destruction to be disappointed day after day: the best hounds cannot stand it; and it is heart-breaking under such circumstances to be the master of them. Many people are too apt to look upon the office of a master of a pack of hounds as rather a *sinecure* than otherwise. They only regard the bright side of the picture—the pride he feels in making his pack as perfect as he can; the pleasure of hunting them; the gratification of amusing himself, and affording amusement to others. They do not at the same time consider the responsibility of the office—the care and constant anxiety of mind in breaking his young entry; the disappointment, after all his trouble, of perhaps seeing some of his best and most favorite hounds drop off with the distemper, or afflicted with an incurable lameness. These things are forgotten in the plea-

tures in idea attached to the office. Of course I am now only referring to gentlemen who hunt their own hounds: and on this subject, because the advantages and disadvantages have of late been much questioned, I will, with your permission, take the liberty on a future occasion to offer, with due humility, a few observations.

In NIMROD's letter in the September Number, we are left in ignorance at last, whether Mr. Lambton has a large pack of hounds or not, as at page 365 he says, "Mr. Lambton has a large kennel of hounds;" at the bottom of the next column he writes, "Mr. Lambton's kennel is not a very large one." I was not aware the Duke of Beaufort's Lexicon was at all a famous stallion hound, or indeed that he had a Lexicon in his pack, though he might have one in his library.

I was much pleased with THE OLD FORESTER's letter in the same Number. He seems to be a prodigious favorite with the ladies, and to have caused a great sensation at St. Brieux. I thank him for the few words of compliment he does me the honour to pay me—a few words of approbation from him being much more valuable than a host of compliments from a less able and less celebrated pen, although I cannot flatter myself of ever "filling up the gap" caused by the secession of NIM NORTH. *Non omnia possumus omnes*, I remember, when a boy at school, was frequently a subject on which I racked my brains and tore my nails in discussing; and I little thought then that I should ever select it as a quotation for the *Sporting Magazine*.

I am, &c. A RURALIST.

Abingdon, October 19.

RACES AT PLYMOUTH, &c.

SIR,

RACES are about to be established at Plymouth; and, should the spirit which has been displayed in getting them up continue unabated, little doubt remains but they will not only last, but ere long assume a conspicuous place among the first of the provincials. The time fixed on is the week subsequent to Exeter. This is judicious; as owners of race-horses will not object to sending them forty miles farther west, provided the temptations held out are sufficiently attractive. These consist, on the first day, of the Saltram Stakes (so called from the seat of Lord Morley), of 25 sovs. 15 forfeit, and only five if declared to Mr. Weatherby, &c. to which there are already fourteen subscribers; the Plymouth Plate, of 100 sovs.; and the United Service Cup of 50l.—Second day: Devonport and Stonehouse Plate of 100 sovs.; Ladies' Plate of 50l.; and the Yeomanry Cup of 50l.—The neighbourhood abounding in sporting characters, it is not too much to assume that some matches may be run, and probably a sweepstakes be got up for beaten horses.

What I particularly like in the arrangement is, that, with the exception of the Yeomanry, all the Stakes, &c. are open for any horse; consequently a main subject of dispute at country races will be done away with—the qualification for half-bred stakes, which nine times in ten produces a wrangle. One great advantage is already secured to these races—a good two-mile course, within little more than a mile of the town.

The Lord High Admiral having taken the Plymouth Regatta and

Yacht Club under his protection, the worthy burghers are not without hope that the Races also may flourish under Royal auspices; and that His Majesty will either bestow a King's Plate, or else, that, in his capacity of High Steward of the Borough, he may be graciously pleased

"To be their protector, their guardian, and friend."

Lord Morley and a gentleman of the town are the stewards for the first year.

From the continued improvement in the *Sporting Magazine*, I read it with increased pleasure. I wish, however, to know, whether the printer has given NIMROD's letter in the last correctly, when he says, "two hundred leaps were taken" during a run with Mr. Lambton's hounds, at which he was present at Sedgefield. To me this appears incredible. It is true I know nothing of the country, or consequently of the nature of the fences; but this I know, they must be very different from those in Devonshire, where twenty or thirty in a good run are quite enough to make some of the best leave their hind legs behind them*. In merely adverting to this county, however, I do not speak of it as one of "the hunting countries:" we cannot level our hills, nor reduce our impracticable fences: and let the riders ride never so boldly—and many a good one *Devonia* can boast I know—yet, getting a glimpse of the hounds occasionally, and stopping every minute to open a gate, do give one a poorish idea of *the thing* after all. If Devon be not the Zero of hunting countries, it is not, according to my ideas, far re-

moved from it. *N'importe!* get along, boys! as the old song goes, "Let us e'en be content if we've not the best here."

Spite of all impediments, I am glad to say sporting—fox-hunting particularly—is on the increase in the "West Countrie;" and where one red coat was to be seen formerly twenty may now. The consequent increase of foxes may have been in about the same proportion. This is as it should be.

In vol. xiv. of the *Sporting Magazine*, are two beautiful engravings of snipe and woodcock shooting, after Cooper—the former by Scott and the latter by Webb. I have searched for something similar in all the previous Numbers, but have hitherto drawn a blank. Now, Mr. Editor, I am sure you will be gratifying your numerous readers, by presenting them with plates of grouse, partridge, and pheasant shooting—after the same Master, if possible—thereby furnishing a complete set of shooting subjects for the lovers of the trigger.

November has commenced, and with it fox-hunting in right good earnest. I will now conclude, wishing to all brother sportsmen

"Hounds fleet and horses healthy,
Earths well stopped, and foxes plenty:"
not forgetting those equally essentials—open weather, and good scenting days!

SNAFFLE.

North Devon, Nov. 6.

ASHDOWN PARK COURSING MEETING.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1827.
THE Cup for Puppies only.—Sir H. Vivian's blk. b. Verity beat Mr. Pet-tat's blk. b. Pawn; Mr. Capel's bl. b.

* There are certainly pleasanter situations than a man on horseback across a high Devonshire hedge.

Joan of Arc beat Mr. Brown's Brutus, jun.; Mr. E. Cripps's Echo beat Lord Molyneux's Mussulman; Mr. Briscall's yel. Bragela beat Mr. Long's blk. b. Lustre; Mr. Pettat's blk. b. Promise beat Mr. Goodlake's Goddess; Mr. Biggs's blk. b. Brocard beat Mr. J. H. Vivian's Vivid; Mr. J. Cripps's wh. d. Cataline beat Mr. Lawrence's Leveller; Mr. Phelps's bl. b. Ready beat Colonel Newport's f. b. Novelty.

Craven Stakes, First Class, All Aged.—Sir H. Vivian's yel. Votive beat Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Emerald; Colonel Newport's wh. d. Nonplus beat Mr. Long's Lochinvar; Mr. Browne's blk. b. Blossom beat Mr. Phelps's Rocket; Mr. Goodlake's blk. d. Gong beat Mr. Capel's blk. b. Jane.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1827.

Craven Stakes, Second Class, All Aged.—Mr. Cripps's wh. b. Caradori beat Mr. Lawrence's blk. Larissa; Mr. Biggs's f. d. Belzoni beat Mr. Briscall's blk. p. Boreas; Mr. J. H. Vivian's yel. Vapid beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Gift; Lord Molyneux's Merlin beat Mr. Capel's blk. Jemamine.

Ashdown Stakes for Puppies, First Class.—Mr. Briscall's red d. Berwick beat Mr. Lawrence's blk. Landscape; Mr. Cripps's wh. b. Comedy beat Mr. E. Cripps's bl. b. Elvira; Sir H. Vivian's Ventriloquist received forfeit from Mr. Pettat's Pastime; Mr. Capel's Jesuit received forfeit from Colonel Newport's Niagara.

Ashdown Stakes, Second Class.—Mr. Cripps's blk. d. Cerberus beat Mr. Lawrence's red d. Leman; Mr. Briscall's wh. d. Barton beat Colonel Newport's wh. d. Ney; Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Blackbird beat Mr. Pettat's blk. b. Prate; Mr. Goodlake's f. b. Gainsay beat Mr. J. H. Vivian's blk. b. Vigil.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Verity beat Brocard.
Cataline — Echo.
Bragela — Joan.
Promise — Ready.

TIES FOR CRAVEN STAKES—FIRST CLASS.

Nonplus beat Votive.
Gong — Blossom.

TIES FOR CRAVEN STAKES—SECOND CLASS.

Vapid beat Caradori.
Merlin — Belzoni.

TIES FOR ASHDOWN STAKES—FIRST CLASS.

Comedy beat Jesuit.
Berwick — Ventriloquist.

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TIES FOR ASHDOWN STAKES—SECOND CLASS.

Barton beat Gainsay.
Blackbird — Cerberus.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1827.

AT LETCOMBE BOWERS.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Verity beat Promise.
Cataline — Bragela.

Deciding Course for Craven Stakes, First Class.—Colonel Newport's wh. d. Nonplus beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. d. Gong, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for Craven Stakes, Second Class.—Lord Molyneux's Merlin beat Mr. Vivian's Vapid, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for Ashdown Stakes, First Class.—Mr. Briscall's red d. Berwick beat Mr. Cripps's wh. b. Comedy, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for Ashdown Stakes, Second Class.—Mr. Briscall's wh. d. Barton beat Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Blackbird, and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

First Class.—Mr. E. Cripps's Elvira beat Mr. Capel's Jet; Mr. Capel's Juliet beat Sir H. Vivian's Volatile; Mr. Biggs's Bourbon beat Mr. Pettat's Pledge; Mr. Biggs's Bolnos beat Mr. Goodlake's Gohanna; Colonel Newport's Nutmeg agst Mr. Vivian's Violet—no course; Mr. Goodlake's Grammar beat Mr. Cripps's Cracker; Mr. Briscall's Boreas beat Mr. E. Cripps's Euryalus; Mr. Browne's a Briseis agst Mr. Lawrence's a Iana—undecided; Lord Molyneux's Mussulman beat Mr. Briscall's Barrier; Mr. Browne's Brutus, jun. beat Mr. Vivian's Villager; Mr. Cripps's a Caliban beat Mr. Lawrence's a Lake; Colonel Newport's Numa beat Mr. Pettat's Purity.

Second Class.—Mr. Goodlake's Gulliver agst Mr. Lawrence's Leman—undecided; Mr. Briscall's Brand beat Mr. Cripps's Cardinal; Mr. Goodlake's Godsend beat Mr. Pettat's Peggy; Mr. Lawrence's Landscape beat Mr. Capel's Jade; Colonel Newport's Nicknack beat Mr. Vivian's Victory; Mr. E. Cripps's Equity beat Mr. Vivian's Vivid; Mr. Goodlake's Grandison beat Colonel Newport's Nick; Mr. E. Cripps's Emerald beat Mr. Briscall's —; Mr. Cripps's Cyrus beat Mr. Capel's Jacomo; Mr. Capel's Jane agst Mr. Browne's Blossom—undecided.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1827.

For the Cup.—Cataline and Verity ran two undecided courses. Mr. Cripps, finding his dog's lameness so increased, refused putting him again in the slips. The Cup was therefore given to Verity, the Guineas to Cataline.

Q

THE CRICKLADE COUNTRY.

SIR,
ALLOW me through the medium of your widely circulated Magazine, to offer a few remarks on a letter published in *Bell's Weekly Despatch* of the 28th of October, casting some ill-natured reflections on Mr. Combe, who has hunted this country for the last four years. Comparisons, we know, are odious; and I will not attempt to take any merit from the Noble Earl*, by making any comparison betwixt him and Mr. Combe. I feel much indebted (as every sportsman should do) to any person who keeps a pack of fox-hounds, and hunts the country; and I have no doubt but every master of hounds uses his best endeavours to shew sport. But I cannot allow this *Cricklade Freeholder*, under such gross flattery to my Lord Kintore, to insinuate that there was not a man in the Cricklade Hundreds who attempted to play off the base trick of putting down a bag-fox on the first appearance of the Berkeley hounds in that country. He may deny it; but the hounds and the master of the hounds will never believe it, and every sportsman knows that old hounds cannot be deceived. The Noble Earl certainly had a good run from Driffield, and killed his fox in a gallant style; and I have no doubt but he will shew sport, as his life and soul are in it. As to the scurrilous remark, whether Scotch oatmeal is superior to porter grains in feeding hounds, it is beneath a gentleman to ask such a question, and unworthy of any observations which can be made upon it. That it was not sanctioned by my Lord Kintore, I have authority to say;

* Lord Kintore has taken Mr. Combe's country.

and in whatever manner Mr. Combe fed his hounds, they generally shewed sport; and no master of hounds ever left a country more regretted by the principal land-proprietors and by the farmers in general.

A BERKSHIRE FREEHOLDER.

[We have received two other letters of a similar tenour.]

MALTON COURSING MEETING.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1827.

FOR the Cup.—Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Phaeton beat Mr. Vansittart's red d. Ulysses; Lord Macdonald's blk. b. Maiden beat Mr. Swann's wh. d. Swift; Sir B. R. Graham's blk. b. Governess beat Mr. Lowther's bl. d. Phlegon; Mr. Fox's blk. b. Titsy beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. b. Rosebud; Lord Macdonald's bl. d. Brutus beat Sir B. R. Graham's blk. and wh. d. Mercury; Mr. Vansittart's blk. d. Eltham beat Mr. Best's red and wh. p. b. Thetis; Major Bower's blk. and wh. p. b. Belle beat Mr. Fox's blk. p. b. Tickey; Major Bower's dun d. Belzoni beat Sir J. Johnstone's yel. and wh. b. Hilda.

Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Aged Dogs.—Sir J. Johnstone's wh. d. Vixen beat Sir B. R. Graham's dun d. Meteor; Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Phantom beat Mr. Fox's blk. and wh. b. Tippet.

Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Puppies.—Sir B. R. Graham's yel. and wh. b. Glory beat Mr. Best's f. b. Wildfire; Mr. Vansittart's red and wh. b. Jest beat Mr. Fox's brin. and wh. b. Tidy.

Sweepstakes of five sovs. each.—Mr. Fox's red b. Trivea beat Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Pelter; Mr. Best's blk. d. Regent beat Sir B. R. Graham's red and wh. d. Granby.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1827.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Belzoni beat Phaeton.
 Belle — Eltham.
 Maiden — Titsy.
 Brutus — Governess.

Second Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Puppies.—Mr. Best's red and wh. b. Muta, by Turk, out of Madge, beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. d. Stumps; Mr. Vansittart's blk. b. Leda, by Linton's dog, out of Violet, beat Lord Macdonald's red b. Lucy, by Mack, out of Bluebell.

Matches.—Lord Macdonald's Regulus beat Mr. Lowther's Elizabeth; Sir B. R. Graham's Grinder beat Mr. Best's Rose-

mary; Sir J. Johnstone's Rover beat Lord Macdonald's Stand; Mr. Vansittart's Comet beat Mr. Fox's Tandem; Mr. Best's Minna beat Sir B. R. Graham's Toaster; Mr. Best's Trictrac beat Sir B. R. Graham's Galloper; Mr. Lowther's Phoebe agst Mr. Best's Memnon—undecided.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1827.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Maiden beat Belsoni.
Belle — Brutus.

Deciding Course for Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Aged Dogs.—Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Phantom beat Sir J. Johnstone's wh. d. Vizier, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Puppies.—Sir B. R. Graham's yel. and wh. b. Glory beat Mr. Vansittart's red and wh. b. Jest, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for Sweepstakes of five sovs. each.—Mr. Best's blk. d. Regent beat Mr. Fox's red b. Triven, and won the Stakes.

A Sweepstakes of five sovs. each.—Mr. Best's wh. b. Minna, by Streamer, out of Muslin, beat Mr. Fox's blk. and

wh. p. b. Tippet, by Pilot, out of Elizabeth; Sir B. R. Graham's blk. and wh. d. Mercury, by Streamer, out of Muslin, beat Mr. Lowther's bl. d. Phlegon, by Ploughboy, out of Hoyden.—Sir B. R. Graham and Mr. Best divided the Stakes.

Matches.—Sir B. R. Graham's Marigold beat Sir J. Johnstone's Pasta; Mr. Lowther's Whirlwind beat Sir J. Johnstone's Purity; Mr. Lowth's Phyllis beat Mr. Fox's Tandem; Mr. Vansittart's Lancer beat Major Bower's Burgundy; Mr. Lowther's Phoebe beat Mr. Best's Memnon; Sir J. Johnstone's Toso beat Mr. Fox's Tidy; Mr. Vansittart's Riot agst Major Bower's Bruce—undecided; Mr. Fox's Tipple agst Sir J. Johnstone's Hornet—undecided.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1827.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Lord Macdonald's blk. p. b. Maiden beat Major Bower's blk. and wh. p. b. Belle, and won the Cup.

Deciding Course for Second Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Puppies.—Mr. Best's red and wh. b. Muta beat Mr. Vansittart's blk. b. Leda, and won the Stakes.

NIMROD'S YORKSHIRE TOUR.

(Continued from last Number, page 38.)

THERE is a beautiful passage in a Roman writer, in which he recommends us to blend pleasure with every act of our lives, tempering it only with moderation. Thus sings the poet Moore—

“Pleasure! thou only good on earth!
One little hour consign'd to thee—
Oh! by my Lais' lip, 'tis worth
The Sage's immortality.”

Now the very name and character of the *Sporting Magazine* certainly apply to the agreeable side of life, and its sole object is either to amuse or instruct, and thus to beguile a passing hour. Let as many as can, then, contribute their part towards this pleasing end, taking care only not to “drive the jest too far.”

There is, generally speaking, something irresistibly amusing in

the active workings of immoderate zeal; and particularly so when the object in pursuit is of an agreeable nature, and one with which we ourselves can sympathise. The truth of this will, I think, be exemplified in a short account I am enabled to give of Mr. Matthew Wilkinson, as a master of fox-hounds and a sportsman—in the style and character of the Old School. This, however, is no slight undertaking; for, as Aristotle observes, “to judge of others is no easy task, and we are always treading upon tender ground.” Nevertheless I will endeavour to give the real man; but in drawing a character, nothing should be omitted that marks the peculiarity of that character; for I have always been of opinion that a downright

caricature is better than an unfavorable likeness of a friend.

Mr. Matthew Wilkinson is the youngest of three brothers, two of whom are now alive, and are the representatives of a family long seated in the county of Durham, and possessing property, amounting, as I was informed, to somewhat better than 2000*l.* per annum in land. To distinguish their Christian names requires a short preface. All who are acquainted with the customs and manners of the northern counties of this Island are aware, that in them John is called *Johnny*; William, *Willy*; Thomas, *Tommy*; Matthew, *Matty*; and so on, adding the *y* to the termination of every name that can receive it, and otherwise corrupting it when the *y* does not sound prettily to the ear. Thus, then, the elder of these brothers, Thomas, was called *Tommy*; the second, Lozalure, is dubbed *Lozzy*, and still farther corrupted by his particulars; and Matthew is known by no other appellation than *Matty*, or *Mattha* Wilkinson, maister of and hoontsman to the Hurworth Hounds. These are what critics term "the abortions of familiarities;" but it would be useless to adopt any other phraseology; so I shall take the liberty of adhering to the vulgar tongue.

The Hurworth Hounds were originally harriers, but were promoted to fox-hounds thirty-six years ago, nearly thirty of which they were kept—at his sole expense—by the elder brother, Tommy, who died about seven years back. Tommy, I was informed, had the advantages of education; was a very superior sportsman; and his view halloo, which was magnificent, is said to be still echoed in

Hutton Ranby Woods. Lozzy comes next in the first page of the Family Bible. He resides at Heigington, not far from Rushyford, but about ten miles from the kennel; and of course contributes to the expense of the hounds. He is very keen; rides any distance to covert—in the old style—on his hunter; and thinks lightly of twenty-five miles home in the dark after a good run. He also is esteemed a fair sportsman.

Matty, however, is the hero of my tale; and his character is described in a few words. He boasts of no scholastic education, no collegiate reading; neither does he appear to be much under the discipline of art. But of this he may be proud—he keeps a pack of fox-hounds on perhaps smaller means to keep them with than almost any other man in England; and he is acknowledged by all to be as good a rough-and-ready sportsman as ever halloo'd to a hound. He is likewise much esteemed amongst his neighbours as a kind-hearted man—a character, indeed, true sportsmen for the most part lay claim to and maintain.

I did not see the Hurworth kennel*; but it is situated at Measham, about five miles from Darlington, and I am told is not badly arranged for convenience and health of hounds. Here Tommy, the whipper-in and feeder—one and the same man—with his wife and six children, have their dwelling; and by way of preventing riot by night, a small trap door opens close to Tommy's head when in bed, through which either himself or his wife, whichever may be awake, can rate the hounds, and put all quiet in an instant. Methinks I hear Lady Londonderry

* See VIATOR'S Letter, vol. xviii. N. S. p. 145, where a description is given.

exclaim, "Heavens! how can people bear to be so near *those nasty dogs!* What a stench there must be!"—Not a bit of it, my Lady! To Tommy and his wife it is all lavender water; and, should the wind set that way, and waft into their chamber a little of the kennel perfume, it would only be to them

—"Like the sweet South
That breaks upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour."

My criticisms do not descend to reflections on private life, or on any man's moral character; but if they did, I have already observed Mr. Matthew Wilkinson would stand the test. No; I only take the liberty, so kindly granted me, of speaking of people in their sporting relations; and I am quite certain, from all I have heard of Mr. Matthew Wilkinson, that he will pardon the simple recital of a few anecdotes of himself and his establishment, which will be not only extremely amusing to my readers in England, but will furnish to those in foreign parts some little idea of the genuine and original character of a British sportsman, ardently attached to the pleasures of the field; and where that character has not yielded to the modern refinement of the day.

In every thing relating to the passion for hunting, I should be inclined to say, Mr. Matthew Wilkinson may have his equal, but his superior would be difficult to produce. His attachment to his hounds is almost beyond belief, and nearly equals that of an old maid to her cat. He has always some of his favorites walking about his house; and to a bitch with whelps he will give as much as she can

eat of a good sirloin of beef, or leg of mutton, from his own table. I had it on unquestionable authority, that, although he keeps ten or twelve cows, the whelps in the spring have *all the best milk**, and nothing but a little sky-blue is allowed for the house. I was also informed, that it has been his practice to keep a tame fox, which would run about the house and buildings for the edification of the puppies as soon as they were able to follow him. He keeps but four hunters for himself and Tommy, and his stable system is this:—His horses are never physicked, neither are they galloped in their exercise—having, as he observes, "plenty of galloping when they hunt." In corn, their bellies form the measure.

Death and its terrors kick the beam when put into the scale against Matty Wilkinson's passion for the chase. Although he cannot swim, no, not even a little, he has crossed that rapid and deep river, the Tees, at least forty times in his life after his hounds, and has had some hair-breadth escapes. Very soon after I was in his country, he was in the greatest danger of being drowned. He plunged into this stream when swelled with rain, and was unhorsed in the middle of it. Fortunately, catching hold of one of the stirrups, his horse dragged him out, but I believe it was what is called "a very near go." When he had run his fox to ground, he coolly laid himself down on his back, and held up his heels to enable the water to run out of his boots. I should like to see a picture of him on another occasion similar to this, when he addressed the boys on the bank to

* I understand this order is expected to be scrupulously attended to. Mr. W. has no children.

ascertain what injury a certain part of his clothes had met with in the water. I must not write what beauty would blush to read, so dare not repeat the question asked; but it was a most ludicrous one. For the same reason, I must suppress the answer he made his brother Tom, who told him *he thought* the fox was not gone "*up wind*;" but it will not be forgotten in Durham till time shall be no more.

I very much fear this gallant sportsman will, one of these days, change time for eternity in his attempts to cross this rapid river. Indeed, on his late escape, his brother *Lowsy* seriously admonished him of the impending danger; but all the notice taken of the salutary hint was, "My life is my own, and I suppose I may do what I like with it."

A polish weakens the vigour of native powers. Eton and Christchurch might have spoiled Matty Wilkinson, and deprived him of his niche in the Temple of Fame. It is the native simplicity, the original character, that pleases here: as the wilds of the forest are superior to the parterres of the flower garden; and there are on record some most amusing and characteristic anecdotes of this infatuated sportsman. As I have before stated, I cannot relate them all, neither would one or two look well in print.

When Mr. Matthew Wilkinson's eldest brother was on his death-bed, he was asked by a friend for the fixtures of the forthcoming week. His reply was this: "Why Tommy is very ill, and if Tommy *dees* (dies) we can't hunt till Monday; but, if Tommy don't *dees*, we shall hunt at ———, on Friday." A brother sportsman died and left

Matty five pounds to purchase a black coat to his memory. Matty purchased a red one, thinking thereby that he had shewn still greater respect to his departed friend. Thus *Lais* left her mirror to *Venus* when it would no longer reflect her own charms.

It is but natural to suppose that, fond as Mr. Wilkinson is of hounds, and having but a short kennel of them, he is very much afraid of their being ridden over, not only in chase, but in drawing over the country. A gentleman was one day very near to them—"Take care of the hounds, Sir," said Matty.—"Oh!" replied the gentleman, "my horse never kicks hounds."—"Perhaps not, Sir," replied Matty, in his dry way; "*but he may tread on their tails*." On another occasion a young and zealous fox-hunter was riding too near his darlings in chase. Matty checked him. He was again on the line. Matty rated him again; and at last insisted upon his riding *behind himself*. The young one acquiesced, and so went on till towards the end of the run, when Matty's mare began to flag.—"Get forward, Sir," said Matty; "ride as hard as you can."—"Zounds!" said the young one; "did you not tell me I was to ride *behind you*?"—"Why yes, I did," said Matty; "but you may gang along now, as mayhap you'll tice my old mare after thee."

Matty once came to a brook—I beg pardon, reader, *a stell*—which he did not like to ride at; so walked through it, and told his whipper-in (Tommy) to turn the old mare to him. The old mare would not have it, so what was to be done?—"Turn *thy own* over, Tommy," said his master, "and

then mine will follow."—Tommy's horse got over; but the old mare would not look at it. What was now to be done? The hounds were running hard. Why, the master jumped upon the man's horse and rode away to his hounds, Tommy exclaiming, loud enough to be heard by him, "Dom thee for a —, but that's not fair!"

I have already stated that Mr. Matthew Wilkinson is not much under the discipline of art. He might say with a certain great personage, "By the Grace of God, I am what I am;" but from all I had heard of himself and his man *—of the Rhinoceros breeches and the oil-skin hat; the odd spur, the new-fashioned whip, and other specimens of the "d—n all dandies school," I was prepared to meet with something *still more out of the common way*. This, however, was not the case. Tommy, with the exception of his topper, was as well rigged as any whipper-in for a rough country need to be; and as for the Squire, although perhaps it might be as well to stop at the letter M. and call him *Matty*, and not *Natty*, yet there was nothing extraordinary in his appearance. Some there are who cannot reconcile themselves to the innovations of fashion, and Mr. Matthew Wilkinson appears to be one; but, with reverence be it spoken, he is a good sportsman, and what matters the cut of his coat!!

Where is the tongue—where is the pen—where is the pencil that can describe to the life? It would be a vain attempt to do so here; and my readers must either journey to Durham, or picture to themselves Mr. Matthew Wilkinson.

They will see before them, or they may fancy they see, an English sportsman of the old stamp—keen beyond words; resolute and daring in his favorite pursuit; and of a frame not of the doubtful gender, but manly and powerful, and formed for hardships; not quite so heavy as the great John Warde, nor with a countenance *quite so expressive*.

Mr. Matthew Wilkinson is esteemed a very superior huntsman as far as the working of his hounds is concerned, as also assisting them in recovering a scent. His great weight however (full seventeen stone) precludes the possibility of his always being in his place; though every one I conversed with agreed, that, from his great knowledge of the country, and of the usual line of his foxes, he creeps up to his hounds, when at fault, much sooner than might be expected. This is the result of a quick eye and a good share of brains, with each of which Mr. W. is very well furnished. Of his management in the kennel I can say nothing; nor can I say much of the condition of his pack, any farther than that their elbows were clean, and that is as much as can be generally said of hounds that work as hard as his do; but I thought the hounds themselves did credit to his judgment. They are fine slashing animals, with great power and bone, and are allowed to have as much hunt in them as their owner has zeal; and truly that is in abundance. Tattler, Orulser, and Juggler would be an ornament to any pack; and I should imagine Music to be the bitch which took NIM NORTH'S

* I cannot but think it amounts to presumption in me, to attempt a description of the Hurworth establishment, after the admirable one already presented to us from the able and lively pen of NIM NORTH, vol. xvi. p. 14.

fancy, though he could not recollect her name.

I am not well qualified to speak of the Hurworth country. Some of it I was informed is very good, as indeed was that part which I rode over from Dinsdale wood (not Dimedale, as I had it in my last); but, generally speaking, it is narrow and limited, and much interrupted by the Tees. The subscription, I understand, amounts only to 175l. per annum, which may perhaps, with good management, find meal for the hounds, as the pack is small, only consisting of twenty-six couples of hunting hounds, and this year not more than four couples to come in. Days of hunting Mondays and Fridays.

I have now done with Mr. Matthew Wilkinson and his hounds. Long may he live to enjoy his favorite sport; and, when he is gone, let his memory be cherished for the zeal he has shewn in the noble science of fox-hunting! Keeping a pack of fox-hounds with extended means is a praiseworthy act; but when those means are limited, it becomes doubly so, as many other gratifications must of course give place.

Life is compared to a well-bred comedy, wherein the performers maintain a cheerful smile to the last act of the play. Laughter, however, is of a different cast; and we are cautioned by a philosopher to beware how we attempt to excite it with our pen. "The path," says he, "is slippery, and too often leads to vulgarism, and not unfrequently to something worse." Notwithstanding this, I cannot finally turn my back upon Durham, without relating an anecdote of a Durham yeoman, which I am certain will amuse my juvenile readers, if not those of a maturer

age. I do not now recollect his name, neither would it perhaps be right to mention it if I did; but he is well known in the Sedgefield country by the regal title of *The Prince of Orange*; and, like William Rufus, is indebted for this to the bounty of Nature, who has bestowed upon him a fine crop of yellowish-red hair.

Now it so happened that this *Prince of Orange* went to the farmer's assembly at the Hardwick Arms Inn, in the town of Sedgefield, where he sacrificed largely to the jolly god. And it so happened that in this house there was a yellow tom cat, which had an awkward trick of sneaking into the bed rooms, getting into the beds, and, not satisfied with this intrusion, frequently leaving none of the pleasantest odours behind him. It also happened, that the landlady of the house, although by no means a Xantippe, had not the patience of a Job, and she vowed vengeance on this yellow tom cat, if ever she found him taking this unwarrantable liberty again.

Now, about the dawn of the morning, this red-headed Prince, thinking an hour's repose would be of service to him, and following the example of the yellow tom-cat, slipped, clothes and all, into one of Mrs. D—'s best beds, and in a very few minutes fell fast asleep. His nap, however, was of short duration. The careful landlady, taking a survey of her rooms, believed that she saw the yellow tom-cat, comfortably rolled up on the downy pillow of one of her best beds, and was delighted to think what a fine opportunity now presented itself of paying off all old scores. "Ah," said she, "Mr. Tom; but I have you now!" so applying both her hands to the

handle of a house-broom, she aimed a desperate blow at the supposed tom-cat, exclaiming at the time, "*s-s-s-cat*, gad rot thee, but I'll make thee remember getting on my beds, I will." The blow had the wished-for effect; but it nearly cracked the skull of the Prince of Orange, whose yellow-red head was placed on the pillow, and so unfortunately resembled the yellow tom-cat. I often think to what trifling incidents some people are indebted for the perpetuity of their names; and but for which they might slide into eternity as they crept into existence, and be forgotten on the morrow.

During the Christmas week the weather was particularly favorable to the sports of the field. The barometer stood at "set-fair," and I lamented that I had quitted Yorkshire so soon, having nothing at home but a worn-out hack to ride, and hounds out in all directions near me. Still, however, the complaint in these parts was, *no scent*—ergo, no sport. A neighbour of mine called upon me one day on his return from the field, and informed me that that was the seventeenth day he had been out with hounds without seeing a fox killed. Another neighbour took a house in Warwickshire, for he said his patience was exhausted in waiting for sport in his own country, as they had neither foxes nor scent. Want of scent certainly prevailed to a great degree in the south-western counties of England last season, for the complaint was very general, and extended even to stag-hunting. On the other hand I received a letter, soon after Christmas, from Mr. Musters, in which he said—
"Come and see me on your return
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to the North; come soon, or I shall not have a fox left in the open, *for I never had such a season's sport in my life—scent brilliant.*"

January 2d—The wind changed from south to north, with a cloudless sky and starlight night; thermometer at freezing point, and all hopes of hunting vanished. Sportsmen grumble at frost and snow, but they ought to afford us an instructive moral. Hounds and horses want rest; and so does the land that supports us, after having yielded in the summer what we require for the winter. Our wants being supplied, we then enjoy an agreeable repose, well suited to the customary festivity of the season; and when a thaw commences, our spirits rise, and we rejoice to think, that

"All this uniform uncolour'd scene
Shall be dismantled of its fleecy load,
And *rush* into variety again."

It would be presumptuous in me to attempt to entertain my readers with any thing that occurred during my residence at home, which was extended to two months instead of a fortnight, being of course detained by the severity of the weather. It is, however, somewhat remarkable, that when hounds were locked up in their kennels in the South, the packs in the North were several times in the field; and during the time I am speaking of, the Marquis of Cleveland's, Mr. Ralph Lambton's, and the Holderness, kept several of their fixtures, although it must be admitted the weather was not favorable to sport. In the South it occasionally gave us hopes, and I made no less than three starts for Yorkshire, and returned home as often.

In one of these starts, I got as
R

far as "the little city," and there I met with a queer adventure, a good deal in my way, inasmuch as it relates to the road. I was dining one evening at Long's hotel, where I had the pleasure of meeting Captain Copland of the Second (or Queen's) Dragoon Guards. He expressed a wish that the next morning I should accompany him in his gig to witness the action of, what he called, "*the best harness-horse in England.*" This was the race-horse, Tam o'Shanter.

When Captain Copland called to shew me this nonpareil, I was in Messrs. Tattersall's Yard, purchasing horses for the Nimrod coach, accompanied by John Peer. "Now," said I to Peer, "I will shew you something in your way; I will shew you the fastest trotter in harness that all England can produce—at least, as I am informed. His owner has challenged any horse for five hundred guineas; and, what is still more extraordinary, he is a thorough-bred horse, only lately out of training."

We walked together into Gloucester Place, and there was Tom o'Shanter in the gig, awaiting our arrival. "No blinkers to his bridle, by the L—d!" exclaimed Peer: "don't sit behind him; *never throw a chance away.*" The Captain ordered his man to drive his horse up and down the road for our inspection; and I must say I never saw such stepping in harness before. It was the quickest, and, at the same time, the handsomest and truest action, in fast trotting, I ever beheld; *and it was also a fair trot.*

Now then, what was to be done? It was the first time the horse had been driven without blinkers, and it was the first time I had ever seen a horse in a gig thus harnessed. However, away we started up Park Lane, *Tam o'Shanter turning his head gracefully around, looking at the wheels spinning behind him on their axles, and, as one might justly suppose him to believe, trying to catch him.* There was something awful in all this. A thorough-bred horse; an entire one also, of great strength; full of condition; and with a thing behind him which he could have kicked to pieces at pleasure! But the security here was the excellence of his mouth. His temper also is peculiarly good, Captain Copland being able to do anything with him—even to making him lie down as if he were dead. Temper, however, when a horse is *alarmed*, is no security—his mouth alone, as I have already remarked, furnishing that*.

A little thing attracts the London eye; and it was amusing to see how the people gazed at this unusual sight. One or two shook the head, as much as to say—"you silly fellows, you'll break your necks, and it will serve you right;" whilst an old dragsman told us he would not ride with us for a thousand pounds. But there was another thing that attracted notice about our unique turn-out. This was the Captain's mustachios, which certainly were of the very primest order, and quite worthy of a Saracenic Caliph. Joking apart, they really were well curled, and a

* I am one of those who think blinkers, when well made, are very ornamental to the head of a carriage horse. That it is dangerous to dispense with them, the following fact (among many) will prove:—Some years since I went to my hay-field, and took the bridle off a very quiet wagon horse, in the shafts of a wagon, to enable him to regale himself at a hay-cock. The instant he saw the wagon behind him he started off, ran against a gate post, and lamed himself for life.

butcher's wife, on the top of a coach, signified her approbation of them, by stroking her finger down her upper lip, as much as to say, "Well done, Captain, you are the man to slaughter the Ladies!" Fashion, however, has always extended its powerful empire over men's beards ever since the days of Moses; therefore there is nothing more to be said on the subject. We had a very pleasant drive through some of the principal streets, and, although I do not mean to repeat the frolic, I shall never forget the beautiful action and docile temper of this elegant Scotch horse.

It was the second of March before I could quit London on my return to the North; and as the Holderness hounds were my next object, I took a place in the Lincoln and Barton mail on that evening, and started for Beverley in Yorkshire, the head-quarters of the Holderness hounds, at which place I had ordered some horses to meet me. As coach accidents are the order of the day—and *must be so until a better system of night-work be pursued*—no man can be certain when he is to arrive at the place he is bound for; indeed, whether he may not be buried on the road in some snug little church-yard; or, what is nearly as bad, be laid up for six months at an inn, with a doctor's bill of a hundred pounds to pay, and be a cripple for life into the bargain.

Such might have been my fate this night. We proceeded very comfortably until we got to some place where our London coachman informed us *he should leave us*. "Pardon me," said I; "*we shall leave you, and I am sorry for it, as I think you are a coachman.*" However, so it was; and we had

not proceeded far with our fresh tool before it was quite evident we had exchanged for the worse. I observed to my fellow-travellers that the coach rolled as if the driver had no command of his horses; and in a little more than half an hour after I had so said, I felt her going, and espied the outside passengers on the top of the near hedge. We were favored with—not exactly an upset, but—what is technically called "*a rearer,*" that is to say, the near-side wheels went into a ditch deep enough to have turned us keel upwards; but the bank was high, and kept the coach from falling on her side. It is needless to state we were soon out of her, when I perceived the near wheel-horse flat on his side, and *the driver* (I must not pollute the name of coachman) making a sort of out-landish noise to induce the leaders to stand still. The guard also, with the assistance of his passengers, was *endeavoring* to unpole the wheel horse that was on his legs. "You blockhead," said I, "don't you see the whole weight of that dead horse (for had he been born before the Flood he could not have had less life in him) hangs on your pole, which is not half a yard from the ground? How can you expect to undo the pole-chain? *Unbuckle the hame-strap,* and then you will accomplish what you want." Fortunately for us, we were within a short distance of the next change; so getting the fresh horses, we put a good-collared mare to the hinder part of the empty coach, and pulled her, backwards, into the road.

"Guard!" said I, "how did this awkward job happen?"—"Why Sir," replied he, "this is a very unskilful driver; he has no command of his horses." Now, really, this

is not the way to do business; but, reader, I'll tell you what it is. It is a shameful disregard, on the part of proprietors, for the lives and limbs of those who travel by their coaches, and such as, when opportunity presents itself, should be visited by the extreme penalty of the law. Mr. Brimer, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, told me he was upset in this coach on this ground about a fortnight before.

Previously to my taking this journey, I had never been in Lincolnshire, consequently had not seen any of the Burton country, lately vacated by Sir Richard Sutton. I passed through what I took to be the lighter part, which I liked the appearance of. The fields were of good size, and it seemed to be a country in which a man could enjoy hounds, and yet likely to hold a fair scent. Some of it resembled the best part of the Duke of Beaufort's Oxfordshire country, only fenced with quick-hedges in lieu of stone walls.

We arrived at Barton-side about three o'clock P. M.; crossed the Humber river in a steam boat, which made but an hour's work of it; and of course arrived at Hull about four. There is generally truth in all proverbs, otherwise they would not have stood their ground. Hull and Hell have been classed together, as if there were a strong resemblance between them, and the town of Halifax has been similarly honored. This being the case, and wishing also to stretch my legs after being so long pent up in a mail coach, I ordered dinner at one of the inns, and took a walk through the streets of Hull.

Now I never was at Halifax, neither do I think I shall ever go to another place the name for which begins with H; but I was greatly

surprised at seeing Hull so good and so clean a town, and so little of a Stygian gloom about it. There is a very handsome bridge over the river Hull, and the appearance of the houses and shops I considered more than commonly neat and clean. In the evening I took a post chaise to Beverley, distant only nine miles from Hull.

Previous to my determination of spending last winter in the North, I had made myself acquainted with a few particulars of the different hunting establishments it was my intention to visit; and had I not been stopped two months by frost, I had promised myself the pleasure of seeing as many more as I did. One of my chief informants on these matters was Sir Bellingham Graham, and I remember his words when I made mention of the Holderness hounds. "*You must go,*" said he, "*and see Tom Hodgson. He is a very old acquaintance of mine; one of the best fellows in the world; a capital sportsman; in short, he lives for hunting.*"

No sooner arrived at the Tiger Inn, in the neat town of Beverley, than I sent my card to the Master of the Holderness, who, as he was sitting alone, most kindly acknowledged the receipt of it in person. I found him exactly what I expected to find him, for he had been accurately described to me:—in the prime of life; no dandy; six feet three inches high; and—as Mat Milton says of a light bellied horse—"carrying very little dinner bag." Such then I found him. When I left him, he was more than Apollo in my esteem.

I expected to have met with Sir Bellingham at Beverley according to his promise to Mr. Hodgson; but he was prevented by being

obliged to attend the Malton Coursing Meeting, which had been delayed beyond its appointed time owing to the inclemency of the weather. I was also disappointed by not finding my horses at Beverley, the consequence of the delay of a letter, which prevented my hunting on the Monday at Hotham. In this, however, I had no loss; for the morning was most tempestuous, and the hounds could not run a yard with a scent, and it is not voted "the thing" in Holderness to run without one. In the evening of this day my horses arrived.

Tuesday 6th, a non-hunting day. — Breakfasted with Mr. Hodgson, and spent the morning in looking over hounds and horses. In the evening accompanied Mr. Hodgson to dinner at Swanland, the seat of Mr. Sykes, who, I much regretted to hear, paid the debt of nature about six weeks afterwards. Amongst the company, which was numerous, was a West Riding Baronet, Sir Edward Dodsworth, very fond of fox-hunting, and who, I soon perceived, was a staunch advocate for blood to hounds in the morning, and a glass of good Port wine in the evening. We had a strong and a long argument on the subject of blood, to which one gentleman present gave us something of a clincher. "It is well known," said he, "that *the best brace of pointers* in this part of Yorkshire are the property of Mr. ****, who does not kill twenty brace of birds to them in a season, for he cannot shoot."

On our return this evening from Swanland we found Lord Mountsandford at the Tiger, in Beverley, who was come for a week's hunting with the Holder-

ness. His Lordship was in just the right trim to receive us. He had taken his bottle of Champagne and ditto of Claret; and was in the act of lighting a cigar to top every thing up with, when we entered the room. We soon followed his example; and a glass of gin punch and an hour's gossip closed the evening of this day.

Lord Mountsandford is a handsome young Irishman, educated entirely in England, and therefore carries no mark of his country on his tongue; but his Lordship possesses the characteristic cheerfulness of his native land, and is, what we call, "a very good fellow." He resides a great deal in Yorkshire, partly at Mr. Oliver's of Darrington, and partly at Mr. Gascoine's of Parlington, to both of which gentlemen I believe he is related.

Wednesday, the 7th—Met the Holderness hounds at White-cross, the residence of a very wealthy yeoman by the name of Jackson. The circumstances attending this fixture impressed me with sentiments very favorable to the Holderness country. This Mr. Jackson, as I have just said, is a wealthy yeoman, occupying a considerable property of his own, and residing in all the comfort—I had nearly said luxury—of that station in life. Two peculiar features mark the character of Mr. Jackson. First, he takes under his roof, uninvited, any sportsman living at a distance, as also his servant and horses, on the evening before hunting, when the next day's fixture is near his house. Secondly, he gives a public breakfast on the mornings on which the hounds meet at White-cross, which

* The Holderness hounds had a brilliant day's sport from this place in the season of 1825, a full account of which is given in vol. xvii. N. S. p. 229.

is laid out in the true style of old English hospitality. No wonder then he is so highly esteemed by the gentlemen in his part of the country, that they presented him with a handsome silver cup, on which is an inscription, testifying it to be given to him as "*a slight mark of esteem for his universal kindness and unbounded hospitality on all occasions that may occur.*" On the morning I am speaking of he gave a most excellent breakfast to all the field who would partake of it—and there were but few who did not—and I had the honour of wetting my lips in this cup. It was filled with capital cherry brandy, (no bad jumping-powder in this country of drains,) which went down the better for looking at the inscription on the outside. Long life to this man, *and all of his sort!* said I to myself, as I put the massive tankard to my lips.

We had this day twenty minutes, over the open, very fast, from Catwick Whin, and puggy, thinking it time to shift, got into a drain, from which the hounds themselves drew him, and were rewarded with his blood for this business-like burst. It certainly was very quick—so much so, that Captain Dowbiggin, who ought to know what a quick thing is, pronounced it the fastest twenty minutes he had ever seen. We then partook of Mr. Bethell's hospitality, who gave us a most excellent luncheon at his handsome seat at Rise; and found again in Hatfield Whin; dusted him so severely in covert that the puff was out of him; and we turned him up also in the open, after a ten minutes race—the hounds never ten yards from his brush.

It always gives me additional

pleasure to speak of persons, male or female, who preserve foxes—*themselves not partaking of the sport.* There is a good deal of merit due to such conduct; for, to say nothing of game-preserved and the poultry yard, it does not, I admit, improve the neat appearance of a gentleman's grounds to have a hundred horsemen gallop across them after a wet night, as was the case at Rise; although no real injury may be ultimately sustained by the land. I have here, however, an anecdote to relate of Mrs. Bethell, the fair partner of the gentleman I have been speaking of, which every true sportsman must admire her for. On one occasion, the season before last, after a capital run of an hour and half, Mr. Hodgson marked his fox to ground in Rise Park; bolted him, and killed him. Mrs. Bethell said, "*Oh, Mr. Hodgson! after such a run as this, the late* Mr. Bethell would not have killed his fox!*"

This day somewhat reminded me of Shropshire and Staffordshire fox-hunting, which seldom is concluded with dry lips. *At half past ten* we were under Mr. Jackson's mahogany, where hot beef steaks and devilled kidneys were most temptingly displayed, and prepared the stomach for cherry brandy out of the cup of honour. *At half past twelve* we were under Mr. Bethell's mahogany, eating and drinking as if we had not broken our fast. Here, however, is one of the benefits of fox-hunting. It gives such a tone to the digestive organs, that one meal soon gives place to another; and Dr. Paris and his book have not a chance with it.

Thursday 8th—The Holderness

* A gentleman of this name who once hunted the country,

hounds met at Scorboro, five miles from Beverley. It blew a hurricane, and rained in torrents, but they killed their fox from Elton Whin, after thirty-five minutes slow hunting. I afterwards dined with Mr. Hall of Scorboro, whose son, a very good performer over a country, I was acquainted with, by having met him at Mr. Osbaldeston's, at Quorn; and as Mr. Hall is a great agriculturist, and as fond of horses as myself, we were never at fault for a subject to converse upon. Condition of hunters was one, and Mr. Hall was all for the grass. The young ones, however, were to a man against him, and I believe he stood alone. His place—not on a very large scale—is one of the neatest and prettiest I ever met with, quite unique in its way.

Friday 9th — Breakfasted at Burton Agnes, the beautiful and justly-celebrated seat of Sir Francis Boynton. To all admirers of the ancient style of British architecture, Burton Agnes would afford a treat. The gateway is a splendid specimen of the art; and the hall and the Japan room are included in the lions of Yorkshire.

The Baronet and his lady accompanied us to Sir Tatton Sykes's hounds, which met at a covert about five miles distant. It was a fine whin, in a wild country, not far from the sea, but held no fox this day. We afterwards found in Barnston Whin, a very large and strong covert, and too large for hounds to press a fox in, as they should do to make him fly his country. A few rides cut

through it would be of signal advantage*.

We had no sport worth speaking of on this day; indeed the scent was very indifferent; but the short run afforded me one anecdote, perhaps worth relating. A fox went away at last from Barnston Whin, taking a ring over a nasty wet country. I made the best of my way over it, riding inside the hounds, till we came to something like a poser. It was a deep and boggy drain, with a black and rotten bank to jump upon, and, as NIM NORTH's Irishman said, "another river on the other side." It was far from agreeable; and the more we looked, the less we liked it. A pause ensued. "The hounds are turning to us," said I. "*That admits of a doubt, Sir,*" said Mr. Welbourne, a tenant of Sir Francis Boynton; and gallantly charged the fence. As I expected, the bank let his horse in up to his houghs; and when I saw him, horse and all, well landed in the second drain, I thought it was my turn to say something; so comforted him by exclaiming—"*That, Sir, admits of no doubt.*" I then put my horse at a fresh place, but that "admitted of no doubt." Headlong we went into the next field, and although little Shamrock did contrive to throw me clear of the water, yet we both got up completely pie-bald: the white blaze down his face was no longer visible; and when I looked at the cords and the boot-tops, I might have sung with Ovid,

"Qui color albus erat, nunc est contrarius albo."

Two more of the field—all I be-

* Barnston Whin was, I understood, formerly within the limits of the Holderness Hunt, but withdrawn in consequence of some misunderstanding between the proprietor and a *quondam* master of those hounds. Were this proceeding to become general, hunting countries would not be long kept entire, and great confusion would be the result.

lieve who came our line—were also floored at this same fence, and one of them was dragged a hundred yards by his stirrup. His boot came off and released him from his awful situation, or God only knows what the consequence might have been.

Of all fences, the most certain floorer is, what is called, *a double*, with unsound ground between the two ditches or drains. The impetus from the leap being added to the weight of the horse and his rider, causes of course very considerable pressure from the hoofs; and if the ground is not able to resist it, all spring, to encounter the second difficulty, is lost, and a fall is the result.

I had the pleasure of spending the evening of this day at Thorpe, the seat of the Lord Macdonald. It is beautifully situated in a snug valley on the edge of the Wolds, with every convenience for a large family; but his Lordship only resides here during the winter months, having a fine place in Scotland. He is no hunter, but a noted courser; an excellent performer on the violoncello; and a judge of paintings, of which he has a handsome collection at Thorpe.

The family of the Macdonalds are extremely popular in this neighbourhood, and, like its namesake in the East Riding, Thorpe* has the character of being as pleasant a house as a man can wish to sojourn in. I regret to say the noble owner was absent at the

Malton Coursing Meeting; but on this occasion his post was occupied by his eldest son, the Hon. Alexander Macdonald, so well known amongst his friends by the familiar title of *Mac*. I always think well of a man who is distinguished by any little monosyllable of this sort, as it betokens, what we call, a good fellow. This gentleman certainly is a capital companion over the mahogany, *and as quick as any man in England over a country*.

Having arrived at Thorpe two hours before dinner time, we amused ourselves by walking about the grounds, which are laid out most tastefully. On a sheet of water in the pleasure ground we espied a beautiful water-bird that was quite new to me. A gun was procured, and Mr. A. Macdonald and his brother-in-law, the Earl of Hopetown, shot several times at it, but without effect. The quickness with which it dived, and thereby avoided destruction, was beyond measure extraordinary, and I began to wish its life would be spared, and that it might return to its native element. A fatal shot at length struck it, and the stream wafted it towards the shore, when it proved to be a beautiful specimen of the *Lesser Grebe*, and of the male sex. The plumage of this bird, which was in full feather, is beyond anything delicate to the eye, but of a texture so close and thick that nothing but a shot could penetrate it. Beautiful tippets, for ladies, are made from the breast feathers*.

* Thorpe Hall, Mr. Milbank's.

† Linnæus has ranked this genus with the Diver and the Guillemot, but Pennant separates them. The Lesser Grebe is a true aquatic. The female makes her nest in the water, composed of grass and water plants; and, by the natural warmth of her body, a fermentation of the herbage is produced, that assists incubation, which might not otherwise take place in the temperature of water. Like the domestic duck, the Grebe covers her eggs with leaves, to conceal them in her absence; and Nature has clothed her to brave the rigours of the coldest winter, as well as to sport with waves and storms.

I have said before that Lord Macdonald was absent at Malton Coursing Meeting, and this was the day on which the Cup was to be run for—having been postponed from Thursday on account of the inclemency of the weather. The dogs of the class were his Lordship's Brutus by Mack, out of Bluebell, and Sir Bellingham Graham's Blucher, out of Catherine; and as one was the property of an old, and the other of a new member, much interest was excited; but "*we shall have the Cup to-morrow*" was the prevailing opinion at Thorpe.

The morrow arrived, and as we had a long distance to go to meet the Holderness hounds, we were in the breakfast-room betimes, where, to my surprise, I found Lady Macdonald. "Is your Ladyship often down stairs at this early hour?" said I.—"Almost always," was the reply.—"I like to enjoy the freshness of the morning," added Lady Macdonald: and I could not help thinking how much fresher some of our ladies of fashion would look if they were to try the same recipe. "What news from his Lordship?" was the question of all as they entered the breakfast room. "Not a line from his Lordship?" was the answer given. "Oh, then," said the ladies, "we shall have the Cup at Thorpe. Lord Macdonald has won it, and means to surprise us by bringing it home with him in the carriage. Depend upon it he has won it, or he would have written a line by the Post."

True it is, the ladies are generally right, and old hands generally beat the young ones; but here was an exception to the rule. Sir Bellingham Graham ran ten courses,

two of which he lost; another was undecided; and he won the other seven in great style, the last of which was the Cup. I saw it afterwards on my return to Whitwell, and considered it very handsome indeed.

Owing to our early breakfast at Thorpe, in addition to a sharp hoarfrost, we got to Brandsburton Moor about two hours before Mr. Hodgson arrived with his pack, so tender was he of his hounds. This being a favorite fixture, there was a large field—considerably more than a hundred. With the exception of the hounds getting no blood—three foxes going to ground, two of them in rabbit burrows, since, I hear, destroyed—this was a good day's sport to hard-riding men, for in each burst the pace was tremendous; and the last was rather more than a burst, for it exceeded forty minutes, taking the puff out of most of the nags, and causing some of them to stand on their heads instead of their legs. Will Danby, the whipper-in, was particularly anxious for a run this day; so much so, that, on his road home with the hounds, he told his master he had been *praying* for one all night. Now when this was told me, I said to myself, "I should like to hear a whipper-in's prayers:" but this was only the impression of the instant; for on sober reflection I see not why they should not be as effectual as a Bishop's. "Human eloquence and studied forms," says a powerful writer, "have little to do with the offerings of the heart; and I make no doubt, that, in the mansions of the Eternal, the silent vows and the softest whispers of the soul echo as loud as the boldest and most noisy

clamour of the tongue. Rather would I say, commune with thine own heart, and be still."

I intended myself the pleasure of returning to Thorpe after this day's hunting; but when I got to Driffield, within six miles of the house, I found my servant had taken my clothes back to Beverley by mistake, so made the best of my way after them. I had nearly fifty miles' road-work this day, which, on not the best hack in the world, is a punisher.

On Sunday afternoon, Mr. Hodgson accompanied me to Bishop Burton, three miles from Beverley, the seat of that very eminent sportsman, Mr. Watt. After an excellent luncheon we looked into the paddocks, where I was in hopes of seeing Maanella; but she was not there, neither were any of his best mares. We saw a *very handsome* two-year-old filly, own sister to Memnon, now a favorite for next St. Leger, as also another sister, a year younger, which possessed more bone. There was a chesnut colt by Blacklock, out of Muta, two years old; as also a two-year-old by Whisker, out of Miss Cranfield, in the St. Leger; both of which shewed a good deal of strength, but were not seen to advantage, having just recovered from the distemper. All the race horses, in work, were at Scott's stables at Malton. Mr. Watt and myself had a little conversation on *condition*; and I was happy to hear him say the alterative balls he used in his stables were the same that I have recommended to my brother-sportsmen in the pages of this work.

Mr. Watt is an admirer of the chase, and generally is seen by the covert's side twice a week. Al-

though, perhaps, there may be keener sportsmen, there is no man who wishes better to fox-hunt; and I understand his two sons, who are at Eton, are very fond of hounds, and are encouraged by their father to continue so to their lives end.

Monday the 12th—The Holderness hounds met at Elton, about four miles from Beverley, and very near the residence of that successful courser, Mr. Francis Best. Time would not admit of it, or it was very much my wish to have accepted of his obliging invitation to see his stud of greyhounds, and to have given my readers some account of the apple-pie order in which, I understand, they are kept. If, however, this gentleman bestows more than usual pains upon the condition of his dogs, it is on the conviction that it turns to good account; and he may be said to be quite the hero of the North. When he goes South, also, I find he is equally successful—his bitch Minikin having won the Cup in great style, the other day, at Louth in Lincolnshire. Mr. Best, however, is satiated with cups.

We could do nothing with hounds on this day. The moment they were thrown into covert I saw it was a hopeless case, for they were rolling and staring about them from want of something better to do. We at last hunted a fox to Bishop Burton; and, after losing some time in getting through Mr. Watt's paddocks, we hunted him back again to Elton, and killed him in the covert he was found in. It was a wretched scenting day; and I well remember that, over a very large ploughed field, only one hound (Roder) could speak to him. I left the field early in the day,

and, after taking my leave of Beverley, rode away to York.

The Holderness Club consists of only twenty Members. They dine together once a month, and the Wednesday I was at Beverley happened to be a Club day. Even Cicero himself recommends a friend to spend some of his time in convivial meetings—giving as a reason, that it is in such communications life is most truly enjoyed; and I am bound to say the evening I am alluding to formed no exception to the rule. We had a large muster of Members; the dinner, at the Beverley Arms Inn, was *very deserving of praise*; the wine—the property of the Club—so so; and a ball at the assembly rooms for a finish.

After a good dinner, a little nice dinner-wine, and a bottle of claret afterwards, I am not yet too old for a ball; but it must be a room full of *ballers* of the right sort, and a fine display of fine women—where it is difficult to say which twinkle brightest, the ladies' diamonds or the ladies' eyes; where you may fancy you see what the * poet has so inimitably described—

“A dazzling host of eyes
From every land where woman smiles or sighs;
Of every hue, as Love may chance to raise
His black or azure banner in their blaze;
And each sweet mode of warfare, from the flash
That lightens boldly through the shadowy lash,
To the sly, stealing splendors, almost hid,
Like swords half-sheath'd, beneath the downcast lid.”

On this occasion, however, the show was moderate; and the room presented that sort of provincial appearance, which, if I wished it, I could see without going far from home for the sight.

As Phoebus had been inauspicious, old Nox was called upon to make up the deficiency. A supper at the Tiger followed the ball, and some of the party disdained the sheets—as the old song says,

“Sleep and a downy bed steering.”

On this occasion, a little of “the frolic temper of youth” was displayed. A young hound in the inn-yard drank “success to fox-hunting” in a glass of hot brandy and water, and then it was proposed to adjourn to the kennel. Here, for the first time in their lives, the Holderness hounds refused to obey the word of their master. The fact was, *he was so smart, they did not know him*. Even old Render put up his bristles, and would not acknowledge him; but, perhaps, he winded the lavender water.

Believe me, reader, these are not every-day occurrences at Beverley. If they were, they would not be worth mentioning. On the contrary, in the hunting season, Mr. Hodgson has the abstinence of an Armenian, “living but for fox-hunting,” as his old friend says; and, for the sake of his cattle, *keeping down the dinner bag*; but,

Never heed it; “for of old
Cato's virtue, we are told,
Often with a bumper glow'd,
And with social raptures flow'd.”
So let Hodgson have his prey,
Sometimes add the night to day.
Where's the elf that can set bounds
To joys of women, wine, and hounds?

The following would be a very posing question to me:—“*Who do you esteem the most zealous fox-hunter—the man fondest of every thing relating to hounds and hunting, that you have met with in life?*” I think I should reply, either ‘Squire Osbaldeston, or

Tom Hodgson; for I really think the question rests between those gentlemen. I need not say that it has not been in the power of Mr. Hodgson to hunt hounds six days a week, as Mr. O. has done; and for the best of all reasons:—namely, every one knows he has not had the stuff to do it with: but by my soul I believe, if he could keep his eyes open without sleep, he would be with his hounds by day and by night. No parent hen appears prouder of her brood than he does of his staunch little pack; and well indeed do they requite his pains. Perhaps no man in England does so much work with so small a kennel of hounds, for, with only twenty-two couples of old, and nine of young hounds, he hunted three times a week throughout the whole of last season; and such has been about the state of the case since he has had the Holderness country. With this strength, he killed his thirty brace of foxes last hunting season, which I call great doings.

Encouragement is the soul of enterprize; and although Mr. Hodgson's subscription is not more than a thousand pounds per annum, yet he is supported by the good wishes of *all descriptions of persons*, and particularly by those of the yeomen and farmers—no bad criterion, by the bye, of doing things right and straight forward between man and man. NIM NORTH makes handsome mention of Yorkshire farmers in his admirable letter, with an allusion, too plain to be mistaken, to one noted vulpecide.

Mr. Hodgson, I should imagine, spends more time with his hounds

than any *gentleman-huntsman* in England, and I may venture to add, or than any other. He attributes, indeed, the extraordinary work they do for him to his walking them out so often on non-hunting days, by which all stiffness of the joints and soreness of the feet are greatly relieved. Dogs, we know, of all descriptions are much given to sleep on a full belly; and on the morrow after a hard day's sport, hounds would scarcely quit the benches after feeding, were it not for being made to do so. Mr. H. frequently walks out his pack as often as six times a day, and I was told it was nothing very uncommon to see him doing this by moonlight. Indeed, as far as kennel-work is concerned, Mr. Hodgson is certainly the most pains-taking huntsman I ever came across in my life. In the field his skill is also acknowledged; and there is little doubt but that time and experience will place him in the front rank:—*seal like his will not be denied!*

There was one disadvantage as a huntsman to a pack of fox-hounds in a deep and high-scenting country, that Mr. Hodgson laboured under when I was at Beverley, which I hear he has this year rectified. His horses, although good fencers, did not possess sufficient speed to place him *where he ought always to be* when his hounds come to a check. No man can ensure being at all times present with his pack; but the less his eye is off them the better, and he should always be able to break away from the crowd.

In the summer Mr. Hodgson lives with his father⁶, at Sugfield,

⁶. • Stapleton Park, now the seat of Mr. Petre, who lately relinquished the Badsworth country, was formerly the property of Mr. Hodgson, senior. I believe it is pretty well known that Mr. Thomas Hodgson had the Badsworth country for a short time.

near Ferrybridge, but, of course, in the hunting season he takes up his abode at Beverley. Trifles light as air mark the character of a man, and here you see Tom Hodgson in his real form—the true sportsman, giving up every thing to fox-hunting. His crib is close to the kennel and the stables; and, as it has been pronounced by a master of fox-hounds “*to be better worth seeing than a palace*,” I cannot do less than describe it. It consists of but two rooms; one for himself, and one for an *old* woman, who waits upon him. The furniture of the master’s room consists of a turn-up bedstead, a sofa, half a dozen chairs, and a table; but here he can do what no man can do in a palace. As he lies in his bed, *he can open his window, shut his door, stir the fire, and rate his hounds* if he hears them quarrelling in their kennel. His walls are ornamented with some excellent prints of sporting characters—himself in *caricaturá* among the rest—and the place is altogether of a piece. We are not all rich enough to purchase the pleasures of Corinth, as an old proverb has it; but the riches of a Caliph could not make this man happier than I have seen him in his crib at Beverley, within hearing of the sweet music of his pack.

Too nice a taste—in no matter what—is little less than a curse. He who is pleased with nothing short of perfection, has less pleasure and less happiness than one who is more moderate in his expectations and desires. When I entered the Holderness kennel, I did not expect to see a complete and perfect pack of hounds, such for obvious reasons being within reach of but few; but I was

confident I should see a good style of animal, hounds looking like doing business, and drafted down, as the old man’s cats were to those only which would kill mice. No Modish’s and Merkins kept—as I have seen them kept, because they were too handsome to hang, and too bad to give away; but almost every hound in Tom Hodgson’s kennel looked, like his master, *as if he knew how to kill a fox*.

There is a hound in the Holderness pack worth his weight in sovereigns—one of the best and closest hunters I ever saw, and appeared quite without a fault. He is most appropriately named Pilot, and in truth he is a capital steersman when any difficulty occurs, at the same time that he runs quite up to the head. He is a three-year-old hunter, and appears in the list as got by Mr. Warde’s Palestine, out of the Badsworth Harmony—the Duke of Grafton’s Roderick blood—and drafted, I believe, for the Badsworth kennel. Another hound of the same year I considered particularly good—viz. Leveller, by Lord Lonsdale’s Leader, out of Lord Yarborough’s Merry Lass—his Lordship’s old Wildair sort: also Justice, (very clever, and a hound of great power,) one year younger, by Mr. Osbaldeston’s Jasper, out of Sir Bellingham Graham’s Jealousy: Comrade, same year, a capital sort, but don’t exactly remember what.

Amongst the young hounds I noticed some trimmers. Two small bitches, Vanity and Mindful, of Sir Tatton Sykes’s blood; and Talisman and Tapster, by Sir Richard Sutton’s Trimmer—Lord Yarborough’s old Trimbush sort; also Pedlar and Palafox by Pilot,

out of a sister to Sir Tatton Sykes's Fairplay.

All gentlemen who have but a short kennel should look to the sort of hound they are to keep, as a poor man does to his horse whose turn must come often. Mr. Hodgson has a clever entry of puppies this year, got, as he informed me, by a hound called *Marksman*, of the noted old Bramham-moor blood. This blood was originally from the kennels of Lords Yarborough and Monson, and I believe undeniably good. Indeed the epithet—if you can so call it—of “Bramham-moor” implies all this; for, before I visited Yorkshire, I had heard that this moor was proverbial for being the worst scenting ground in all England, and consequently the test of nose. This sort, however, must be almost worn out, as it is, I believe, thirty years since the late Mr. Fox Lane kept hounds.

We must, nevertheless, commend Mr. Hodgson for his attempt to get the best hunting blood he can; and if his example were more generally followed, *we should not hear of so many bad scenting days as we now do.* Sir Tatton Sykes's Woodman sort also, Mr. H. spoke most handsomely of, as the right kind of hounds for men of small fortunes and small establishments; being always at work, and wanting neither whipcord nor rating, but taking, naturally, to their business.

The Holderness country has been established many years, and is one of very considerable extent. Speaking geographically, it is bounded by the German Ocean; by the river Humber; by Houdon; by the market town of Pocklington (fourteen miles from York); and the market town of

Bridlington, on the coast, eighteen miles South of Scarborough—which two latter places may be called its corner points, and about thirty miles apart. From North to South its extent is full forty-five, from East to West thirty-six miles. It is only interrupted by Barnston Whin and Burton Agnes, as I have before stated, and abounds in coverts and foxes. One half of it is composed of that part of Yorkshire called Holderness, and the other half the Wolds, and low country, extending nearly to Houdon, near which place I was told some new coverts are being made. The river Hull divides Holderness from the Wolds. The air of the former is soft and humid; of the latter, such as is generally experienced on situations of a similar altitude.

My opinion of the Holderness country is, that it is a rare one for hounds, but, after much rain, a cruel one for horses; and I must say is too deep to be pleasant. On some days the best hunter in England may be stopped in ten minutes, if ridden at the top of his pace; for in some parts there is no chance to bring him round again by getting on a dry headland or a bit of sound ground. It is sop, sop, all the way, and the dark colour of the soil plainly denotes its quality. As for the drains, it appeared to me as if more has been said about them than is needful; as I don't think they present themselves oftener, or are at all more formidable than the brooks in parts of Northamptonshire, Warwickshire, Leicestershire, and one or two other midland counties. I saw but one that appeared impracticable, and that was shewn me on my road to covert. Perhaps I was fortunate;

but those we met with in chase, whilst I was in the country, were such as no horse fit to be called a hunter ought to be appalled at. The horses of the country make easy work of them, by, where the ground is sound, creeping down the banks on the rising side, and then taking the drains in a stand. Notwithstanding what I have said, it requires a good hunter to get well across Holderness, and a man on his back who *knows* how to ride him. If he is wantonly pressed, he must stop; and there must be times, when hounds run hard, when every advantage must be taken, and every assistance given him.

Speaking of drains, I certainly saw one of great width, which, a few days before I came into the country, had been gallantly charged and well got over by Mr. Brimer, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, on a horse he purchased at Mr. Petre's sale when that gentleman gave up the Badsworth hounds. I think it could not have been less than eight yards in the clear, which I call *a very wide place indeed*. This horse, however, has the character of being a splendid water-jumper, and a most enviable quality it is. As for the fences in Holderness, they are the common hedge and ditch, *without binders*, and therefore only require a steady horse, and a good finger on him, to get over them without much danger of falls, that is to say, *when the puff is in*. When it is out, a molehill and a mountain are much alike.

The Holderness country has changed masters several times within the last ten years. The first of these mentioned to me was Mr. Digby Legard, whose sons are now going well, particularly

Mr. George Legard. After he left it, it became vacant for some time, a gentleman by the name of Hill hunting it part of two seasons. Mr. Hay (late of the Warwickshire) had it after Mr. Hill, and hunted it a year and a half, declaring (as I heard him declare) it was the best scenting country in all England. Mr. Osbaldeston once had a turn at it, but I believe for not more than half a season. Then came Mr. Hill again, and to him Mr. Hodgson succeeded, this being his fourth season.

The amount of the subscription to Mr. Hodgson was not more than eight hundred pounds the first year, but increased afterwards to about a thousand pounds. That it will continue to increase, I cannot doubt; for he has shewn excellent sport; and as far as himself is concerned, no man can be more popular or more really deserving of encouragement. His heart and soul are in his profession. His killing thirty brace of foxes last season, with so small a kennel of hounds, speaks volumes. The noses must have been down, or it could not have been done.

As I have already stated, there is one characteristic of the Holderness country for which I greatly honour it, and it must be highly flattering to the gentleman who hunts it. The farmers are, to a man, not only preservers of foxes, in the common meaning of the phrase, but they go beyond that; for they will not have a fox killed, *even with hounds*, if they can any how save his life. Oh! what a lesson to the Marquis of Londonderry! By the way, all disturbers of sport should hear this:—On that miserable Thursday when we met at Scarborough, the hounds ran their fox into Lord

Hotham's domain, and, I am sorry to add, several of the gentlemen rode over *the dressed grounds*, and played old gooseberry with them in the wet state the land was in. A polite request from the Noble owner, that they would have the goodness to avoid them in future, was the only result; but these proceedings hurt the cause of fox-hunting, and I do not like to hear of them.

There is one species of game sometimes found by the Holderness hounds which I never heard of being tallyho'd before; but no doubt it requires a close draw. This is *gin*; which, being run on shore by the smugglers in tubs, is secreted by them in the whin coverts, till a convenient opportunity presents itself for removing it. Mr. Hodgson once found some in Hatfield Whin. Sportsmen, however, never become informers, and the gin remains where it is.

An odd adventure occurred to Mr. Hodgson the season before last, on his return from hunting with Sir Tatton Sykes's hounds. He had been informed that a litter of foxes—nine in number—had been got possession of by some boys, but that a man had taken them away from them, and placed them whence they had been removed. The circumstance being mentioned to Mr. Hodgson, he determined upon watching the result, and laid himself down under a hedge, in view of the nine young cubs. In about half an hour, the vixen came to them, but was immediately attacked by two magpies—who, no doubt, had marked them for their prey—and fairly driven from the ground. Mr. Hodgson becoming weary of watching, placed a countryman in his post, who, in about half an

hour, saw the vixen, who had beaten off her assailants, return to her cubs, and carry them away, one by one, into a small plantation at a short distance from the spot. In the act of the parent fox there is nothing remarkable; but I was not prepared to hear of such conduct in a magpie. That he is a noisy, restless, and a crafty bird, and one of the greatest thieves of the feathered tribe, I was well aware; but I did not give him credit for the audacity of attacking so large, and, under such circumstances, so savage an animal as a fox.

Having spoken of Holderness farmers, as sportsmen, I have a melancholy tale to tell. About the middle of the season before last, one Mr. Morris, a tenant of Mr. Bethell's, of Rise, was found dead in the road—with his horse dead on the top of him—as he was returning home after a very sharp half hour with the Holderness hounds. It seems he had dropped short in one of the boggy drains with which part of this country abounds, and I am inclined to think his horse must have broken a blood vessel in struggling, the fatal effects of which were not apparent at the time. In all probability he fell dead on his rider; and, unless powerful assistance be at hand on such occasions as this, the consequence must prove fatal, as I should conceive no man could extricate himself from the pressure of a dead horse.

There was something ominous in the proceedings of this fatal day. The fox was found *under the church-yard wall* at Roogs, and killed in *the church-yard* at Patrington! Doubtless little did Mr. Morris imagine that he should so soon be consigned to that cheerless place himself. He was, I

heard, a very obliging man, and a good rider over a country. I was also shewn the place where Lord Arthur Paget lost his life when hunting with Sir Tatton Sykes's hounds; having been out the day before with the Holderness, for, it was said, the first time in his life.

I was happy to hear a good account of my friend Mr. Hodgson's establishment a short time since, and was given to understand that he meant to hunt four days a week next season. He takes the field with thirty-five couples—little enough, to be sure, for four days a week; but as he has very few old hounds in his kennel, he may do it, if he has luck. I was also glad to hear he had drafted some of the nags I saw in his stable—whose best days were past—and purchased four or five new ones. This looks like “coming it strong;” and I do so idolize the man who strains every nerve to keep a pack of fox-hounds, that I say from the bottom of my soul—“God send Tom Hodgson good luck!”

I must say a word in favour of Will Danby, Tom Hodgson's first whipper-in. He is quite as much a devotee as his master, and a most obliging, civil fellow; a good and bold horseman; and by no means particular about a fall or two*. He lives, like his master, but a short distance from the kennel, and has, what is called, “a very tidy woman” for his wife, and a very pretty litter of cubs. I shall always like the fellow for the prayers he put up for a run, because I was to be out; but the following is much more to his credit:—“Will,” said his master, “I hope *next year* to raise your wages.”—“Lord, Sir,”

replied Will, “I wants no more wages. *I am as happy as a man can be*; only let me be with the hounds, and I wishes for nothing more.” Oh what a lesson does Will Danby give us! What a compliment to Tom Hodgson, and fox-hunting!!

Allow me to ask, where is the man who can lay his hand on his heart, and say he is as happy as a man can be, and that he wishes for, or wants, nothing more? Is it the Duke of —? Is it the Marquis of —? Is it the Earl of —? Is it my Lord —? Is it Sir John —? Is it Squire —? No, it is neither. It is the poor whipper-in to the Holderness fox-hounds.

In consequence of the long extended drought of the summer before last, the price of hay was exorbitantly high in many parts of the North of England. Singular as it may appear, that consumed by Mr. Hodgson's stud at Beverley was purchased in Smithfield market, London, and sent down, by water, to Hull. It was thence conveyed, gratis, by some sporting farmers to Beverley, and, when lodged in Mr. Hodgson's buildings, cost him only six pounds per load of eighteen hundred weight.

I think Beverley one of the neatest and cleanest towns I ever met with in my travels. There is no manufactory of any sort carried on in it; so that, as the streets are wide, the air is almost equal to that upon the Wolds. Besides the very handsome parish church, there is a magnificent Minster, and one, I believe, of very high antiquity. It was, I was told, originally, chiefly indebted to one John, Bishop of

* He got one rattler when I was in the country. I asked him the next day how he was. He replied, he was quite well, *only* he felt rather queer about the head.

York, afterwards made *Saint John* (for nothing could be done in his days without a miracle); but being destroyed by fire in Henry the Second's reign, it was re-built at a period of great architectural rivalry, and just at the time when the cumbrous old Saxon style was giving place to the tall, light-clustered columns, and all the different varieties of that termed "*the pointed*." Here are the three celebrated tombs belonging to the Percy family, and the no less noted one of *the Maiden Sisters*. By the bye, should not there have been a certificate in the last case, as we sportsmen are obliged to produce of our maiden horses?

Beverley Minster is said to exhibit most beautiful specimens of ecclesiastical architecture; and, as its detached ornaments include all the later varieties of the art, it is highly recommended, as a study, to the attention of the artist and the antiquary. For myself, I have no tact in these matters; but I can easily imagine nothing in this line can excel the elegant tracery on the altar-screen, that splendid specimen of the decorated style. There is also a beautifully painted window; but I had no time to bestow on that, neither could I have made much of it if I had. On the whole, Beverley Minster must certainly be allowed to be a very splendid temple, and, to some people, more interesting than Tom Hodgson and his hounds. "But every man to his taste," says the proverb.

There are a few very hard riders in the Holderness Hunt. The following are very good indeed, and would go well in any country:—the Honorable Alexander Macdonald; the two Messrs. and more especially Mr. George Legard;

Mr. Jas. Hall; Mr. W. Barkwith, of Hessele; and Mr. John Smith, of Hull: also Mr. Watson of Wandby, a gentleman farmer, always well mounted, and as well inclined to go. Report spoke highly of him in other respects, as what the world (particularly the *Sporting World*) calls "a good sort of fellow." There is a Mr. Thompson, also a farmer, residing at Harpham on the Wolds, who is a good performer, and also a good sportsman. But what I call *the clipper* of this hunt is a farmer of the name of Medford, on his little ewe-necked grey mare. Mr. Medford resides at a place called Carlton, in Holderness, and although he is so far north, and in the provincials, I should be inclined to say he was not far from being a match for those crack Leicestershire yeomen, Dick Christian and Mr. Thomlin. I had my eye upon him one day in one of the very fast things we had over Holderness, when the ground was cruelly deep. He went off at score with the little grey mare; but, as it will happen sometimes, every turn he made was wrong, and from the pace the hounds were going, and the state of the country, I despaired of seeing him in his place again. My fears were groundless: he got upon the line; and putting his head as straight as a crow could fly, was soon to be seen, cheeking the leading hounds, and going quite at his ease. At this very moment, my fancy paints him putting the little grey at the hinge-post of a new and stiff gate, out of a slough up to her hocks, which I saw him do as he was making up his lost ground, and which she cleared in beautiful style. She is small to be sure; but, as a country dealer once told me of a little mare he wanted me to buy, "she can make the big ones

look much smaller at the end of a quick thing." No doubt she is pretty well bred on each side of her head.

There is one gentleman who hunts with these hounds, of whom I must make very honorable mention, although I know not exactly whether he can be called one of the Holderness Hunt, as he resides principally with his father, the well-known and highly-respected Major Bower, of Welham, near Malton, a great man among the long-tails. I am here alluding to his second son, Mr. John Bower, whom I hesitate not to pronounce as fine a horseman as ever touched a bridle; with undaunted courage, and a capital eye to hounds. So striking were his accomplishments as a horseman, that the moment I saw him he attracted my eye, and I asked the first person who knew him if he were not a good one over a country. Mr. John Bower is very well known in the Burton Hunt, Lincolnshire, where I understand the general opinion of him is, that he is quite a master-man in the field; and—as the best hands generally are—free from either presumption or conceit.

Mr. Alexander Macdonald is one of the quick ones; and as his horses are all thorough-bred, and his nerves thorough good, it will take a very quick man to beat him. But he is good at every thing; and George the Fourth is not more popular at Windsor, than Alexander Macdonald is everywhere. His brother-in-law, Lord Hopetown, also goes a great pace for his weight, and has

one most extraordinary hunter in his stud. He has all the strength, and indeed some of the appearance, of a wagon horse, but is as fast as the wind, and can jump anything. His Lordship puts him along at a merry pace*.

I was sorry to hear that foxes were sold out of the Holderness country as well as out of the Badsworth. According to the adage, "if there were no receivers there would be no thieves;" consequently, if persons did not open a market for foxes, the traffic in them would not take place. In my opinion it is a system that ought to be severely reprobated in countries in which fox-hounds are kept. No sportsman would be guilty of such an act; and in others, it betokens a disposition by no means to be envied.

I was given to understand that one or two good *stud horses* were wanting in the Holderness country. Indeed this is the case in most others that I go into; and one of the greatest benefits that could accrue to those who breed or ride horses, would be to have at least one-half of those that poison the country with their stock put into the boilers and devoured by hounds: but instead of this, I am sorry to say numbers of miserable, cat-legged, infirm brutes are dispersed over England, whilst many of those which might do us some service are sent to enrich other countries with their stock. I heard an excellent account of the produce of *Orion* in Lincolnshire, almost all of which, like the *Fivaldi's*

*The Earl of Hopetown is a good shot, and I heard the following anecdote of him: He made a bet he would kill a wild goose out of a flock that had alighted on the sea shore. He won it by the following stratagem. He mounted a very fleet horse, and, galloping up to them, was enabled to fire before they could get upon wing and out of reach of his shot, which, if my memory serves me, brought down two or more. I did not hear the terms of the wager, but I should imagine the odds were long, as the eye of this bird is particularly keen, and he is of a very wary nature, as his name indeed imports.

and some others, make hunters. I also saw a very Leicestershire-like horse by *Tramp*, the property of a gentleman near Hull, and I intended to have recommended him to a friend at Melton Mowbray, had he not met with an accident on the day I saw him. By what I recollect of the action of *Tramp*, I should say he was very likely to be the sire of many good hunters. In the Marquis of Cleveland's country, *President* has got a very high character, almost all of his stock making hunters with very little trouble. Although I have always hated the sight of a five-year-old horse in my stable, as a hunter, yet I purchased a young *President* of that age, out of a Screveton mare—a cross, I thought, that must nick. As I expected, however, I only got two rides out of him before he was on his back, and regularly floored for the season. He is now coming about, and, as he can carry weight, I may, some day or other, see my hundred guineas again.

Although the heroes of poetry must be exalted somewhat above the level of ordinary men, yet fault has been found with the poet Virgil, for uniting too many perfections in one man—for then he becomes a prodigy, and all interest ceases. This is the case with his hero *Æneas*. On every occasion, save his amour with Dido (but what man of gallantry could have done less?), he calls him *pious*, and makes him appear quite equal with the gods. Let me then beware how I fall into this extreme in describing such a man as Tom Hodgson. True it is, his being a master of fox-hounds, and hunting them himself, goes a great way with me, and I should like to add one feather to his plume; but

really, reader, that plume is full. All who know him are unanimous in his praise: every one renders him this homely homage—*Tom Hodgson is, all over, a man.*

Speaking of *Æneas*, and speaking of piety, why should not my hero be styled pious? Among my fox-hunting friends I know of no one so steady to church as Tom Hodgson; and perhaps this accounts for Will Danby's praying, instead of sleeping, on the night before we had that good day's sport! His master is really what old Leech—who once hunted Cheshire—would have called a *church glutton*; for he is not content with morning service on Sundays, but often attends again when the lamps are lit. Now too much of a good thing is worth nothing, and it is possible a man may have too much church. Even devotion itself will now and then require rest; and, as Dean Swift has told us, people will sometimes sleep in their pews while the parson is dreaming in his pulpit. Thus it was with the master of the Holderness when I was at Beverley. "Do you take Vengeance out to-day?" said I to him on the morning of the Monday we met at Elton. "Why no," replied he; "*I settled that point last night in church. I fell asleep in the sermon, and dreamed she was running hare like the d—l.*"

Dreams are only our waking thoughts, and dreaming of hunting by night is by no means unnatural to one who thinks of little else by day.

"Lightly he dreamt, as youth will dream,
Of sport by thicket, or by stream,
Of hawk, or hound, of ring, or glove,
Or lighter yet, of lady's love*."

Dreaming of love is still more

* *Marmion*, Canto iii, v. 27.

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natural, and perhaps the ladies dream of it too. But oh, what a compliment did Shakspeare pass upon the tender passion, when he took up his pen and wrote thus:—

“ Ah me! how sweet is love itself
 possess,
 When but love's shadow, are so rich a
 joy!”

Dreams may be called “the idle sport of the fancy,” or any thing else you please; but, certain it is, that, though the soul may then work unconsciously, yet it often exerts some of its noblest powers in sleep.

To conclude—Although in love with the muses, I cannot boast of even the smallest favour they have deigned to confer upon me in return; but I will do my best to turn into rhyme, in the paraphrastic style, a short fragment of a Roman poem, as something applicable to my present subject*.

In sleep, when fancy is let loose to play,
 Our dreams repeat the business of the day.
 The Judge in bed will argue fresh his
 cause,

And o'er and o'er again dispense his laws.
 The jockey dreams he rides a winning race,
 And guides his courser with a Chiffney's
 grace.

The huntsman draws his coverts o'er again,
 And finds his fox, coil'd in his well-used
 den;

Enraptur'd thinks he hears the woods re-
 sound,
 And faintly halloos to some fav'rite
 hound.

The poet takes his night-cap for the bay
 Stript from the brow of Dryden or of Gay.
 E'en NIMROD dreams that he best amuses
 His readers, when he vainly courts the
 Muses;

Though once for all—for so the story
 goes—

They told him he had better stick to
 prose.

Thus went Tom Hodgson to his church
 to pray,
 And well resolv'd his evening prayers to
 say:

Say them he did; but when the learn'd
 Divine
 Mounted the pulpit, and began to shine
 In theologic lore, Tom fell fast asleep,
 And dreamt his hounds were running
 hares, or sheep.

(Believe me, Reader! this is nothing new,
 Tom gets many a snooze in this snug pew.)

“Get forward, Will!” cried he, “and
 stop those hounds,

I hear them running hare like h—ll.”—
 “Zounds!”

Said his friend; “why, Tom, you have
 forgot

The place you are in!”—(waking) “Oh!
 no, I have not,”

Said Tom; “where are we now? in the
 Lord's Prayer?

(Sleeping) Oh, Will! that Vengeance al-
 ways did run hare.”

Allow me, Mr. Editor, to cor-
 rect a mistake in the last portion
 of the Tour:—P. 32, for “a heavy
 seventeen stone,” read, “seven-
 teen stone.”

NIMROD.

SOUTH AMERICAN MULE.

The Property of HIS MAJESTY.

THIS beautiful animal was sent
 to His Majesty from Valpa-
 raiso, as a present from Mr. Nu-
 gent, our Consul there, and ap-
 pears, from its make as well as the
 beauty of its colour, to be a mix-
 ture of the Spanish horse and the
 Zebra or the Quaggar; but whe-
 ther the intercourse was concerted
 there, or whether it was a wild
 chance of connexion, we are not
 informed. It was sent to this
 country without any history at-

▪ Omnia quæ sensu voluntur vota diurno,
 Pectore sopito reddit amica quies.
 Judicibus lites, aurigæ somnia currus,
 Vanaque nocturnis meta cavetur equis.
 Venator defessa toro cum membra reponit,
 Mens tamen ad sylvas et sua lustra redit.
 Me quoque Musarum studium sub nocte silenti
 Artibus assuetis sollicitare solet.

• • • • •

tached to it; so we must conclude for ourselves by investigating, as far as we can, the probability of what were its parents. It is rather singular, that in this country, so little notice should be taken of the difference between the two species of mules—the one, the product of the horse with the female ass, and accurately described by Buffon under the title of Bardeau; the other, the product of the ass and the mare, known by the name of the mule: for, while in France and in other countries, the distinct characters of the two animals are familiar to all by different names, we still find in England both species designated by the common name of Mule. The Bardeau, though smaller than the mule, retains more the character of the horse; and it is a knowledge of this fact that has led to the conclusion that this animal belongs to that class. His head, save the ears, has every feature of the horse: its tail is not thin, like the mule and ass; but thick and full of hair, like the horse; its limbs also bear a stronger resemblance to the latter. In its temper and general habits, it partakes more of its dam than its sire—it has none of the generous feelings of the one, but has imbibed all the worst qualities of the other. It would be extremely useful but for this; being capable of undergoing great privations and hardships, and its pace exceedingly good and safe. If treated with violence, its temper knows no bounds; neither blows nor entreaty can conquer it; and it retains a sense of injury a considerable time, combining with it some of the cunning peculiar to animals in their wild state. Its usefulness, therefore, is very limited; and we are induced to speak

of it thus far, to accompany the portrait in this month's Magazine, to give to the world another freak in Nature's wild field for study.

Mr. Davis, the painter of the beautiful picture from which we copy this subject, has also just painted a picture of the Giraffe for His Majesty, which, we understand, has given great satisfaction. The Artist has endeavored to give interest to the picture, by painting the animal in its various characters, so as to give as much idea as possible on canvas of its several peculiarities.

EPSOM COURSING MEETING.

SIR,

AS you obliged me last year by the insertion of some remarks on the first meeting of the *Epsom Coursing Club*, and I have reason to flatter myself they may have been productive of some little benefit, I venture to trouble you with a few observations on their first meeting *this season*. Notwithstanding the objections I took last year to some of their proceedings, I observed many essentials to the forming a good Club, and I augured that it would improve.—“*Parva omnium initia*,” and “*Nemo repente fuit celeberimus*,” Mr. Editor; and we cannot expect any Club to rise to eminence in one season. I made a point of attending the three days, the 6th, 7th, and 8th of this month, and in every respect the thing is decidedly improved.

The Puppy Cup brought out several very promising dogs, and I think *Triumph* and *Tiny* (winners of the Cup and Goblet) two as clever and well-conditioned bitches as ever were slipped at

Ashdown, or elsewhere. Nor were they without adequate competitors, as their two last ties were run twice before the Umpire would decide; and the first of them between Triumph and a very slapping young dog, *Lancer*, was so close a thing, that several preferred the dog to the bitch for the second course, though the event rather proved them mistaken.

I recognised my old friend Trinket looking as quick and clever as ever; but a year's additional age had not improved her speed: she had a hard matter to win on the first day, and was easily beaten on the second. The first day's coursing was on the Ashstead side of Epsom Downs. Here there were some few good courses, but generally the hares ran badly. The second day, on Leatherhead Downs, afforded a treat to sporting men. The ground was excellent, the arrangements good, and the hares *all witches*. There were but two indifferent courses; the others were all as good as the keenest sportsman could wish. The third day concluded the sport, on the Walton side of Epsom Downs; and here the hares ran well. Some few of the matches were run off from the trap, which I wish had not been; as, independently of this, I should say this meeting was a good one.

I remain, Sir, your constant reader,
AN OLD COURSER.
Chipstead, Nov. 14, 1827.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1827.

For the Cup.—Mr. North's yel. and wh. d. *Lancer* beat Dr. Dunlap's blk. d. *The Dominic*; Mr. J. Turner's r. b. *Tiny* beat Mr. Knight's r. b. *Lufra*; Mr. Tanner's br. b. *Needle* beat Mr. W. Turner's bl. and wh. d. *Tarquin*; Mr. F. Ladbroke's wh. b. *Lady* beat Mr. Reid's blk. b. *Ruby*; Mr. J. Turner's r. and wh. b.

Triumph beat Sir G. Quentin's blk. b. *Reality*; Sir G. Quentin's wh. d. *Rob Roy* beat Mr. Reid's r. d. *Rufus*; Sir J. Reid's yel. d. *Romeo* beat Mr. Ladbroke's blk. d. *Lottery*; Mr. Reid's bl. b. *Rebecca* beat Mr. Ladbroke's br. d. *Luck*.

Headley Stakes, two sovs. each.—Mr. North's blk. b. *Leda* beat Mr. Reid's blk. and wh. d. *Rob Roy*; Mr. Knight's r. and wh. b. *Trinket* beat Mr. Tanner's blk. b. *Kitty*.

Woodcote Park Stakes, two sovs. each.—Mr. J. Turner's blk. p. b. *Tawny* beat Mr. Knight's blk. b. *Bess*; Mr. Tanner's blk. b. *Tip* beat Mr. F. Ladbroke's blk. d. *Loeway*; Mr. Cahill's blk. and wh. b. *Locket* beat Mr. Ladbroke's blk. d. *Lofty*; Mr. Reid's blk. d. *Rolla* beat Sir J. Reid's blk. d. *Romulus*.

Matches.—Mr. F. Ladbroke's *Myrtle* beat Dr. Dunlap's *Dandy*; Mr. North's *Lais* beat Dr. Dunlap's *Wilhelmina*; Mr. Reid's *Regina* beat Mr. Tanner's *Lodi*; Mr. Reid's *Rachel* beat Mr. Ladbroke's *Legacy*; Sir J. Reid's *Remus* beat Captain Smith's *Snowball*; Mr. Reid's *Rubicon* beat Captain Smith's *Spring*.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1827.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Rebecca beat *Rob Roy*.
Lancer — *Romeo*.
Tiny — *Needle*.
Triumph — *Lady*.

Deciding Course of Headley Stakes.—Mr. North's blk. b. *Leda* beat Mr. Knight's r. and wh. b. *Trinket*, and won the *Stakes*.

TIES OF WOODCOTE PARK STAKES.

Tawny beat *Rolla*.
Locket — *Tip*.

Union All Age Stakes, two sovs. each.—Sir J. Reid's blk. d. *Romulus* beat Mr. North's blk. and wh. b. *Lais*; Mr. Reid's wh. b. *Regina* beat Mr. Ladbroke's blk. d. *Lofty*.

Sir J. Reid and Mr. Reid divided the *Stakes*.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1827.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Triumph beat *Lancer*.
Tiny — *Rebecca*.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Mr. Turner's r. b. *Tiny* beat Mr. J. Turner's r. and wh. b. *Triumph*, and won the *Cup*; *Triumph* won the *Goblet*.

Deciding Course of Woodcote Park Stakes.—Mr. J. Turner's blk. p. b. *Tawny* beat Mr. Cahill's blk. and wh. b. *Locket*, and won the *Stakes*.

Ewell Stakes, two sovs. each.—Mr. J. Turner's yel. p. b. *Topaz* beat Mr. Knight's r. p. b. *Lufra*; Mr. W. Turner's

bl. and wh. p. d. Tarquin beat Mr. Reid's blk. p. b. Ruby.

Mr. J. Turner and Mr. W. Turner divided the Stakes.

Matches.—Mr. North's Loraine beat Mr. Reid's Rachel; Sir J. Reid's Remus beat Mr. F. Ladbroke's Myrtle; Mr. Ladbroke's Leeway beat Mr. Reid's Ruby; Dr. Dunlap's Dandy beat Mr. F. Ladbroke's Myrtle; Mr. Ladbroke's Lottery beat Mr. Reid's Rubicon; Mr. North's Lupus beat Mr. Reid's Rob Roy; Mr. Pollen's Fly beat Mr. Cahill's Spin; Dr. Dunlap's The Dominic beat Mr. Ladbroke's Lottery; Mr. Reid's Regina agst Mr. Floud's Sal—undecided; Mr. Floud's Hawk beat Sir J. Reid's Romulus; Sir J. Reid's Romeo beat Mr. J. Turner's Tamarind; Mr. F. Ladbroke's Venus beat Mr. J. Turner's Topaz; Mr. Reid's Rachel beat Mr. Ladbroke's Legacy.

NEWMARKET THIRD OCTOBER, OR HOUGHTON MEETING.

SIR,

THE town full of company, and nearly all the stables full of horses, yet none could be found to enter the list against Chateau Margaux for the 25 sovs. Subscription for five, six, and aged horses, Beacon Course, on the first day; so that this noble fellow had nothing to do but take a solitary canter over the course, and Mr. Wyndham no other trouble than that of pocketing the money—although it was given out that Chateau Margaux stood on a foundation not to be depended upon. We had, however, eight races besides: the first, a match between Lunacy and Latimer—the former, 8st. 7lb., against 8st. 5lb. Lunacy went as if she had on a strait waistcoat, but won easy; Latimer needed no restraint; he will never run away—the pace too slow to afford pleasure (I should think) even to the winner.

Translation (Mr. Walker's) beat Colonel Wilson's Tippetwitchet filly, equal weights. Boyce rode the winner against Buckle,

Captain Candid colt—Augusta's dam—8st. 4lb., beat Lord Tavistock's Pilot, 8st. 7lb.—the pace so very slow and bad, that the four pounds given could not have made a race of it had they been taken off.

Recruit, with Dockery upon him, met Goshawk, rode by Robinson, to settle an old grudge; the weights equal, and the distance a fair one, across the Flat. It was a sharp engagement for a long time; but Goshawk, like an old soldier, remembered former beatings, and without any sense of shame gave up to a Recruit.

Gulnare, the winner of the Oaks, gave 9lb. to Marinella; the winner rode by Boyce, the loser by Arnul. It was an easy race, though Gulnare was not considered well at the time, but looked well. In the last few strides, however, it began to tell upon her, and on the following morning she was quite ill:—won just in time.

Lamplighter beat Pastime the two middle miles, the latter giving 9lbs.—a bad-made match, the distance and weights all in favour of the winner. On the other side of the Ditch the contest was most severe: Pastime could never come up to the head of her powerful opponent, with all the advantages in his favour, with any chance of remaining there. Two real good nags, and well rode—the winner by the veteran Buckle, who made very unusual play for him, which play gave him the race.

Babel beat Hobgoblin, 8st. 4lb. each, easy—the pace slow.

Souvenir beat Toso, D. I., equal weights; smart but easy. Robinson rode the winner, Buckle the loser—both delightfully.

Glenartney received a forfeit this day. I merely notice it be-

cause I think it is the last in his life, unless there should be a great destruction in the ranks of those he stands opposed to. I must here apologize, as I do most sincerely, for an error I made when I said he *never won a race*, which I now find he did at Ascot; but this is the only one he won in his noisy, roaring life. If he roars again, by one rash, cruel act of his master, it must now be in a treble voice.

Juryman sold about this time to Lord Sefton for 800*l*. Now, I am told, his Lordship might have *bought one in Wales* for half the money. I hear that he had been sold previously to another person for 600*l*., but from some error in the mind or optics, the former bargain was made void. I know a 6, with a little turning and twisting, will make a very plausible-looking 9, and a man might easily make the mistake in his own favour. How a *six* is made to look like *eight*, I have still to learn.

The first race on TUESDAY, Lord Tavistock's Hostage, 8st. 10*lb*., beat Lord Wharnccliffe's Whisker filly, 6st. 12*lb*. G. Edwards rode the winner, A. Pavis the loser—an easy race.

The second race, Tarandus, 10st., beat Prism, 8st. Wheatley rode the winner, having the speed in his favour all the way.

Johnny, rode by Robinson, beat Protestant, rode by Boyce, easy.

Handicap Sweepstakes, 10 sovs. each: Five started—Stumps, cat-rying (five years old) 8st. 12*lb*.; Serenade, three years old, second, 7st. 10*lb*., who, according to the usages in racing, ought to have carried a stone less. Neureddin, Nonsuit, and Intruder, intruded but very little. The pace was very good; and Stumps, though consi-

dered stout only, shewed he could “stir his stumps” if that horrid impediment, weight, was removed.

Fifty Pounds, for all ages, beginning at a feather; aged horses, 9st. 10*lb*., with all the usual intermediate weights; the distance the last three miles of the Beacon Course; the winner to be sold for 300*gs*. &c.—Turcoman first, well rode by young Buckle; Link Boy second, rode by Boyce—the pace so good, that the rest, seven in number, were left at all distances within the last half mile. This performance was considered so good, and racing so much on the increase, that a swarm of claimants instantly surrounded the Judge's chair; but the Duke of Richmond, as owner of Link Boy, exercised his authority, and added Turcoman to his valuable stud.

For the 100*l*. Plate, Ditch In, three started. Skiff, who had been hacked about over England and Scotland—lamed, if not “spavined and wingalled”—won very easy, beautifully rode by Wheatley; Thales (Mr. Sloane's), a new acquisition to the turf, second; and Mortgage third, who looked thin and rough—certainly not recovered from his summer campaign: but recollecting what he was, and not looking at what he is, made him a great favorite.

Dilly bought Recruit from Lord Exeter for 600*l*. He is a very pretty little nag, but has been hardly dealt with as a Recruit; indeed, there are few veterans that could have stood more severe drillings, or harder field-days, besides sharp engagements, than this Recruit.

WEDNESDAY.—We had about ten or eleven two and three year-olds started for a 50*l*. Plate, Starch the favorite, at only 2 to 1

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against her. Othello was second favorite, as well as second in the race. Bobadilla, at any odds against her, won. A. Pavis rode the winner very well indeed; Sam Day rode Othello; a very near thing. Dilly claimed Bobadilla at 350gs.; so that the two first horses, as well as their riders, are now all in one stable.

Antiope colt tried to give Brocard 6lb. across the Flat; but when it is considered what he had been doing, and what Brocard can do, the thing at once appears impossible. Betting people thought so too, when they offered 6 and 7 to 4 on Brocard, who won rather cleverly; finely rode by Wheatley. Buckle rode the loser equally well; the pace very good, very true, and very fast.

The third race was a Handicap 50l. Plate, which Goshawk won, rode by Robinson; Royal Oak, a good second, by John Day, who, fearing the Judge might not see him, cried out, "Look at me!" or words to that purpose: whereas, if he had kept farther off, he would have been seen, in my opinion, in a much better situation, and his speech rendered unnecessary. Goshawk ran with great spirit and good humour. It was evident that the 4lbs. he received from Royal Oak and Recruit made him feel so comfortable; for, had the 4lbs. been put upon him again, we should have seen him as sulky and desponding as he now appeared sprightly and gay.

THURSDAY'S racing began by Mr. Forth's St. Leger, a cocktail (Buckle), beating Latimer (Robinson); the pair so bad, that I must henceforth consider these two eminent jockeys humbled, the turf polluted, and Newmarket disgraced by such a paltry exhibition.

Handicap Stakes, 10 sovs. each, Royal Oak won rather handsomely; rode again by John Day, who, benefiting by experience, took a decidedly better line of ground; A. Pavis, on Deer, second; Helenus third; with four others all close up. A real good Handicap, and well contested. The betting was about 4 to 1 against Royal Oak, the same against Helenus and Tarandus. After this, the Marquis of Tavistock is said to be the owner of Royal Oak by private purchase.

Maresfield, 8st. 2lb., beat Babel, 8st. 10lb., Two-year-old Course, 200 sovs.—Babel is too slow for a short race; for, though she is very tall, very slight, and particularly taper in the waist, no distance short of two miles shews her to the greatest advantage.

Sweepstakes, 10 sovs. each, for two-year-olds. Wheatley, on Zoe, jumped off, made good use of a start, and had it all his own way; Bloss's Miracle filly a bad second; with five others, marked so visibly as to be easily distinguished from race horses henceforth and for evermore.

Mr. Wyndham's Camel, carrying the *Hump*, with all his Eastern pomp, and Arnul to boot, beat Redgauntlet at even weights, Ab. M. 200 sovs. They came well together to the bushes, when Camel, putting forth his long uncouth legs down the hill, soon put Redgauntlet to the blush, who cannot bear a rival at any time, particularly one so formidable as a Camel. Redgauntlet will in future, I have no doubt, think and act like the Yorkshireman at Doncaster, when on the point of settling a dispute with O'Mara, who, poor good-tempered man! does sometimes, sorely against his will, get into a bit of a wrangle; but, as it *never happens*

about receiving a bet, some little allowances ought to be made. York, however, thinking the person and the pocket one and the same thing, chose [(perhaps because he could not help himself) to take his out in fighting. Soon "peeling" and ready for the fray, he stood with bold and fierce anxiety, waiting on the field to take his dues; Tim, as willing to pay in this way as any other, met him with equal alacrity, stripped and ready; but as nature had done much for him in the way of clothing, and of that colour too best suited to deeds of darkness, York no sooner beheld him, than he exclaimed, "I'll feight any mon, but I winnot feight a bear."

Lord Exeter's Maranilla, 8st. 2lb., beat Lord Orford's Protestant, 8st. 7lb. Take five pounds from the loser and put it on the winner, and I should then have doubts; for let Catholics be what they may, any *Catholic* is as good as this *Protestant*.

Mr. Wyndham's Gaberlunzie, 8st. 3lb., beat Brocard, 8st. 6lb. This is a weight that ought not to have been given; it was, however, so near a thing that Wheatley, on Brocard, I could see from his riding, thought he had won; and he would have done so, if he had taken the other side of the course.

The Handicap Plate, 50 sovs. D. L.—Stumps won it, but not without a shew of claret on his silver sides; Dervise, and a light weight, tried in vain to catch him. Arnul rode the winner.

FRIDAY.—Mr. Ramsbottom's Prism, in all the varied hues, from *amber—table—able—to miserable—but no brown stout*—presumed to equal in toughness and purity, the produce of Whalebone and Snowdrop, the property of Mr. Payne, and failed of course.

Toso, rode by Boyce, beat Carthusian very easy—two to one on Toso. In the early part of the race Toso was either beat, or "gammoned" it well.

Enamel as fresh as fire, 8st. 7lb., beat Belzoni, 8st. 3lb.—Dockery the winner, against Arnul, for 200 sovs. Belzoni found as many difficulties on the Two-year-old Course at Newmarket, as his poor enterprising name-sake did on the plains of Africa, but not so hazardous.

Maria, very thin and haggard, totally unlike anything kept by His Majesty, beat Mr. Hunter's Lutzen in a perfect canter, and nothing more. Robinson rode the winner.

Belzoni was to have started again to-day, but it seems, amongst *all* his wishes, he has not *one* to find a Lamplighter.

Nine good fair nags started for a Gold Cup, Ab. M.; but the season is so far advanced now, that the young ones, on account of the weights and heavy ground, had it all their own way. Othello won, Pavis rode him; Pilot second, and Goshawk a good third.

The Audley End Stakes, making the sixth and last race of the day, very interesting always—Souverin, a very stout creature, though very small in parts where strength is generally supposed to be found, won—I should say clever; the Antiope colt second, looking very handsome and strong, but a good deal stumped up. Pastime, at the Duke's stand, looked like winning; but two stone to things so good, and the ground very heavy, was too much for her in the last struggle.

SATURDAY.—Starch beat Recruit a match. Unreasonable as men generally are in their expectations in matches, I should think this far exceeded the Duke of Richmond's moderate expectations.

Apollo, a roarer, beat De Vere, also a roarer. This was a roaring dust, and, though a slow movement, was neither sweet nor impressive: Lord Jersey seemed to admire it most.

Zoe beat Garnish; very severe. This was a new purchase at 100l. of Lord Lowther—a cheap bargain.

Maresfield, Robinson, 8st. 7lb. beat Marinella, 8st. Boyce.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, six started; Zoe won again. rode by Pavis, quite easy; Nonsuit second, Wheatley; the winner to be sold for 200l.—Lord Lowther claimed for Mr. Malony—it would not shew judgment in his Lordship to sell for 100l. and buy again for 200l. notwithstanding she had won twice in one day, and had at hand twenty ready purchasers.

Helenus paid to Chateau Margaux: this was a race that ought to have been run; it was a new course to Chateau; Helenus had run it well all his life, and is a well-known good starter. If the old argument must be used, "small doings with small means," it ends the thing at once.

The last race of the day and of the Meetings was for a Gold Cup, a gay field and a gaudy prize. Noureddin (rode by George Edwards, 5lbs. above his weight) and Snowdrop ran a dead heat. This being a prize not easily divided to the satisfaction of both, one thinking the Cover not so good as the Cup, the two started again, substituting Buckle (carrying 5lbs. less) for Edwards, which just enabled Noureddin to win by a head.

The greater part of the company waited till the last moment, thus finishing the racing season, which has been remarkable for good sport and fine weather, never having rained but once for a few

minutes, during race time, for the whole three weeks.

The improvements are still going on both on the training ground and course, under the able management of the "good Steward" Lord Lowther, who is fast fulfilling the prophecy, which says, "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain." Indeed his Lordship's industry and powerful hand are as perceptible on the turf as on the turnpike; and one is lost where to admire him most—in M'Adam or M'Heath.

OBSERVATOR.

Norfolk, Nov. 5, 1827.

FEW LINES FROM NIMROD.

Mr. Thomas Asheton Smith's grand Turn-out with his New Pack of Fox-hounds, at Weyhill, Hants.—Steam Coaches, &c.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH I find you are about to present your readers with rather a large dose of the Yorkshire Tour in the forthcoming Number, yet, as it is to be a double one, you may perhaps make room for a few remarks on one or two subjects which have fallen under my observation since I wrote last.

Permit me to compliment you on the two beautiful plates in your November Number. To the admirer of Nature, in her most perfect form, the greyhound bitch, Blast, is worth journeying a hundred miles to see, and she has proved herself quite equal to her appearance, which is not always the case in the animal world—although I have reason to think that, in greyhounds, symmetry is a more certain criterion of good-

ness than in the other varieties of the dog species.

We may all feel obliged to *Alfred Highflyer* for his "Answers to Racing Questions." The qualifications for half-bred stakes will ever prove a source of difficulties, disputes, and frauds; but the evils, as he points out to us, would be somewhat diminished by a very strict scrutiny by stewards of races into the pedigrees of horses that are entered for such stakes, and none allowed to start, but under conditions, *when any doubts remain*. Within the last ten years, many thousands of pounds have been walked off with by the owners of thorough-bred horses from want of proper precaution on the part of stewards, which is hard on those who bring really half-bred horses to the post. Difficulties and wrangles, however, will always attend this description of racing; and many are of opinion that the sooner it is done away with the better.

The *Veterinary Surgeon*, p. 13, has given us a most clear and scientific answer to the question on capped hocks. I must say, that in my experience, I have never met with a single instance of their being removed, even when remedies were *immediately* applied. About three months ago a young horse of mine was shut up in his box, with as clean a pair of hocks as ever were produced from a mare. Something set him kicking in the night, and the consequence was, a cap on each hock, nearly the size of small hen's eggs. Cooling fomentations were *instantly* applied; a dose of physic given him; and when inflammation (if there were any, for I could perceive none) might be supposed to be subsided, the parts were well saturated with Lemon's essence and

brandy (equal parts) till scurf was produced; but there are the capped hocks *in statu quo*, and there will they remain so long as he is a horse. I again repeat, I never saw these swellings reduced, neither did I ever know of their producing lameness.

I very much admire Colonel Berkeley's manly avowal of his sentiments, at the ordinary at Gloucester races, on a wretched piece of humbug lately played off in that county; and to which it is my intention to allude in a few remarks I am about to offer on Judge Best's much-admired charges to the Grand Juries of Wiltshire. We sinners are bad enough; but, *in these times*, Saints are still more unnatural, and therefore still more to be guarded against.

Hampshire is a country which, of all others, ill accords with early fox-hunting. The numerous coverts and thick hedge-rows with which it abounds render riding across it very unpleasant, until a sharp frost has stripped the trees of their leaves; and that has not reached us yet, although I am every day expecting it, as the field-fares have been arrived some time.

Frost or no frost, however, leaves on the trees, or no leaves on the trees, I could not resist forming one of the number, on Friday the second instant, at the grand turn-out of a new pack of fox-hounds, lately introduced into the county of Hants, by that celebrated sportsman, Mr. Thomas Asheton Smith, jun. who resides near Andover, for which place most of your readers know he is the Member. Two circumstances contributed their interest to this fixture. In the first place, it was well known that Mr. Smith had given Sir Richard Sutton the

large sum of a thousand guineas for this pack of fox-hounds; and in the next, *it was reported* that he was to exhibit to the field a beautiful pack of fox-hounds and a beautiful bride on the same day—the new married couple having only arrived at home on the evening before, from Wales, where they had been passing part of their honeymoon. This story I was too good a judge to believe, for I was sure Mr. Smith was too good a judge to make such an exhibition. However, this is certain:—*great publicity had been given to this fixture*; and therefore I was not surprised to see at least three hundred people in the field—a most unusual occurrence in Hampshire, where about the sixth part of that number of horsemen is the average amount with hounds.

At six o'clock on the Thursday evening, the first instant, I found myself comfortably seated at Lord Portsmouth's dinner table, and on the following morning Mr. Fellowes accompanied me to Weyhill, which was the place of meeting, where we arrived at eleven o'clock, and at the same moment with the hounds. Most people have heard of Weyhill: it is a small hamlet on the great Western Road, three miles from Andover, and where the great autumnal fair for sheep, hops, &c. is held. The situation is pretty, commanding a view over a fine country, *but a country fit for any thing but fox-hunting*. In the space of two or three miles, in one direction, are some of the largest woods in England; in two or three miles in another, nothing but beds of flints.

"Of course," said several of my friends, "you know these

hounds*." My answer was, "Sir Richard Sutton's pack was one of the few that have hunted any of the crack countries which I had never seen." I was, however, quite delighted with them on this day. Not only was their appearance, as hounds, splendid indeed, but their performance was equally good. The scent was wretchedly bad, but they stooped to it like rabbit beagles; and, unfortunate as in other respects our day's sport was, any one fond of hunting would have had a treat in seeing this highly-bred pack pick their way inch by inch, as it were, over one stubble field. I must own I was delighted; and I wish some huntsmen I could name had been present to have taken a lesson from their huntsman, Mr. Smith, whose patience and judgment were conspicuous on this *trying* occasion. I say trying, because his fox was but just before him; and he had the eyes of a very large field upon him; but he never lifted his hounds a yard, though the line of country was *apparently* before him; and thus he hit off his fox, for he did not take that line.

I perceive I am getting on too fast, for I have not described the early proceedings of this day. As I observed before, the hounds arrived at the place of meeting at the same time with myself. The pack consisted of twenty couples only; attended by George Gardener, head whipper-in, and who had been hunting them up to that period of the season. A second whip, whose name I did not ask, and a nice boy, also dubbed a whipper-in (a son of William Nevard's, Mr. Warde's old huntsman, and a pretty horseman for

* Several of my friends also said, "Why, NIMROD, where is your condition?"—This question is answered by saying, I was on a horse that had been lying in a stable with no windows in it, and doing no work.

his age), were also in the field. Gardener came to Mr. Smith with the hounds, having come to Sir Richard Sutton from Holderness, where he lived with Mr. Digby Legard, who hunted that country, and who sold his pack to Sir Richard for three hundred guineas; and out of which pack, if my recollection serves me, Sir Richard kept seven couples only. So much for the men. About half-past eleven the master arrived on one of the whip's horses, and after paying his respects to some of the inmates of the carriages—of which there were about twenty on the ground, some of them containing part of the principal families in that neighbourhood—he jumped *à la Leicestershire* from the whip's horse to another, and paid his devoirs to his pack, who wagged their sterns and licked their lips to welcome him.

How different is hunting in some countries to hunting in others! The horse Mr. Smith rode, *as his hunter*, on this day, was a little cat-legged thing, scarcely fit to carry a man to covert in Leicestershire, and which nearly gave him a fall over the only place he rode him at. I conclude, however, this gallant horseman does not think it necessary to ride *a hunter* over Hampshire.

Being on a young horse not used to hounds, I was afraid to go very near this beautiful pack, but I was near enough to ken over their condition. They were very even, and very light, but none too light to run over flints; and looked as bright in their skins as could be expected after cub-hunting in Collingbourne Woods, Doyle Woods, &c. in the late wet season. I only asked the name of one

hound, which I found was got by Mr. Osbaldeston's Vanquisher, of whom I have already spoken, and he has much of the fine deep form in his fore-quarters that his sire is so distinguished for.

Our first start on this day was very unfortunate. I say unfortunate, because disappointment arose where every precaution had been taken to prevent it, and therefore the more severely felt. Our first draw was the coverts of Redenham, the seat of Sir John Pollen, one of the best preservers of foxes in the country, and one of Mr. Smith's right-hand men; but also a preserver of pheasants to no small amount. We found instantly, and in three minutes I heard, *who-hoop*. "Ah!" said I, "these foxes in preserves always remind me of a well-fed Alderman. They live well, but *their toes pay the forfeit*." Whether the fox I am speaking of *had been in a trap, or not*, I took little trouble to inquire; but this I know, when the gallant pack were eating *him*, there was *another* in a trap within twenty yards of the place where he died. So much for keepers and their traps! Rabbit traps, I conclude; but "curse *all* traps," say I, in countries that are hunted by fox-hounds.

When I first heard of Mr. Smith hunting the Andover country, I set it down as a mere frolic of the day, never dreaming that he intended persevering in doing so. It now appears that he is in real earnest; and the gentlemen of his neighbourhood must be highly pleased with the compliment he has paid them in selecting so magnificent a pack of hounds to hunt their country. I conclude Mr. Smith will plant gorse coverts on his father's property on the Ames-

bury side, which much resembles Salisbury Plain. Here he may almost ensure a gallop; but his Hampshire woodlands are too large for sport, and I should be almost inclined to term them the worst country in the known world.

Mr. Smith, senior, was on the ground, in his coach and four, but afterwards mounted the old black horse, so well known on the Wiltshire Downs. It is said that he highly approves of the new pack of fox-hounds, and intends to preserve the foxes strictly on his extensive property in the neighbourhood. As for Mr. Smith, junior, he was all smiles and good humour, as a man fresh from his bribe ought to be, and his conduct gave universal satisfaction. As I accompanied Mr. Fellowes to Husborne Park, I left the field about half-past two, so did not hear the conclusion of the day; but the scent was too weak to give us a chance of sport, even with such a pack as this, of which too much cannot be said in praise.

On Thursday last, I am told, these hounds had a capital run of two hours over the best part of their country, and killed their fox in fine style. My informant was—(*the father of all Hampshire Nimrods*)—Mr. Russell, who once hunted a great part of Mr. Villebois's country and other parts of Hants.

As I am now writing on various subjects, and have just been speaking of two illustrious sportsmen—one of whom perhaps will be remembered for generations to come—it may not be ill-timed to take this opportunity of presenting to my readers a few lines which were written a short time since on the

late Hon. Samuel Ongley, a conspicuous character and a most determined rider in the Oakley Hunt. Having had the pleasure of seeing this gentleman's performance over a country, and being acquainted with some intimate friends of his, I can safely assert, that the picture is not over-drawn. Of the author I am ignorant, as they were given me by a brother-sportsman, who did not feel authorized to reveal his name.

Admired for every manly grace
That marks a champion of the chase;
And with a heart prepared to feel
For friendship's woe, and friendship's weal;
Once ONGLEY graced the covert's side,
Its joy, its ornament, its pride.
Oh! ye, who knew his healthful * day,
And saw him make triumphant way,
O'er frowning fence, o'er hill and dale;
Saw him the swollen brook assail;
And with what ease he could efface
The various obstacles of chase—
Say—WHO COULD BEAT HIM IN ITS
RACE?

Ye, who have seen his azure eye
Beam with exulting extacy;
When from the woodland brake the sound
Telling the gallant game was found—
Did ever eye, of azure ray,
With more diffusive pleasure play?

Ye, who have seen him at the time,
When Melon † glitter'd in his prime;—
Seen him on some high-scenting day,
Shoot, like a meteor, to obey
The animating "*Gone away*;"—
Did ever man or horse appear
So form'd to shine in burst severe?

Ye, who have seen him in that field,
Where all had been compell'd to yield,
Save one attempting struggle—vain,
With ONGLEY, Brotherwood ‡ to gain:—
Did ever jealous feeling then
Reduce him down to common men?
And when the pack, besmear'd with gore,
Proclaim'd the stormy contest o'er;
And he attained its final bounds,
Alone, amongst victorious hounds;
And one by one the flagging train
Came up to question and explain—
Did ever taunt from him offend
The feelings of defeated friend;
Or, ever, in that buoyant hour,
Did ONGLEY boast superior power?

* Mr. Ongley was a martyr to the gout, but could not subdue his ardour for the chase, neither did its effects on his constitution, severe as they were.

† A favorite hunter of Mr. Ongley's.

‡ A covert in the Oakley Hunt.

So, then! Mr. Editor, all our Knights of the Whip are to be turped to the right about, and their places occupied by smoky-faced engineers, with greasy fingers and dirty aprons! But, is it really true, that carriages for public conveyance are to be propelled by steam, instead of drawn by horses? Arguing from what we have experienced, I should not hesitate believing, that, sooner or later, it may be so; that is to say, if no obstacles are raised by Government, as fresh Acts of Parliament, for tolls, duties, &c. will of course be necessary. But, looking to consequences, is it wise or politic at this period of distress—when we are about to expatriate some of our poor from want of employment, and to half-starve those who are kept at home—is it politic, I say, to be perpetually granting patents to diminish manual labour, and thereby to take bread from thousands—aye, tens of thousands—of those who now earn it so dearly? I allude to coachmen and horse keepers, and a long list of other persons, who live by working for proprietors of coaches drawn by horses on the various public roads, and who would lose their situations if steam-carriages are to be employed.

I am not disposed to enter into this subject at present, but shall dismiss it with an extract from an admirable letter I perused this morning in the *County Herald** (a weekly paper published in London) on the present distressed state of the un-employed poor of this country; in the purport of which I most heartily concur.

“I love old England; and love

to my country constrains me to lament the evils that weaken her internal strength, or tarnish her external glory. Her beauty is greatly marred, her once noble principles have been nearly exterminated, by theoretical speculations and false calculations, and the glare of novelty has taken up the ground of honest and contented industry.

“Will you permit me, Sir, through the medium of your valuable paper, to point out to your readers what appear to me to be two great causes of our national decline. I call it a decline; for who can look upon our unemployed, paupered, starving, begging, miserable population, and not perceive that the sun of England's prosperity is fast setting?

“The first great evil to which I shall allude as the cause of our national decline, is the *overwhelming power of machinery*. I know there is difference of opinion on this point, and this may be expected: but I have been a close observer of the increase of machinery, and have witnessed with pain of heart an increase of pauperism with the increase of machinery. I well remember that about thirty years ago, before the wool-combing business was superseded by machinery, the poor women and children were employed (for twenty or thirty miles round the spot where I am now writing) in the wholesome and amusing exercise of spinning wool; and the like was seen in almost every part of the land; and then the labourer's wife and children earned, with smiles of contentment, their own bread. But now, what spectacle is presented in the same

* In this paper, I also noticed the following remark, which gave me pleasure:—“At Newmarket fair, on Thursday, there was a large show of stock, which met with dull sale, except good hunters, which, in consequence of the fox-hounds being brought into the neighbourhood, fetched good prices.”

extent of country? Idleness, impudence, pauperism, and misery."

Although Mr. John Lawrence and myself never exchanged *words* with each other, a good many *lines* have passed between us; and on any other subject but the condition of hunters, I trust we are on very friendly terms. Being an admirer of Nature, I sometimes look into Natural History; and in a work that has passed through four editions, is a companion for Mr. L.'s anecdote of his musical cat. Cats, we know, are understanding animals; but *who would have looked for this wisdom in a goose!!*

"Stupid as the goose is generally esteemed, instances have occurred of its evincing a considerable degree of instinct. The following circumstance occurred in 1806:—A gentleman at Hadley, near Barnet, had four geese and a gander, which were usually permitted to graze on the adjacent common. One frosty morning they were turned out as usual, but were soon observed to return, and in a few minutes afterward were seen with a woman's patten in each of their bills, making their way towards the pond, as if with a design of breaking the ice. The owners of the pattens, more alarmed for their property than solicitous to learn how such implements could have been used, attacked the geese: but these made so stout a resistance that it was necessary to call in farther aid against them. The owner of the geese was much displeased at this ill-timed interruption, as the animals had evidently *some* design in view, and that of making an opening on the surface of the pond is by no means improbable. It is also worthy of remark, that to get the

pattens, these geese had to enter a yard, and go round to the back of the house, where they found them in the passage by the kitchen door."

* When I was at Rugby, a good exercise shewn up in school was distinguished by what was called "*a long mark*." Now this long mark was a mere scratch with a pen in this form —, a small donation generally accompanying it. Now I put no price on Mr. Lawrence's story; neither do I say it is above all price; but mine certainly is deserving of the *long mark*, for it savours most infernally of the *long bow*.

NIMROD.

November 20, 1827.

EXTRA COURSING AT ASH-DOWN PARK.

ON Friday, the 9th of November, a Produce Match took place at Ashdown Park between Mr. Gering, of Uffington, Berks, so justly celebrated for his breed of greyhounds, engaged to run a main with Mr. Daniel Trinder, of Wantage, each party to run a brace of a litter, for one sovereign each course and twenty guineas the main.

Mr. Gering's yel. b. Goldfinch beat Mr. Trinder's (West's) fawn b. Flash.—Mr. Trinder's (Field's) fawn. d. Fling beat Mr. Gering's yel. d. Gas.

Deciding Course.—Fling beat Goldfinch, and won the Main.

The courses were long and severe, all on turf, with good hares, who ran home well—the first only killed within twenty yards of the covert by Flash, who shewed most extraordinary bottom throughout the course, but lost it by not being such a sharp runner at hand as Goldfinch. Fling won his courses

in high form; and is a strickler for such a large dog.

Sir Hussey Vivian, not being present on the 2d of November, when the main for the Cup was run for (see p. 121), and, from the report of his friends who had the charge of his greyhounds, not

conceiving that he had won the Cup in a satisfactory manner, has very handsomely offered to run it over again when Cataline is recovered from his lameness: and it is generally believed Mr. Cripps will accede to Sir Hussey's liberal proposal.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Chase.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

ON Monday the 12th inst. Mr. Chadwick's South Staffordshire fox-hounds met at Barr Beacon, with a field of nearly two hundred horsemen, including H. M. Chadwick, Esq. (who hunts them), the Earl of Dartmouth, Sir E. Hartopp, Bart., E. D. Scott and J. Swinfen, Esqrs. Messrs. Fircheld, J. Jesson, W. Matthews, J. Addison, B. Round, H. Halford, and many other eminent sportsmen. After trying the gorse without success, they proceeded to Perry Woods (belonging to E. D. Scott, Esq.), where they unkennelled reynard, and had an excellent run of more than two hours, to a covert near Shenstone, where he got into an earth; but he was so dead beaten, that he fell two or three times in the last inclosure, before he got into the covert. Much merit is due to Mr. Chadwick, for having brought the pack to such perfection in one season: he must have paid a wonderful deal of attention both in and out of the kennel; and I congratulate the sportsmen of Staffordshire and Warwickshire who reside within reach on so great an acquisition. Mr. Chadwick has had part of the Warwickshire Hunt given up to him, so that he now has an extensive country. We noticed several Gentlemen from Mr. Boycott's Hunt—viz. F. Holyoake, G. T. Whitgreave and T. S. Hellier, Esqrs. Major Horton, Messrs. C. Homer, T. Bache, and many others.

After the run a great number of the horses and riders were refreshed at the Bull's Head Inn, Shenstone, for which Boniface did not forget to charge. Should this prove acceptable, Mr. Editor, you may perhaps hear again from AN OCCASIONAL FOX-HUNTER.—Nov. 22, 1827.

The Royal Hunt has been well attended during the past month, and the sport good. Mr. Davis, the head huntsman, was kicked by a horse on the 17th, and, though not seriously injured, has been since confined by *tic doloureux*. A report was circulated that he was dead; but, on inquiry, we learn that he is now progressing towards recovery.

The Duke of Beaufort's and Colonel Berkeley's fox-hounds have had several severe runs—indeed, accounts from all parts of the country generally agree that the season has commenced under auspicious circumstances.

The Turf.

RACING INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

Newmarket Craven Meeting.—Monday: Duke of Grafton's b. c. Lancastrian by Merlin, out of Mona by Partisan, agst Mr. Payne's Oppidan, by Rubens, out of Dorina, both two years old, 8st. 7lb. each, R. M. 200, h. ft.—Tuesday: Lord Wharncliffe's b. f. Matilda, by Comus, out of Juliana, 8st. 8lb. agst Mr. Udny's b. f. by Partisan, out of Donna Clara, 8st. both three years old, A. F. 200, h. ft.

At the Worcester Autumn Meeting, a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each for hunters of the present season, with four four-foot leaps, was won by Mr. Parker's Coroner, in two heats, beating Mr. Williams's Hazard and Mr. Jones's Waverley. In the first heat Waverley knocked down the second hurdle and was distanced; in the second, Hazard broke the top of the rail of the last hurdle, and having to be turned, lost so much ground that he could not catch Coroner.

The Cup annually given by the Members of the Hampshire Hunt, for horses belonging to and rode by farmers in the Hunt, was run for at Abbotsdon Down, near Alresford, and won in three heats by Mr. Jolliffe's (of Candover) rean mare; a bridle and saddle were awarded to Mr. Barratt, as second. Nine horses entered, and seven started. The three heats were well contested. Mr. J. T. Villebois acted as steward; and, after the races, took the chair at the Swan, Alresford, where a sumptuous dinner was provided, at which about 250 gentlemen and farmers sat down—the evening passing off with the greatest conviviality.

Newmarket Gold Cup.—This Cup was challenged for in the spring by Mr. Wyndham, with a sealed-up nomination, his being the only challenge. According to the conditions, Lord Grosvenor (in whose family the Cup has been for upwards of forty years) was either to run a match against the challenger for 200 guineas over the B.C. on Tuesday in the First October Meeting, or resign the Cup. His Lordship declined the challenge; and having given up the Cup, it was delivered by the Steward, Lord Lowther, to Mr. Wyndham.—Mr. Wyndham challenged with Chateau Margaux.

Between the Second October and the Houghton Meeting, Euston Park, the seat of the Duke of Grafton, was the scene of considerable festivity, the Noble owner having invited a large and fashionable party to partake of his well-known hospitality. The greater part of the week was occupied in hunting, shooting, falconry, and other field sports; and, by way

of a wind-up to the week, closed with horse-races, all the horses being ridden by Noblemen and Gentlemen, in the Park. Great skill was displayed by the Gentlemen Jockeys in the races, which were all excellently contested.

His Majesty, who is Lord High Steward of Plymouth, has been pleased to signify his gracious intention to present a Gold Plate to be run for at the Plymouth and Devonport races.

It is said that T.B.M. Baskerville, Esq. High Sheriff of Wiltshire, has accepted the office of Steward for the next Salisbury races, and that it is his intention to give a Fifty Guinea Cup, to be run for by horses of the non-commissioned officers and privates of the Wilts Yeomanry Cavalry. The Duke of Leeds has engaged James Robinson, at 300gs. per annum, for his North Country engagements the ensuing year.

Mr. Scott Stonehewer's colt Theorem is sold, and sent to New South Wales.

Mr. T. Kirby has purchased of J. Clifton, Esq. of Lytham Hall, his b. h. Brutendorf, by Blacklock, for 500gs.

Mr. Bach, of Bromfield, has purchased Mr. Mytton's Flexible, by Whalebone, 5 yrs old, for 100gs. for a stallion.

The Marquis of Cleveland has given the Hon. E. Petre a large sum for Nonplus.

Colonel Wilson has challenged with Lamplighter to run any horse in England, and it is expected a match will be made between him and Mulatto.

BETTINGS.

Tattersall's, Nov. 19, 1827.

SIR—There was a stronger muster at the room to-day than for many weeks past, and several very material changes took place upon the DERBY. The Merchant is all the rage, his party backing him with great spirit; and if he only remains as he now is, without training on, he must stand a good chance of winning. The Colonel's friends are very shy, even allowing 8 to 1 against him to go begging; and what with the high sta-

tion of the first favorite, coupled with the report that they have two better in the same stable, has caused the betting to become very flat. Sorcery and Druid, both outsiders, were in high request, and advanced many points, opening at 16 to 1, and gradually getting up to 18, at which figures a good deal of business was done. Shoveler continues firm in his place, and being a very promising colt, is likely to get up, many giving into the opinion that he is the best of Mr. Thornhill's nomination. Hampden appears to be quite gone—100 to 4 and 5 currently offered against him, and no takers.

The OAKS is become a dead letter, the first five engrossing the whole of the attention, and the speculators appearing to have little or no interest upon any others.

The ST. LEGER is likewise very dull, and the high character which already attaches to Mr. Petre's stable will make it more so; and nothing but the nominations will cause a reaction in the betting. The first three remain nearly as before; and excepting three or four fresh ones brought into the market, there is no farther alteration. There is so little said about the match between Matilda and Donna Clara, that I am not warranted to give an opinion either way.—Yours truly,

Z. B.

DERBY.

6 and 7 to 1 agst The Merchant.
8 to 1 agst The Colonel.
12 and 13 to 1 agst Sorcery.
13 and 14 to 1 agst Druid (taken).
20 to 1 agst Omen (taken).
to 1 agst Shoveler (taken).
20 to 1 agst Hampden.
25 to 1 agst Defiance (taken).
30 to 1 agst Larissa.
30 to 1 agst Bugle.
33 to 1 agst Brother to Rachel.
33 to 1 agst Zealot.
33 to 1 agst Zingaree.
33 to 1 agst Lancastrian.
33 to 1 agst Mariner.
40 to 1 agst Amiable.
40 to 1 agst Shakspeare.
40 to 1 agst Lambtonian.
40 to 1 agst Oppidan.
40 to 1 agst Amy.
8 to 1 and 7 to 2 agst The Merchant and The Colonel (taken).
9 to 2 agst Mr. Thornhill's lot.

OAKS.

10 to 1 agst Turquoise.

11 to 1 agst Trampoline (taken).
15 to 1 agst Olympia.
16 to 1 agst Sarah.
25 to 1 agst Rantipole.
25 to 1 agst Zoe (taken).
25 to 1 agst Bess.
25 to 1 agst Sister to Mignionette.
30 to 1 agst Sister to Goshawk.
30 to 1 agst Lestelle.
33 to 1 agst Ruby.
33 to 1 agst Brocard.
33 to 1 agst Elinor.
33 to 1 agst Octaviana.
6 to 5 on Turquoise agst Trampoline.

ST. LEGER.

10 and 11 to 1 agst Velocipede.
11 and 12 to 1 agst Bessy Bedlatti.
12 and 13 to 1 agst The Colonel.
15 to 1 agst The Merchant.
22 to 1 agst Sister to Memnon.
25 to 1 agst Matilda's dam.
30 to 1 agst Emmelina.
30 to 1 agst Shoveler.
30 to 1 agst Harlequin.
33 to 1 agst Ballad Singer.
33 to 1 agst Mariqueta.
35 to 1 agst Marchesa.
35 to 1 agst Sister to Duport.
35 to 1 agst Mabby.
35 to 1 agst Sarah.
40 to 1 agst Jonathan.
40 to 1 agst Defiance.
7 to 2 agst Mr. Petre's stable.
1000 to 8 agst The Colonel, Trampoline, and Bessy all winning.
5 and 6 to 4 on Matilda agst Donna Clara.

Stud Sales.

The stud of race horses, thoroughbred stock, hunters, &c. the property of John Mytton, Esq. was sold by Mr. Beardsworth, at Birmingham, on the 15th of November. The attendance of sporting characters, on this occasion, exceeded that at the sale of the stud of the Duke of York. The game pies, provided by the liberality of Mytton, exceeded in weight 80lb. each, and upwards of five hundred gentlemen lunched in the house. Each lot was a *bona fide* sale, and realised as follows:—

Oswestry, 6 yrs old, by Filho da Puta, dam by Benningbrough, sold to Mr. Jonus for 185gs.

Ellestmere, 8 yrs old, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Cragie, to Mr. Hall—65gs.

Lechmere, 3 yrs old, by Master Henry or Castrel, out of Mervinia, to Mr. Dickenson—61gs.

Bay colt, 8 yrs old, by Comius, out of Dodona, to Mr. Mott—79gs.

Lark, 3 yrs old, by Rubens, out of Stella, in foal to Banker, to Mr. Carr—84gs.

Brown colt, 1 year old, by Sherwood or Filho da Puta, out of Stella, to Mr. Lockley—55gs.

Brown filly foal, by Master Henry, out of Mervinia, to Mr. Dickenson—62gs.

Colt foal, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Cragie, to Mr. Dickenson—45gs.

Brood mare, Mervinia, by Walton, out of Phantasmagoria, by Precipitate, stinted to Champion, to Mr. Charlton—98gs.

Gwernheyld, to Mr. Fitzherbert—45gs.

Milo, to Mr. Rock—53gs.

Warrior, to Mr. Waddell—28gs.

Little Grey, to Mr. Bunney—35gs.

Spot, to Mr. Pool—13gs.

Benson, to Mr. Deaken—46gs.

Mold, to Lord Aylesford—87gs.

Ashbourn, to Mr. Griffiths—54gs.

Bay gelding, by Sir Launcelot, to Mr. Wilkins, 58gs.

Brown mare, 7 yrs old, to Mr. Wilkins—36gs.

Veluti, 7 yrs old, by Walton, to Mr. Griffiths—36gs.

Bay mare, 7 yrs old, by Woodman, to Mr. Vyse—19l. 8s. 6d.

The following were also sold at the same time:—

Chesterfield, 3 yrs old, by Milo, dam by Alexander, to Mr. Bailey—150gs.

The Maid of Mansfield, 5 yrs old, by Filho da Puta, dam by Selim or Soothsayer, out of Sprite, by Bobtail, to Mr. Day—65gs.

Comte d'Artois, aged, by Bourbon, out of Maid of Corinth, to Mr. Bloxwick—38gs.

Bay mare, 5 yrs old, by Phantom, out of Charming Molly, by Rubens (Shakspeare's dam), to Mr. Dickenson—29gs.

Ches. gelding, 7 yrs old, to Mr. Dickenson—40l.

Pair of bay geldings, 5 and 7 yrs old, to Mr. Dickenson—50gs.

Brown gelding, 7 yrs old, to Mr. Deaken—40gs.

Bay mare, 5 yrs old, to Mr. Bailey—55gs.

Bay gelding, 7 yrs old, by Discount, to Mr. Odell—70gs.

Brown gelding, 6 yrs old, to Mr. Williams—60gs.

Grey gelding, 7 yrs old, by Fitzjames, to Mr. Griffiths—28gs.

Potsheen, by Young Whiskey, to Mr. Ree—30gs.

Grey horse, Alpha, to Mr. Day—95gs.

Grey gelding, 5 yrs old, to Mr. Longmore—71gs.

Bay horse, 6 yrs old, to Mr. Bloxwick—31gs.

Brown gelding, 3 yrs old, to Mr. Bartley—40l.

Clever grey gelding, by Knowsley, 5 yrs old, to Mr. Dickenson—45gs.

Bay gelding, 7 yrs old, to Mr. Nott—55gs.

Bay mare, 6 yrs old, to Mr. Day—31gs.

During the Newmarket Houghton Meeting the following racing stock was sold by Messrs. Tattersall:—

Jocko, 4 yrs old, by Filho, out of Miss Chantrey—150gs.

Moslem, 4 yrs old, by Selim, out of Tredille—150gs.

The Marquis of Exeter's.

Enamel, 5 yrs old—500gs.

Attica, 5 yrs old—98gs.

Tirailleur, 4 yrs old—135gs.

Recruit, 4 yrs old—600gs.

Hobgoblin, 4 yrs old—340gs.

Bay colt, by Captain Candid, out of Augusta's dam—290gs.

Bay colt, by Soothsayer, out of Folly—80gs.

Atticus, 3 yrs old, by Comus, out of Advance—91gs.

Filly, 3 yrs old, by Woful, out of Phantom—50gs.

Filly, 3 yrs old, by Captain Candid, out of Pantina—120gs.

Marinella, 3 yrs old, by Soothsayer, out of Bess (bought in)—300gs.

Lord Tavistock's.

Abigail, 3 yrs old, by Whalebone, dam by Rubens—54gs.

Bay colt, 2 yrs old, by Lory, out of Maldonia's dam, not sold.

Lord Jersey's.

Glenartney, 3 yrs old, Brother to Middleton, by Phantom, out of Web (bought in)—740gs.

Ariel, by Phantom, dam by Buzzard—200gs.

Lord Lowther's.

Stingtail, by Gohanna, dam by Highflyer—31gs.

Sister to Whalebone—46gs.

Brown mare, 7 yrs old, by ditto, out of Chryseis—91gs.

Black colt, 2 yrs old, by Magistrate, out of Jocko's dam—30gs.

Grey yearling filly, by Tiresias, dam by Hambletonian—51gs.

Brown filly, by Tiresias, out of Mary (in the Oaks)—60gs.

Bay filly, by Tancred, out of Sister to Whalebone—105gs.

Mr. Sowerby's.

Rufus, 5 yrs old, by Election, out of Prudence—290gs.

Lionel Lincoln, 5 yrs old, by Whalebone—170gs.

COURSING MEETINGS.

At the Louth Coursing Meeting, the Cup was won by Mr. Best's b. Minikin beating Mr. Hoskins's blk. d. Huntingdon. The weather was favorable, and the coursing excellent.

Swaffham.—This meeting, commencing on the 13th November, brought together a vast number of sporting characters, and the sport, on the whole four days, particularly on Tuesday and Friday, was good. —Mr. Gurdon's b. Skylark, in the deciding course, beat Mr. Gurney's b. Asp, and won the Cup. The West-Acre and Narborough Sweepstakes for dog puppies were won by Mr. Buckworth's red p. d. Brickdust beating Mr. Ayton's bl. and w. p. d. Paris; and the Sweepstakes for bitch puppies, by Mr. Gurney's bl. and w. p. b. Anna beating Mr. Gurdon's bl. p. b. Starling.—Forty-one matches were run.

Amesbury.—The Club assembled on the 12th November, and was numerously attended. Sixteen or eighteen sat down at dinner each day, and the sport was considered the best ever seen at Amesbury.—The Cup of guineas was won by Mr. J. H. Vivian's Vivid and Violet beating Mr. Wyndham's blk. b. Wilhelmina and Mr. Heathcote's red b. Honor; the Craven Stakes of 3 sovs. each by Mr. Biggs's blk. b. Blowing beating Mr. J. H.

Vivian's f. b. Vanish; the Dyke Stakes by Mr. Briscoll's Barrier and Boreas; the Tidworth Stakes by Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Bourbon beating Mr. Heathcote's yel. and wh. d. Hosein; the Druid Stakes by Mr. Briscoll's red d. Berwick beating Sir H. Vivian's Ventriloquist; the Amesbury Stakes (First Class) by Mr. Briscoll's yel. b. Bragela, beating General Slade's yel. and wh. d. Swindler; and the Second Class by Sir H. Vivian's blk. b. Volage beating Captain Wyndham's blk. d. Woden.

Barton upon Humber, Nov. 13.—

The First Class of Sweepstakes was won by Mr. Nicholson's r. b. Neva beating Mr. Walkden's r. d. Comus; the Second, by Mr. R. Espener's r. and w. d. Spring beating Mr. W. Holmes's r. b. Chance; the Third, by Mr. J. Espener's r. and w. d. Major beating Mr. Luun's r. d. Roman; and the Fourth Class, by Mr. Green's y. t. b. Wasp beating Mr. Brown's blk. d. Belton. This Meeting is rapidly rising into notice, and the extent of the engagements entered into for a future day will no doubt make it of consequence in the sporting circle. Mr. Wynn, of Appleby, permits the Club to course over his Carrs, adjoining the River Ancholme, and a finer country for the purpose cannot well be conceived. A very numerous field was out, and the fineness of the day, added to the excellence of the coursing, contributed not a little to the pleasures of the morning; and at half-past six a party of thirty of the gentlemen sat down to a most excellent dinner provided by Mr. John Ingoldby, of the George Inn, Barton, where good humour and hilarity prevailed until a late hour.

Chatsworth.—The Puppy Stakes were won by Mr. Rowland's Major beating Mr. Leacroft's Hector; the Chatsworth Stakes, by Mr. Hunloke's Spring beating Mr. Hope's Hero; and the Two-year-old Stakes, by Mr. Hope's Hasty beating Mr. Goodwin's Stella.—Forty matches were run.

Drayton.—Mr. Saunders's Briton

beat Mr. Ballard's Bashful, and won the Cup; Bashful, the Guinea.—Mr. Smith's Intruder beat Mr. Sanders's Magic, and won the Puppy Cup; Magic, the Sovereigns.—Mr. Chamberlain's Merlin and Mr. Harri's Blythe divided the Drayton Stakes.

SPORTING PRINTS.

The lovers of the Fine Arts, as well as our sporting friends, have lately had a treat in the very beautiful print Mr. Raddon has produced, after a picture by A. Cooper, R.A. Of the painting we need say little, our readers being so well acquainted with Mr. Cooper's works, but that this is one of his best. The print is executed in the line manner, and we think the pony, spaniels, and game, are superior to any thing that has appeared since the days of Scott, the admirable engraver of the *Sportsman's Cabinet, History of the Horse, &c. &c.* We therefore most confidently recommend this print to notice, and hope that no man who can enjoy a November day after pheasant, hare, woodcock, snipe, &c. will conceive his breakfast room complete without this engraving.—*For advertisement see wrapper.*

The print mentioned in our Number for October, of Fleur-de-Lis, is in great forwardness, and will appear about the middle of this month, for which we hear there is likely to be a good subscription.

LAW AND SPORTING.

The Berkeley Hunt.—On the 5th of November an action was brought in the Court of King's Bench by a farmer, named Baker, against the Hon. Captain Grantley Berkeley, for riding over the plaintiff's land with his stag-hounds, after having been warned off, thereby committing considerable damage to his property; and also for an assault upon the plain-

tiff in the defendant's attempt to release the stag from a barn in which it had taken refuge. It appeared that the plaintiff was in his farm threshing out his oats, and the gates of his barn were open. The stag was nearly exhausted, and sought protection in the barn, followed by some of the dogs. The plaintiff stood by his gate and opposed all entrance. The defendant saying, "Will any body help to pull the b—y barn down?" aimed a blow at him, and with the assistance of his friends, attacked the plaintiff in a violent manner; for which he sought compensation, as well as for the injury done to his grass. The evidence for the plaintiff proved the trespass and assault; while, for the defendant, it was contended, and proved by several witnesses, gentlemen of the Hunt, that the plaintiff was extremely abusive, and on resisting the party attempting to force the door of the barn was struck with a whip by the defendant; that when the stag got into the barn, the plaintiff closed the doors upon him and three couples of dogs, which so injured the stag that he survived only a quarter of an hour; that the defendant offered to make every compensation; and that the plaintiff refused to let the huntsman into the barn, saying, he did not care if the hounds and deer were both killed. The damage done to the grass was estimated at 23l. 12s. 6d.—The Lord Chief Justice held that the defendant was answerable for the damage done to the land. The plaintiff had a right to hinder the defendant going into his barn; and the defendant was, by his own witnesses, the original aggressor: for he first struck the plaintiff over his fingers with his whip, and then the plaintiff struck him, which he was justified in doing.—Verdict for the plaintiff—damages, 100l.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have again to acknowledge the receipt of many favours, to which we shall endeavour to pay due attention in our next Number. Several late Correspondents will find their communications anticipated from other sources; but we feel equally obliged to them for their kindness.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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No. CXXIV.

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Embellished with,

I. PRANKS and LAZARUS.

II. PORTRAIT OF JOHN SINGLETON.

TO THE SPORTING WORLD, AND, MORE ESPECIALLY, TO
OUR BEST FRIENDS, THE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS
MAGAZINE.

PAINFUL, indeed, is the task that devolves on the present Editor of the Work, in this his first Address, to announce to his readers that Mr. Pittman, the late Proprietor and Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*, is no more. Friendship heard the sad tidings of departed worth with deep regret: affection has shed the tear of widowhood and parental duty: the last dear remembrances of all have attended to the grave a man, who was much and so deservedly esteemed for all those qualities of life that endear us to our intimates, while they command the esteem

and respect of mankind. Having said thus much in grateful remembrance of the deceased, it becomes due to all who are in any way interested either in the publication or its circulation, to make some observations on the Work itself: and, in the first place, to announce that it is Mrs. Pittman's determination that it shall be continued and conducted as heretofore, for the benefit of her young family of seven children.

It may not be improper to observe, that the *Sporting Magazine* was commenced in the year 1792, by a small body of Proprietors,

under the immediate superintendence of the late Mr. Wheble. By him it was conducted down to the year 1818, when Mr. Pittman became Joint-proprietor; and under his auspices it went on progressively improving for several years, till Mr. Wheble's death, which took place towards the end of the year 1820, when Mr. Pittman became sole Proprietor. Though no sportsman himself, Mr. Pittman discovered that the *Sporting World* justly expected, in such a Work, to find, not a mere journal of Sporting Matters, but extensive practical and useful information connected with the various branches of the Turf and the Chase. Fond of literature, and not without taste in composition, he was sensible of former deficiencies in the Work. He resorted to a stricter criticism; and, by an improved style of writing, aided by considerable additional expense in getting out the plates, the publication made its way into more enlarged circulation, not only in the *Sporting World*, but among general readers of both sexes: for the chaste character which the Work has always strictly maintained secures it ready admission to the ladies' drawing room, as well as to the breakfast table of the sportsman.

Well-qualified contributors now commenced gratuitous offers of their assistance—a favour which was the main object that Mr. Pittman had been labouring to attain: and, with a liberality almost peculiar to himself, he soon secured, in addition, such talents as have brought the Work to its present pitch of celebrity.

It remains to express Mrs. Pittman's most grateful acknowledgments to those Gentlemen, through the exertion mainly of whose talents the *Sporting Magazine* has

become such as it is at the present day: and, in offering this humble tribute, so justly due, she cannot repress her inclination to request that the writers who use the signatures of NIMROD, THE OLD FORESTER, NIM NORTH, OBSERVATOR, A MEMBER OF CHRIST CHURCH, VAGUS, and WILL WIMBLE, will in particular be pleased to accept her best thanks, and to favour her with their future contributions. To their generous and acute assistance she still looks forward with the earnest hope, and desire, that they will the better enable her to conduct so arduous an undertaking—one, in which but few women durst make the attempt; but which a numerous family demands at the hands of a parent, with a voice so plaintive yet so commanding, that neither the depression of grief nor the consciousness of inability can induce her to abandon.

Thanks are also due to the various Artists who have so materially contributed their superior talents to embellish the *Sporting Magazine* in the manner it is hoped that it has of late been. Every encouragement will be continued to that meritorious class of elegant assistants.

It remains only to state, that this Publication will henceforward be submitted to the *Sporting World*, under the auspices of one, whom it would not become to pledge himself farther, than by a faithful assurance that no exertions shall be spared on his part to maintain the reputation and to forward the success of the *Sporting Magazine*.

P. S. It is gratifying to announce, since the above was written, that assurances have been given by most of the contributors that they will continue their generous services.

ABRAHAM COOPER, ESQ. R. A.

(From a Painting by JACKSON, R.A.
engraved by THOMSON.)

IN the farther fulfilment of a promise to give the portraits of those artists, whose talents have so materially enhanced the value of this publication, we, in the last Number, presented our friends with that of Mr. Cooper; and it is somewhat gratifying to us to know that the *Sporting Magazine* was one of the early causes of awakening and invigorating the talents of one, who has already afforded such ample proof of the estimation that the productions of his pencil must ever hold, in after-days at least, as well as in our own.

Mr. Cooper was born in Red Lion-street, Holborn, in the month of September 1787, where his father carried on the business of a tobacconist, and was in tolerably easy circumstances. Cigar-smoking not being at that time so much in fashion as at the present day, the business did not afford sufficient employment for Mr. Cooper's inclinations: he accordingly discontinued the trade, and betook himself to keep an inn at Holloway. As is but too frequently the case where persons embark in any occupation to which they have not been brought up, mismanagement leads to misfortune, and ruin is the consequence of pursuing one inconsiderate step.

Painful as it is to us to record, such was Mr. Cooper's lot; and, at the tender age of thirteen, Abraham was compelled to leave the school to which he had been sent, and to embark on the wide world, and seek his own fortune.

During the period Mr. Abraham Cooper was at school, he evinced some disposition for drawing, generally embellishing his

copy-books with sketches of horses, dogs, and ships. He also, at this early age, drew several portraits of horses in water-colours, for a gentleman of the name of Phillips, whose early kindnesses he ever acknowledges with grateful feeling.

It is not a little singular, that, from the time of Mr. Cooper's leaving school till the age of 22, his disposition never shewed the least inclination towards the pursuit of the Fine Arts; and as the circumstance which at this period of life revived his childish fondness for pictorial design was somewhat singular, we venture to relate it.

Henry Meux, Esq. of Castlebar Hill, near Ealing, had, in the year 1809, a favorite old horse, called Frolic, which Mr. Cooper had rode and driven many hundred miles. During their journeys, Frolic became so great a favorite with Cooper, that he resolved on possessing a portrait of him. An artist was accordingly applied to; but, although his terms were exceedingly moderate, Cooper's pocket was not then in a sufficiently flourishing state to attain the object.

His desire, however, to possess such a portrait was continually uppermost in his thoughts. It became his general topic of conversation; and being casually reminded that when a boy he used to draw horses, and being asked "why not try his hand on old Frolic?" the idea so delighted him, that he almost immediately resolved on the attempt. An "Introduction to Oil-Painting," at this time being published by Laurie and Whittle, Cooper was informed by a friend that much information was to be acquired from this source. He accordingly purchased the book; and to this day acknowledges that, by an attentive perusal of it, he acquired far more than the

first rudiments of the art. Still, never having seen an easel, the canvass was hung against the wall for his first effort in oil.

The portrait of Frolic being finished, and in which Cooper had succeeded even beyond his own expectations, he naturally exhibited it to Mr. Meux, who, surprised at the genius displayed in so early an attempt, did not fail to bestow on the painter a friendly commendation, which in no small degree added to his gratification. Nay, he went even farther, by insisting that it should hold place in his collection; and many times since has he declared that nothing should induce him to part with it. We need scarcely add, that this gentleman was not merely Cooper's first, but hence became his valued patron and kind friend. Painting now incessantly occupied his attention. Hitherto his life had been somewhat checquered; but Ambition and Hope now pointed to brighter days.

A few odd volumes of the *Sporting Magazine* were amongst Mr. Cooper's earliest purchases. Marshall's productions were the first that created a spirit of emulation, and he was most desirous of an introduction to that eminent and excellent man; and this he soon obtained through his uncle, Mr. Davis, of equestrian celebrity.

Marshall received him not as a rival; but with the warm heart of friendship generously offered him admission at all times to his study, which was a great advantage to our young artist.

It is here unnecessary to dwell on this topic, as it cannot be better summed up than by an expression of Cooper's, casually made in our hearing: "Those who are acquainted with Marshall all know the kindness of his heart, and (after hearing but little of my eventful

history) his good nature could not allow him to do otherwise than receive me as a friend at once."

Marshall's name being introduced, brings to recollection an anecdote worth relating; but our readers should first be apprised, that, though few men possess a greater share of just prudence, Mr. Marshall has ever proved by his conduct an indifference as to the acquirement of worldly fortune. Talking over old days with him, and remarking on the folly he (Marshall) had displayed in quitting Beaumont-street, where he was so deservedly held in public estimation as a portrait-painter, and burying himself at Newmarket, confining his talents solely to animal painting, Marshall, no doubt, feeling the full force of this friendly freedom, exclaimed, "Stop! Stop! I had a good reason for so doing: I began to discover many a man would give me fifty guineas for painting his horse, who thought ten too much to pay for the best portrait of a wife."

Mr. Cooper continued to study with great assiduity, and in the year 1810 gave up all other pursuits for the Arts. Every fresh attempt he made convinced the discerning that he possessed superior talents; and, it is only justice to say, he met with better encouragement from his friends than artists usually experience. A short time after, by his own exertions he was indebted for introduction to most of the leading men of the day connected with the Arts. In 1812 he became a Member of the Artists' Fund, and was shortly afterwards appointed one of its Guardians. His attention to the interests of that excellent Institution are fresh in remembrance, and were early acknowledged in his appointment as their Chairman, an office he held for five years.

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In 1817, we find Mr. Cooper elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, which body, duly appreciating his general talents, but more especially the remarkable display of them exhibited in his picture of MARSTON MOOR, elected him an Academician in 1820, his diploma being the first signed by His present Majesty after his accession to the throne. To that appointment belong some peculiar privileges, as well as the genuine distinction of Esquire, so perpetually usurped at this day. With true gratitude do we acknowledge Mr. Cooper's past services rendered to our publication; and earnestly do we hope he may long continue to enjoy the deserved reputation such talents, zeal, and industry have acquired!

It is unnecessary to add a list of Mr. Cooper's works, as was our first intention—suffice it to say, they are among the collections of the first sportsmen and patrons of the Arts in England. His Majesty has recently patronized Mr. Cooper, in employing him to paint his celebrated mare, Fleur-de-Lis; Henry Meux, Esq. possesses many of his productions, and continues his extensive patronage. The following Noblemen and Gentlemen are a few among the many who have given encouragement to Mr. Cooper's abilities:—The Dukes of Grafton, Bedford, and Marlborough; Marquis of Stafford; Earls Essex, Carlisle, Egremont, Upper Ossory, and Brownlow; Lords Ribblesdale, Arundel, C. V. Towns- end, Ducie; C. Kerr, C. Bentinck, and Holland; the Hon. G. Berkeley; Sirs M. W. Ridley, R. C. Hoare, G. T. Hampson, J. Swinburn, and Grey Egerton; Colonel Udny; Messrs. G. W. Taylor, H. Combe, S. Marjoribanks, George Morant, J. G. Lambton, F. Freeling, J. A. Houlton, R. Alston, T. Miles,

R. Frankland, John Turner, T. Nash, N. W. Ridley Colborne, and D. Marjoribanks.

PRANKS AND LAZARUS.

EVER desirous of encouraging talent, we have much gratification in presenting to our friends a portrait of this elegant brood mare and her foal, now the property of Mr. Young, of Croydon, from a painting by young Marshall—an artist, who promises at no very distant day to rank amongst the first men in the particular line of the Arts he has chosen for his profession.

PRANKS is a bay mare, foaled in 1809; was bred by Stanlake Batson, Esq. got by Hyperion—dam Frisky, by Fidget (Frolic's dam); Herod—Northumberland Arabian, Sister to Skim.

This mare started only fourteen times, of which she won seven races; beating Pericles (who afterwards challenged for the Whip) at four years old, T. Y. C.; and in 1814, being then five years old, she beat Woful at Newmarket, T. M. M. She also won the Gold Cup at Ascot the same year, two miles and a half, nine subscribers; and at 8st. 8lb. beat Mr. Villiers's br. h. Merryfield, six years old, 9st. at Newmarket, in the Second October Meeting, B. C. one third of a subscription of twenty-five guineas each for five and six year olds, eighteen subscribers—thus proving herself a good runner at all distances. These were her chief performances; but her other races were all long distances, and mostly heats.—She is the dam of Hogarth, who ran third to Middleton in the Derby.

The foal at her foot, now called LAZARUS, is by Moses, and in the Derby 1829. He is particularly handsome, though rather small, but very promising.

DEPTFORD COURSING MEETING.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1827.

THE Cup.—Mr. Vivian's bl. b. Violet, by Voltigeur out of Vanity, beat Mr. Biggs's blk. b. Blowing, by Rex out of Blast—decidedly, and finished a moderate course by killing her hare; Sir J. Hawkins's blk. and wh. b. Helga, by Bulow out of a sister to Rhoda, beat Sir H. Vivian's blk. b. Volage, late Minion—won very decidedly; Dr. Seagrim's blk. b. Sphinx beat Mr. Dansey's f. d. Drusus, by Rex out of Rutilla, jun.—a hollow thing, Drusus disabled; Mr. Phelps's blk. b. Rosa, by Bulow out of a daughter of Goldfinder, beat Mr. Cape's blk. and wh. b. Jemamine—rather near; Mr. Cockburn's blk. and wh. b. Cinderella, by Gas out of Camilla, beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Gift, by Whisker out of a b. by Gamecock—Cinderella finished a fine course, won easily, by catching, for the second time, near the furzes; Mr. S. Heathcote's bl. b. Horsefly beat Mr. Gray's bl. d. Grafton, by Ringneck—very difficult to decide; Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Emerald, by Briton out of Eleanor, beat Captain Wyndham's blk. d. Waldemair, by Ryan out of Artful—a near thing; Mr. Bayley's red b. Rutilla, by Gas out of Camilla, beat Mr. Everett's wh. b. Endurance—won decidedly before they divided after two hares, when Rutilla followed the slipped one, and killed her, after a fine single-handed course.

Derby Stakes, for Dog Puppies.—Mr. Cockburn's blk. Catchfly, by Wildfire (by Nathan out of Nosegay) out of Camilla, beat Mr. E. Cripps's blk. Euryalus, by Briton out of Eleanor—Catchfly had the first and last (Euryalus the middle) of a very severe course. Hare so done, that, in attempting the earthen mound, she fell back into the winner's mouth; Mr. Gray's yel. Guido, by Trajan out of Echo, beat Mr. Phelps's wh. Races—won very easily; Mr. S. Heathcote's blk. ticked Harlequin, by Pantaloon out of Prattle, beat Mr. Bayley's blk. and wh. Revenge, by Newby out of Rhoda—decidedly; Captain Wyndham's blk. and wh. Witikin agst Mr. Fowles's —, the latter drawn; Mr. Biggs's wh. Bull's-eye, by Ringouyle out of Bijou, beat Sir H. Vivian's f. Vespasian, by Voltigeur out of Vite—a course of extreme length and severity, won handsomely, concluded at last by the death of the hare; Mr. Goodlake's blk. and wh. Grammar, by Juggler out of Josephine, agst Mr. Browne's —, the latter drawn; Mr. Dansey's red Denmark, by Newby out of Rhoda, beat Sir H. Vivian's blk. Venator, by Voltigeur out of Vanity—won handsomely; Mr. Vivian's f. Victor, by Voltigeur out of Vanky, agst Mr. Everett's —, the latter drawn.

Oaks Stakes for Bitch Puppies.—Mr. Cockburn's blk. Cowslip, by Wildfire out

of Camilla, beat Mr. Bayley's red Red rose, Sister of Cowslip—a short course, hare killed directly; Mr. E. Cripps's bl. Euryone, by Briton out of Eleanor, agst Mr. Fowles's —, the latter drawn; Sir J. Hawkins's wh. Ellen, by Ringouyle out of Bijou, beat Mr. Goodlake's yel. Gleam, by Gas out of a daughter of Camilla—won cleverly; Captain Wyndham's blk. ticked Wasp agst Mr. Browne's —, the latter drawn; Mr. Biggs's blk. Brocard, by Ringouyle out of Rattle snake, beat Mr. Phelps's f. Refuge—Brocard superior throughout, a good course; Mr. S. Heathcote's blk. Hurricane, by Ringouyle out of Blast, beat Mr. Dansey's f. Duchess, by Hercules out of Deborah—Duchess very superior in speed, but completely ruined by a flint; Mr. Vivian's Vivid, Sister of Verity, beat Mr. Gray's red Geraldine, by Trajan out of Ringneck—won cleverly, Vivid terribly cut; Sir H. Vivian's blk. Verity, by Voltigeur out of Vanity, beat Mr. Everett's blk. Envy—won with ease.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1827.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Mr. E. Cripps's Emerald beat Dr. Seagrim's Sphinx—very decidedly; Mr. Vivian's Violet beat Mr. Phelps's Rosa—very near; Mr. S. Heathcote's Horsefly beat Sir J. Hawkins's Helga—hardly won; Mr. Cockburn's Cinderella beat Mr. Bayley's Rutilla (hare killed)—Cinderella had the first and last, and Rutilla the middle.

FIRST TIES FOR THE DERBY STAKES.

Mr. Vivian's Victor beat Mr. Dansey's Denmark—rather near; Denmark equal in speed, but not in stoutness; Mr. Goodlake's Grammar beat Mr. Cockburn's Catchfly—Catchfly superior in speed, but failed in the end through severe lameness; Captain Wyndham's Witikin beat Mr. Gray's Guide—won cleverly; Mr. Biggs's Bull's-eye beat Mr. S. Heathcote's Harlequin—won in fine style by Bull's-eye, whose running was wonderful after his tremendous course of the day before.

FIRST TIES FOR THE OAKS STAKES.

Mr. E. Cripps's Euryone beat Captain Wyndham's Wasp (hare killed)—a good course, won cleverly; Sir J. Hawkins's Helen beat Mr. Cockburn's Cowslip—short but decisive, hare killed immediately; Mr. Biggs's Brocard agst Mr. Vivian's Vivid—Vivid drawn, lame; Sir H. Vivian's Verity beat Mr. S. Heathcote's Hurricane (hare killed)—decisive.

Tilt-head Stakes, First Class.—Mr. Bayley's red b. Redrose, Sister of Catchfly, beat Mr. Gray's red. d. Granby—a splendid course, in which Redrose, in spite of a severe fall, killed her hare single-handed after Granby had dropped, and was pronounced by the Judge "the gampest greyhound he ever saw run;" Sir J. Hawkins's red b. Houndstone, by Rex out of Re-

gatta, beat Sir H. Vivian's yel. b. Volante—won in capital style throughout; Mr. Biggs's f. d. Belzoni, by Skim out of Nankkeen, beat Mr. Cripps's bl. b. Emma, by Gas out of Eleanor—short, and unsatisfactory; Mr. Goodlake's bl. d. Gunrod beat Mr. Vivian's yel. b. Vapid—rather near.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1837.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Emerald beat Horsesly—very decidedly; Violet beat Cinderella—a beautiful race in a long run up to the hare, in which Cinderella gained a few yards, but threw away the course by waiting to kill.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Violet was very superior to Emerald, and won the Cup; and Emerald the Guineas.

SECOND TIES FOR DERBY STAKES.

Grammar beat Bull's-eye—won easily; Victor beat Witkin.

Deciding Course for the Derby Stakes.—Victor had all the first part of the course, a very long one, to himself, but Grammar as completely so the last two thirds: Grammar won the Stakes.

SECOND TIES FOR THE OAKS STAKES.

Euryone beat Brocard—a good and near course; Verity beat Helen.

Deciding Course for the Oaks Stakes.—Verity beat Euryone (a nearly run race), and won the Stakes.

Tilshead Stakes, Second Class.—Mr. Cockburn's blk. b. Cressida, by Ryan out of Artful, beat Mr. Heathcote's blk. d. Hannibal—very decidedly; Mr. Heathcote's blk. and wh. d. Hyssop beat Mr. Dansey's f. b. Dazzle—Dazzle had all the beginning, but Hyssop the end of the course entirely.

Deciding Course for Tilshead Stakes, Second Class.—Cressida beat Hyssop very easily, and won the Stakes.

TIES FOR THE TILSHEAD STAKES, FIRST CLASS.

Mr. Goodlake's bl. d. Gunrod beat Mr. Bayley's r. b. Redrose; Mr. Biggs's f. d. Belzoni beat Sir J. Hawkins's r. b. Hermione.

Deciding Course for the Tilshead Stakes, First Class.—Belzoni beat Gunrod in a near course, and won the Stakes.

Matches.—Mr. Cockburn's r. b. Rutilla beat Sir J. Hawkins's blk. and wh. b. Helga—decidedly; Sir H. Vivian's r. d. Volunteer beat Mr. Dansey's f. d. Duncan—won easily; Mr. Heathcote's r. and wh. b. Hyacinth beat Mr. Dansey's r. d. Druid—with difficulty; Mr. Goodlake's yel. b. Gleam beat Mr. Cockburn's blk. b. Cowslip—difficult to decide; Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Blackbird beat Mr. Gray's bl. d. Grafton—difficult to decide; Sir H. Vivian's bl. d. Ventriquoist beat Captain Wyndham's blk. d. Winter—easy; Mr. Biggs's

blk. b. Bounty beat Mr. Vivian's wh. b. Variety; Mr. Vivian's blk. ticked b. Vigilant beat Mr. Gray's r. b. Geraldine—undecided; Captain Wyndham's r. d. Wenlock beat Mr. Humphrey's f. b. Heroine; Mr. Gray's bl. b. Gunilda beat Mr. Vivian's blk. b. Virgin—a splendid course, won cleverly; Mr. Heathcote's blk. ticked d. Harlequin beat Sir H. Vivian's f. d. Vespasian—easy; Mr. Vivian's yel. b. Vapid beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Gift—waited to kill; Mr. Biggs's blk. b. Blowing beat Mr. Vivian's bl. b. Vanish.

BETTINGS.

SIR, Tattersall's, Dec. 17, 1837.

THE betting to-day was fully commensurate with the attendance, for both were alike deficient—many of the leading betting men still continuing absent. Mr. Thornhill's lot were highly fancied, and the odds were freely taken upon The Merchant, who, to all appearance, must be still higher. His other two were in more request, particularly Mariner, who got up several points. The Colonel is a shade better, having recovered from the indisposition which kept him in the back ground. Still one of the best judges in the room, Mr. B—, laid 500 to 400 five times over, (and he would have gone on,) that The Merchant beat him. Lord Grosvenor's two (Larissa and Finesse) had many friends, and, being very fine horses, are likely to get up. He was backed for each race; and some heavy bets were taken that he won both the Derby and Oaks. Druid and Omen are both receding, the speculators appearing to be of one mind—all layers and no takers. Sorcery is quiescent, 10 to 1 the very top of the odds, and scarcely a taker.

The Oaks in a trifling degree recovered from the dulness which has pervaded it the last three months, and several fresh favorites have been brought into the market. The first three are close together.

yet Trampoline has the call—but, except upon double events, there is very little doing. Many of the outside ones have been mentioned, and very long odds were laid against all of them; but these, and, I may add, the stake itself are almost forgotten.

On the contrary, the **ST. LEGER** had its full share of notice, and several very large offers were made and accepted. Bessy had decidedly the call, although one gentleman, Mr. G—, who betted against all the favorites, laid 2200 to 200, and 1100 to 100, against her, which were freely taken. She was likewise backed at 5 to 4 against Mr. Watt's nomination; and, looking to what she has already done, and the high character given of her as a *real flyer*, the odds have a right to be taken. Velocipede is on the retiring list; 13 and even 14 to 1 were offered, and no takers. The Colonel is stationary, hardly a bet being accepted, and the party extremely shy. Mr. Watt's nomination was talked of, and 12 to 1 was taken upon his winning; but, if we may judge from the two which are now in the market, and not thought much of, they are likely to be moderate. Mr. Gascoigne's stud was cursorily noticed, and 100 to 4 and 5 were offered against them. Excepting The Colonel, Mr. Petre's other horses are going; and the same gentleman who backed the field against Bessy offered high odds against Delphine and Stapleton, and drove them back altogether. The nomination is expected to be very large; but, to make use of a homely phrase, is likely to prove stronger in quantity than quality.—Yours truly,

Z. B.

DERBY.

75 to 10 agst The Merchant. (taken).
95 to 10 agst The Colonel (taken).
10 to 1 agst Sorcery.
15 to 1 agst Druid.
20 to 1 agst Amy.

22 to 1 agst Zinganez (taken).
22 to 1 agst Johanna Southcote (taken).
22 to 1 agst Shoveler.
23 to 1 agst Omen.
24 to 1 agst Larissa.
25 to 1 agst Finesse.
28 to 1 agst Lady of the Lake.
30 to 1 agst Mariner (taken).
30 to 1 agst Shakspeare's dam.
30 to 1 agst Hampden's dam.
30 to 1 agst Zealot's dam.
30 to 1 agst Defiance.
33 to 1 agst Bugle.
49 to 1 agst Brother to Rachel.
40 to 1 agst Lancastrian.
45 to 1 agst Amiable.
45 to 1 agst Lambtonian.
50 to 1 agst Brother to Diadem.
50 to 1 agst Barnardo.
15 to 1 agst Lord Grosvenor's two.
2 to 1 The Merchant beats Shoveler and Mariner.

7 to 4 Druid beats Omen.
7 to 2 agst Mr. Thornhill's lot.

OAKS.

13 to 1 agst Trampoline.
14 to 1 agst Turquoise.
15 to 1 agst Lisette.
18 to 1 agst Zoe.
18 to 1 agst Sarah.
20 to 1 agst Olympia.
25 to 1 agst Bess.
25 to 1 agst Sister to Granby.
30 to 1 agst Elizabeth.
30 to 1 agst Rantipole.
30 to 1 agst Lestelle.
30 to 1 agst Sister to Goshawk.
30 to 1 agst Passamaquoddy.
30 to 1 agst Balaine.
1000 to 10 agst Lord Grosvenor's two for the Derby, and Passamaquoddy for the Oaks.
500 to 10 agst the Duke of Grafton winning the Derby and Oaks.
50 to 1 agst the Merchant and Trampoline both winning.
9 to 2 on the field agst the first three.

ST. LEGER.

11 to 1 agst Bessy Bedlam (taken).
13 to 1 agst Velocipede.
14 to 1 agst The Colonel.
20 to 1 agst Miss Cranfield.
25 to 1 agst The Merchant.
30 to 1 agst Emmelina.
30 to 1 agst Sister to Memnon (taken).
33 to 1 agst Delphine (late Mabby).
35 to 1 agst Harlequin.
35 to 1 agst Kitty.
40 to 1 agst Ballad Singer.
40 to 1 agst Mariqueta.
40 to 1 agst Juryman.
50 to 1 agst Stapleton (Matilda's dam).
50 to 1 agst Sister to Duport.
65 to 1 agst The Abbot.
65 to 1 agst Ultimatum.
1000 to 10 agst Druid for the Derby and Bessy for the St. Leger.
1000 to 8 agst The Colonel winning the Derby and St. Leger, and Trampoline the Oaks.

LETTERS FROM "A NORTH COUNTRYMAN," ON THE
SPORT OF SHOOTING.

LETTER II.

SIR,

WHEN last I took my leave of you, I must confess that it was rather abruptly; but I was anxious to cut short the thread that I had spun to a much greater length than was my intention upon that old offending subject—the Game Laws.

After having digressed and transgressed at such length, many people would have thought it necessary to have added a long apology, and endeavored to make the *amende honorable* in measured cadence, and in immeasurably long degree. I have ever held it, however, to be about the most inconsistent of inconsiderate things, after having wearied a man with a long discourse of any kind, to insist upon his still farther listening to a lengthened apology; and that the point of good breeding upon such an occasion is, for a man, when he has said all that is worth saying, and perhaps a great deal more, to make his bow, and to retire as politely, but as quickly as he can.

It has also, Sir, ever appeared to me, for the like reasons, that when a man has much to say, and long to detain him whom he addresses, the shorter his preface the more polite is his conduct, and the earlier the entry upon his subject the fairer will be his prospect of a hearing. Under the influence of such feelings I will not detain you with a longer preamble, but return forthwith to our subject—THE SPORT OF SHOOTING.

We need not, it is presumed, say much about the tools we use,
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as guns now a-days are brought to such perfection, that they are rarely the real delinquents in the cause of the bag being brought home empty. In regard to the superiority of detonators over the old flint and steel, I really do not know what to say: the former are certainly, vastly neat, and in dripping weather undeniably the best; but, having shot as well for several years with the latter as ever I wish to shoot, and quite as well as ever I have done since with a detonator, I am rather disposed upon the whole to give the preference to the old flint and steel lock, with its new accompaniment, a self-priming pan:—first, because I think they shoot quite as well, if not stronger; secondly, because, absurd as it may appear, I do not like the additional noise of a copper cap; and thirdly, because, wrong as it may be, I cannot get rid of the impression that the percussion principle is less safe than the other.

However, of one thing we may rest satisfied, that a common gun now-a-days, made by any respectable gunsmith, (without its being at all necessary that he should be a fashionable one,) if he has neither had whims of his own to work by, nor those of others to please, is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, quite good enough in the hands of a good shot.

Here I should take the liberty of cautioning all young shots, or those who have been at it for some time, yet young in the successful exercise of their powers, not to bother their heads, or to indulge their caprices, or those of others,

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too much about this sort of skaped stock or t'other shape, this length of barrel or the other, this weight of metal or that weight, but to take the opinion of the gunsmith whom he employs; who, if he be a respectable man, will, of his own accord, give him a much better gun than ever will be made by his *working to order*. I am very fond of a heavy gun, and they are unquestionably the best; but I should by no means recommend them, unless a man is very strong indeed; and even then, the carrying it a long day is a heavy tax upon him: and farther, if he should have drunk a little too much wine the night before, or from whatever cause his nerves be a little hurried and out of order, or from accident he may have got out of his shooting, the weight of the barrel tells much against him.

The reason of a good shot continuing to miss sometimes for an hour together, indeed the cause of a man missing when he cannot define it himself, has often occupied my thoughts in search of the discovery of it; and I have long since satisfied myself that it is neither more nor less than the simple one—the allowing the muzzle of his gun to drop while he pulls the trigger—the little nervous sensation that is excited producing an unsteadiness in the hand, which consequently yields with its weight.

If a man who is a bad shot, or who happens to be in bad shooting, wishes to satisfy himself of the truth of this, let him shoot at a sheet of paper at some forty yards distance, standing and supporting his gun in the usual way; let him notice where the shot strikes, and, if I mistake not, he will find it below the mark; and if he cannot hit it at all, let him get a rest to his

gun, and see if he will not very soon pepper the object.

I have, indeed, heard many a good shot assert, that he puts up his gun and fires at the same moment; yet no such thing can be done, notwithstanding the great improvement that has taken place in the process of ignition. There is a moment however short, and a process however unobserved, of more importance to my mind than anything in the whole art of shooting—that which elapses while the trigger is pulled, and that which must be gone through before the shot leaves the muzzle of the gun; or, in one word, during the intervening and never-dreamt-of period betwixt putting up the gun to the object and its contents being emptied towards it. Many are the birds, particularly those that keep rising, while they are only appearing to go forward, that owe their salvation to this simple cause; and which, though deadly covered when first pointed at, are many feet above the effects of the gun when actually discharged. In addition to this, the muzzle of the gun is often dropped while the finger is being applied to the trigger: all continuing to produce the same effect—the *shooting below the object of aim*.

I would also remind my brother sportsmen, when they have been in bad shooting, how they knock the breast feathers out of the birds; and sometimes a whole cloud will appear, and wound them about the legs, and yet never get them: which proceeds from neither more nor less than what I have described—the effect being that a few of the straggling shots graze the breast of the bird, while the body of the shot goes far below.

I might exemplify this in regard to hare shooting. When a man is shooting badly, if he hits them at all, it is about the hind legs, which shews that the muzzle has been dropped; and when he misses them in a turnip field, let he or a bye-stander notice, they will see the shot ravaging the turnips just where the animal has passed over: or in firing at a bird crossing a river, the same thing will be apparent.

I should also add, that few birds and no animal run in such a line as to admit of being shot, if they are not kept covered during the process of pulling the trigger. To this I should still farther add, that the strength of the trigger in a gun is of more importance than people imagine. It should not be a hair one, but of all things let it not be too tight.

It has often occurred to me, half in joke, half in earnest, that with some men who cannot shoot at all—and some, it is well known there are—as dogs now-a-days are so well broke, and when the scent is good, it can be often reduced to such a certainty where the bird is to get up from, and often by a knowledge of the country whither he is to fly—if a small light stand (a high iron hurdle would do as well as any thing) were carried by a keeper, and planted in proper place, so that the shooter might have a rest to his gun, that if every thing happened as was expected, and the party assisting took care to keep behind him who handled the gun from fear of accidents, he might thus bring a bird to his *stand-still*; and it is like all other arts—the once doing it, by giving a man confidence, is every thing towards succeeding in it.

I have but two more remarks to make in regard to bad shooting:—That it is no bad plan to fire a few shots, if circumstances admit of their being thrown away, with merely powder and no shot. The anxiety attending upon killing is thus dismissed, and the shooter will then see, if he have any observation, where his fault lies; and I much mistake it if he does not find it to be in what I have mentioned, the dropping the muzzle of the gun before it has gone off. If a keeper were quite sure of his man not playing tricks, under the impression that powder would do no harm with a young or a bad shot—if he allowed him thus to practice a few times, and then put in shot without his knowledge—in all probability he would find, to his surprise, that he had killed the bird.

Also, do let a man who wishes to learn to shoot, more particularly if he has tried it in company and failed, go out by himself with an old dog: he will thus have as it were all the world of shooting to himself, and he will be rid of one of the least pleasant sensations to most men—that he is making a fool of himself; and when he ceases to care about missing he will often insensibly begin to hit. I have known many a rich man, with manors and keepers innumerable, who could hardly ever kill a bird; and as I have told them, had they been poor ones, they in all probability would have been good shots; and if they would only try my recipe abovementioned, of going out by themselves, if they have good use of their eyes and arms, they cannot fail to learn to shoot.

We now proceed to the more interesting part of our subject—to notice how shooting is enjoyed in

this good country, at this time. It is my intention, at a future time, to give you my notions on the various branches of the sport separately; we shall now be satisfied with some remarks on the subject generally.

I have, Sir, in a former letter to you, broached this subject; and though my remarks there apply generally to all matters, yet they do so especially to this, our present inquiry, that I cannot convey my meaning more distinctly than by here quoting them, which, with your leave, I will do, and of which I presume no one will deny me the right.

I have said, "that every thing must now be done at a *pace* that the eye can hardly follow, and the reasonable part of our nature vainly attempt to do. All our sports must now be followed up with the speed of the wind, or they are considered as unworthy of pursuit. When the 12th of August or 1st of September arrives, a man, to keep his place amongst the first-raters of the day, must be up by day-light; be out till dark; have three markers, nay, even a charge of cavalry, as it is called, to ride the birds down; have three double-barrelled guns, and as many men to load them; tire three brace of dogs, and himself to boot: but he must not give in. At this rapid rate he must go on for a week, till he has killed nearly all the game upon his manor, knocked up his dogs, and so satiated himself with this killing of the feathered tribe, that with his head, heart, hand, and shoulder sore in themselves, and sickened of the sport, he is feign to fly to some Hell in St. James's neighbourhood, and thus endeavour to keep up the violent excitement, till some other double-quick-timed amusement rises for

him to pursue, either in spectre or reality."

Thus, Sir, in the present day, is the business of shooting, I will not call it the sport, like unto nearly all the other amusements of life, conducted.

Unfortunately, sport or pleasure is no longer measured by its true and only standard—the extent it conveys to participators in it. Men, now a-days, must consider what is calculated to please others, and not what will please themselves; and what is very unfortunate, though they richly deserve it, in trying to do the one, they very often fail of doing either. Instead of taking sports as Nature intended them, as a recreation from more important pursuits, there must now be as much fuss and ceremony in preparing and in going out to kill a few partridges or pheasants, and such a *gathering* of people and dogs, as in olden time, in the Northern part of the island, when a whole clan was called out to go against the common enemy.

And what is it all for to do? To slaughter a *great heap* of birds in a very *small space* of time: that the owner of the manor, if he be a good shot, may be enabled to boast from the head of his table, for the rest of the season, that he has killed so many brace the first day, and so many hundred within the first week (one hundred being the number that delights a friend of mine); or, if he cannot shoot himself, that he may have got together those who can, and have his boast in his turn, that the manor this season has afforded so *many head*.

And what farther? That an ample account of this great and wonderful proceeding may fill the

columns of the County Paper, or, mayhap, aspire so high as to be received in yours.

To serve what purpose or effect what end? To astound the neighbourhood—first, with the echoing of the well-charged barrels throughout the plains, or the coverts blazing; and next, with the buzz of the news, recounting the exploits of the great day, by the great guns and the little retailers, and tingling in varied succession, with various effect, throughout the mazes of the neighbouring circles; with children listening to the wondering tale, and old men opening their eyes in vain, to attempt to define what they cannot see the value of.

But, is it to do nothing more? Is there, in all these proceedings, no other passion to gratify, but the wish to astound? Yes; there lurks underneath, and hidden from human sight, like unto the unslaked stirring embers of a fierce volcano, the seeds from which may be seen to spring more than half the stranger proceedings of our nature, grown up with deep root, and spreading into two hideous branches, to be found rearing their mis-shapen heads, and known as the emblems of Jealousy and Vanity.

These, it is true, when confined within their legitimate atmosphere, and found to bloom in their brightest colours, and fed by the very life-spring of our actions, the noble spirit of emulation, and cherished by its spirit, and pointing upwards to honour and fame, well may be allowed to produce the first growth of our nature; yet, when reared on the hot-bed of fashion, and springing under the influence of violent excitement, soon is the colour of the picture

changed—the one becoming of a dark hue, the other of a more variegated one; and both losing their fragrant and assuming a fetid odour.

And what is the effect of all this ostentatious rivalry and nonsense, besides the gratifying to satiety our very worst passions? Why, plainly and simply, to destroy every thing like genuine sport.

Will any man tell me, who has gone through such days as I have described, that he has not felt the sport pall upon his appetite, and that he has not been propelled through the fatigue of the live-long day, not by his love of the sport, but by a vicious desire to perform some wonderful prodigy? or, if he is unequal to that, to do greater things than others of his compeers?

Will any man tell me, that he looks back upon one of these days' sport, as a sportsman ought to do, with delight at all the little incidents that have occurred to make great the sport; at the little casual turns that the sport took; at the faults which he himself committed; and on those points whereon he can dwell with a reasonable satisfaction at his own prowess; at the manner in which his dogs behaved; their different good qualities, and alike their faults; the times when they found their game and behaved to his heart's content; the others when they run them up, and tore his very soul out?

Are such the pleasing recollections that the days of *killing birds in public* leave behind them? or can such ever enter the mind of the actor in a scene where all is bustle, confusion, and noise?

People without number in attendance; ponies to ride the birds

down; men, on their backs, to mark them down; other folks, with other spare guns, and spare hands to load them, that the shooter may not blacken his own, or fatigue himself too much; and, above all, that he may never be without a loaded one in his hand—for, oh! it would be terrible if a bird was to get up while he was loading, and a chance of killing *one more head* were given away—a hamper of good things, to sustain and feed him throughout the day, perhaps the most rational part of the arrangement—as clearly, if so much is taken out of him, something he must take in—dogs in leashes, so that those which are at work may never appear weary, but move speedily, crossing their ground rapidly, never minding how many birds they may run up, or how many may be sprung from the babbling of all the *animals* that are behind *the great sportsman*, who, in full attire, with white hat perched on his imperial, must of course sit upon a pony too, to prevent his *fatiguing himself*, and to enable him to go through so *great* a day. And when the dog points, as a countryman would say, “My eye, what a sight!”—“All followers stand fast,” says the great shooter. He dismounts; takes his gun, followed by another man with others loaded, and walks up to the well-trained dog, and when a failure is the consequence, how much I have laughed at the terrific fuss that was made, and all to kill a poor grouse or partridge.

But such sport as these little birds occasion is only, it seems, fit to be pursued for the first few days or weeks of a season, when multitudes can make up for their want of size; and when scores of their

numbers can alone make the day worthy of being so devoted, and render the account of it worthy of remembrance and recital.

The gala days have yet to come, when the great birds styled pheasants, the great animals called hares, and the little ones named rabbits, are to be slaughtered. If they are found in a hedge-row, or seen before the great day arrives, they must not be touched—all must be reserved for the eventful morning.

Not a little cheerful sport, on a fine November or December morning, with a rustling spaniel bolting a fine chuckling cock pheasant from his run in a hedge-row, or mayhap a bouncing hare from her form, or little rabbit from his close hiding in the furzy bank—no; this would be sport—it must not be done: *nobody would know it; nobody would see it*; and, terrible to relate, it would decrease the number in venerated reservation for the great field day.

This great day arrived, all the great, or the would-be-great folks that we wish to be mighty polite to, must receive an invite, or they would consider themselves slighted. Men must be called in from their ordinary occupations to go out upon this extraordinary service. Breaking-machines, or vehicles of lower denomination, must be hired for the occasion, if the rendezvous be at a distance, to convey them to the scene of action—nets must now be set across different quarters of the covert, that the various tribes of game may not be able to run on as Nature would direct them, so that the hares and rabbits must *pop back*, and the pheasants *pop over*.

All these preparations made, and guests arrived, the party pro-

ceed to charge in every sense of the word. The shooters take their lines—some with eager rush the inner covert seek—others, more cunning, trip with hasty step to the well-known ride or corner—while some, content, and with no small share of sense, as out of danger's reach, wind slowly round the covert side.

All thus in place, the dogs uncoupled thread the grassy bushy bottoms—the choir of beaters strike up their notes of fright—the game, alarmed, in all directions spring—the wood is all alive—there has begun—

Ye Gods ! what great to do,
The wonderful battue.

Is it in nature to fancy men of sense—men, too, who have the richest sporting blood in the world flowing in their veins, and Englishmen withal ! aye, even, as did last season occur, nearly the whole Cabinet of the Majesty of England, assembled by the covert side, to partake of this madlike sport ? Well have they chosen a foreign word to designate a scene so outrageous. To its credit be it known that the English language had it not, nor was it to be found amongst the annals of its sports.

They had to cross the Channel to find a name for it : and would that those who first introduced the *grand fire* into an English covert, had continued to have their sport there also ! I am not apt to be prejudiced against any country or against any people, though I must admit, no reflection on my taste, that I am apt to be in favour of my own, and every thing belonging to it.

England and France unquestionably rank alone in the highest sphere amongst the countries of

the earth, and their people are pre-eminent above those of all other nations. A fine parallel is afforded by a comparison of their various means of greatness, and their varied points of excellence, as well as their various enjoyments and modes of taking them—much too wide for our operations, and, what is more, very foreign to our subject. This then we will take for granted, and it is presumed that we may do so without stepping beyond bounds—that we are both great enough, good enough, and bad enough, or, to come down to about the natural temperature of our reasoning, that we are both very good people in our own way : and when we sail under our national colours, and travel at our own pace, our habits are each very respectable, and such as are well fitted to the wearers ; but when we would be one thing, while we are another ; and when we would shine in a borrowed light, when we might steer by a real one, we really become very ridiculous, and wear ill the assumed livery that is no way natural to us.

To return to our subject, with some extract from the ingredients we have mixed together in the foregoing. It may be all very well for a Frenchman to draw up in line, as I am told they do, at respectable distances, and after hideous noises have sprung the game, and flight is only to be found over the heads of the expectant shooters, that a grand cannonade should commence from right to left, while the sportsman, *à la François*, bids him "adieu," or secures him as his prey ; but such ceremonies never can suit the taste of a true Englishman. Such sport, if I may so call it, is French from

beginning to end: its name is French, its character is foreign, its pleasure is strange.

It may be well calculated to suit the "beau ideal" of that imaginative people, who see no delight in sport, but in the *magnifique*, the *terrible*, or the *etonnante*, or in a combination of them all.

Shooting and other sports with them would be a nonentity, and as uninteresting as the views over some of their great northern plains, but for their ideal god of sport coming into the field, decked and bedaubed with all the fancied attributes that the imagination can paint as belonging to him, and surrounded by a thousand votaries.

The spark that gives life and warmth to sport is not in them, as in an Englishman, to be found wrapped up in his bosom as his natural possession. The simple flame that almost consumes the young Islander, till it gets vent by enjoyment, is hardly known to the Frenchman, who is only lighted up by its fire, when it becomes of a colour and a size to dazzle his imagination.

Human nature is the same in all ages, states, and stages; and however we may attempt to fly on the wings of anticipation, and rob the future of its pleasures before the proper hour of their enjoyment, as surely will her all-powerful law overtake us at length. We may indeed proceed for a time on our maddened way, like unto an impetuous and hot horse, without immediately being pulled up; yet as surely will we feel as he does the effects of our headlong course; and the vain exertion to go speedily along with loosened reins to reach an ideal object, will have but the effect of depriving us of power

and means, in the hours that would have been of satisfaction and enjoyment, but for the real pleasures that were their own having been devoured before their time.

Like unto the glutton, who, gorging his voracious appetite with one enormous meal, not only at once consumes that which ought to have been food for many, but satiates himself to disgust with the rapacity of his unnatural repast.

Thus it is with battue shooting, where hundreds of heads of game are massacred in one day, which not only would have afforded sport for many, but has the effect of sickening, with the blood of its victims, the hands and hearts of those who have been busied in the slaughter.

The feast may, indeed, be rich and splendid in perspective: pride may be gratified with the display, and avarice satisfied with the result; but good taste, good everything, must be offended with the waste and profuseness.

Man can have but enough. His enjoyments are limited with his powers to enjoy; and the greater and more rapid the consumption of pleasure, the earlier comes the distaste for it altogether.

Were battue shooting only assailable upon such points, it might seek and find shelter behind the common screen which covers other follies of our nature, and perhaps might be defended by its admirers, on the general principle of the *grand* effect produced by *concentrated* pleasure, and the no less *grand* idea of doing in one day, or in one week, what formerly required a season. But other evils, deep and serious, flow as the consequences of this gaudy diversion. Whole territories must be appropriated to get up a *head of game*,

as it is called, and the produce well nigh consumed in rearing and sustaining it.

I have heard it stated, from such authority that I cannot doubt it, though it is hardly credible, that men can indulge their whims to such excess, that a certain gentleman, who has a very pretty property in Hampshire, the rent roll of which was nearly three thousand pounds a-year (though it has lately been much increased), did so multiply the feathered and downy-footed tribes upon his domain, that they consumed everything upon its surface, and not one shilling of rent is he said to have received for several seasons! And all for what?—that he might boast of having the best shooting in England, upon the same extent of ground, and might partake with his friends of a few splendid battues.—I should add, that I believe he has already seen the absurdity of it, and given orders to have the manor cleared of the vermin, for I can call them nothing else; and about a fortnight ago, as I passed through the neighbouring town, I heard of the keepers having killed the day before betwixt four and five hundred hares.

One hears also constantly of 1000l. and 1500l. being returned on audit days to farmers as a compensation for the damage done by the game; and one also hears occasionally, of what is much worse, of much damage and no compensation.

One really gets disgusted to hear of such nonsense, more particularly when we know that game enough for sport may be kept without doing the smallest damage, either to landlord or tenant; indeed may be the means of cementing the bond of union betwixt

them, instead of creating eternal discord.

However, this will all come under our observation while treating specially upon the different branches of our sport; and as I notice in your Number that has just made its appearance, the attention of more than one of your correspondents has been roused to the subject of these odious battues, I shall defer till another opportunity the few remaining remarks I have to make.

Farther: as so many of your pages for this month appear to be filled with articles upon shooting, after the absence of almost the very name of it for years; and as I have a particular dislike to get squeezed in a crowd; I shall be charitable to you, to your readers, and to myself, and give my brain the benefit of a winter's fallow, and my old-fashioned notions the advantage of a Christmas frost; trusting that, in consequence, the one may become a little more fertile, and the other somewhat more intelligible.

Your obedient servant,

A NORTH COUNTRYMAN.

December 3, 1827.

A RUN WITH THE EAST SUSSEX HOUNDS.

SIR,

ON Monday, November 26, the East Sussex hounds met at Shortgate, on the road from Lewes to Heathfield, and found, at a quarter before one, in Lord Chichester's fine covert, Laughton Wood. The field being very large, and several foot-people (Sussex like) staring about, he was twice headed back in attempting to cross as fine a country as any south of

A a

London, with a fair portion of grass, large inclosures, and fences enough to stop a few of the *old* who favour all hounds with their unsolicited attendance. At last he did make his point, and gained a gorse, where he was again twice headed, and I gave up all hopes of his life. By great patience on the part of the huntsman he was worked out of the gorse, and back again through Laughton, when he went for Deanland Wood, through the Upper and Lower Dicker, and within a few fields of Week Street, his extreme point being Abbot's Wood: here, thinking he intended crossing the river for Wilmington, several leading men lost a good deal of ground, for he turned short back over his old ground, and back through Deanland Wood, to Laughton, where, at a quarter past five, the hounds were stopped when upon the point of killing their fox, who was running his tail shorter and shorter (a sure forerunner of death), and who was viewed repeatedly, dead beat, close in among the hounds. "If I had but ten minutes more daylight," said Mr. Craven, holding up his watch to catch the light of the moon, "I should kill him!" But the covert was so large, and the gorse in which he had got was so strong, that no person could deny that the proper course to be pursued was to whip off while we could.

Thus ended as trying a day for hounds as I ever saw. For nearly two hours they were sticking to him like good ones, though with an indifferent scent, through the great Laughton Wood of five hundred acres: for an hour they rattled him at a capital pace over an open and very deep country; and finished their work by another

smart rally in a very strong covert. This pack, only newly managed by Mr. Craven, (some years ago well known in Leicestershire as a sportsman,) is particularly neat, in first-rate condition, and very steady in drawing,—which two last points reflect great credit on their huntsman, who found them very riotous; but he is a pupil of the right school, particularly for kennel discipline, if, as a friend informed me in the field, he comes from John Monk and George Barwick. But let him remember that in these flying times, and with a crowded field, which half his aim ought to be to shake off, he can scarcely be too quick. The field was very select for about twenty minutes, until a check in Deanland Wood let in the tail—that excellent rider and sportsman, Mr. Story, Mr. St. John, Mr. Coventry, and two others being all who had the good luck during that time to see the seven couple of hounds who had the scent. This chiefly arose from a pack of tawling harriers being halloo'd by a chow-bacon, which mis-led George, who was on the wrong side of the covert. Of a certainty, in a regularly hunted country, these lopeared how-wow dogs are intolerable. Fortunately, however, Mr. Story kept the head of the pack on their fox's line, until George came up at the check. I rejoice to say that Lord Chichester has promised to support the hounds and to preserve their foxes; which promise his Lordship has nobly fulfilled—three foxes being at once on foot in Laughton, which of course added to the difficulty in getting away.

Another mainstay of the East Sussex Hunt is Lord Gage, who was out on a strong black horse.

and who, had he had the luck to get a place at first, would have shewn like a good one. Several ladies added to the gaiety of the scene; and I look forward with infinite pleasure to the prospect we now have of fox-hounds managed by a gentleman of Mr. Craven's experience, manners*, and general ability, in a country; which, although not a Leicestershire, is capable of producing good foxes, and of collecting an admirable pack of hounds to hunt them. Mr. Craven will, I think, improve the substance of his hounds by a cross, which he intends making from some of the lightest bitches, with Sapling, a strong hound from Mr. Warde's blood, which he has procured as a stallion. Cora and a bitch from the Duke of Rutland are perfection.

I am, Sir, &c. SCARLET.

Brighton, November 25, 1827.

P. S. NIMROD's friend, who is short of old hay for his hunters, would find the use of an increased allowance of beans; but even with these I fear the horses will slip through their girths between the stable door and covert side, so very relaxing is the new hay, and so much does it make them, in stable language, "throw off their feed."

LOUTH COURSING MEETING.

SIR,

HAVING heard much of the excellency of the coursing and the greyhounds which are exhibited at Louth, I was resolved to be a spectator at the last October Meeting; and I assure you I experienced one of the highest grati-

fications which could be afforded to a lover of that diversion. The hares were not strong, consequently the coursing was not so good as usual; but the symmetry, speed, fire, and condition exhibited by some of the studs of greyhounds that ran there, were perfect, and such (as far as one can judge by comparison) as I seldom remember to have seen at any other Meeting.

As I went there solely for my own amusement, I had an excellent opportunity of giving considerable attention to the coursing. I was pretty minute in my observations, particularly on the courses for the Cup, which were well contested, with one exception only; and upon comparing my private marks with the general list, I found that exception to be furnished by Mr. Loft's Red Rose (bred by Capt. Lidderdale). I was thunderstruck at this discovery, after all that has been heard about Champion and Skyrocket.

Upon inquiry I found that Red Rose had been recommended by the gallant Captain to win the Louth Cup, and it immediately recurred to my mind that I had seen a letter of his in one of your Numbers some time ago, when JOHANN beat Riddlesworth, late Mr. Hassall's Hippogrif, a winner of the Louth Cup. In that letter he quotes Mr. Capel in the following words: "I heard Mr. Capel say it was useless for members of their club to purchase greyhounds from other clubs to win the Cup at Ashdown Park; and I would as soon take that gentleman's opinion as to the speed of greyhounds, as any man's in England"—implying that he (Capt. L.) perfectly agreed with

* I never heard an harangue upon "ware wheat" given in a more gentlemanlike way, or more adapted to win those to whom it was addressed, than was this day given by Mr. Craven, just before the hounds were thrown into covert.

Mr. Capel upon that point. I must confess that I have always considered this observation as being intended to convey an idea of the superiority of the greyhounds of the Ashdown Club over every other. I do not, however, as a member of other clubs, feel disposed by any means to subscribe to this opinion, until, at least, a fair trial shall have been had—an event which, I hope, at no very distant day may be brought about.

I would, therefore, suggest, that eight of the most popular clubs in the country should be selected, and let the winner of the Cup at each of those meetings select three dogs from his club, and run a sweepstakes of mains (if I may be allowed that expression); or, if it should be thought better, let him select one dog from each club, and run for a cup, to be the property of the Society who wins it, as a Champion Cup; and let it be run for each year, and given up to the club that wins it. The clubs might meet alternately at the different places of meeting of each club, at a time to be fixed, convenient for all parties.

I feel, Mr. Editor, that I have already trespassed too much upon your columns; but I hope the

hint I have thrown out will induce some of your correspondents to improve upon it. Before I close this letter, however, I may state that it has been my lot to see two other greyhounds of Captain Lidderdale's blood exhibited in public; viz. a Skyrocket puppy, of Mr. Chamberlain's, against a Bergami puppy of Captain Burgess's, a produce match at the last year's Drayton Meeting; and Mr. Carter's Jupiter, against Mr. Smith's Invincible, at this year's Meeting of the same place. In both these instances they lost their courses. I only state this to prove that Captain Lidderdale's blood is, like all other, subject to occasional defeat, and not with the slightest intention to deprecate its general merit. If, however, I might venture to draw a conclusion, founded on my own observation, I think there would be no great injustice in turning the tables upon the gallant Captain, by using against him his own quotation, with a slight alteration; viz.—“that it is useless to purchase a dog from Captain Lidderdale to win the Cup at *Louth*.”

I remain, Mr. Editor, your constant reader,

VIGILANS.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF CALEB BALDWIN*, THE WESTMINSTER EX-CHAMPION.

—“ Quid foret Iliæ
Mavortisque puer, si taciturnitas
Obstaret meritis invida Romuli.”

PEACE to thy ashes! thou hast been
As *prime a bit of stuff*
As e'er in Tothill-fields was seen
Exhibiting in *buff*.
Ah, *Caleb*! now thy praise, while young,
Was through the *Abbey's* purlieus rung!

* Caleb, whose real name was Caleb Stephen Ramsbottom, died in St. Margaret's workhouse on Thursday the 8th of November, in his 58th year.

Let *Pye-street's* suburbs tell how oft
 Their veteran champion's science
 Has borne the victor's palm aloft,
 And proudly bade defiance;
 Till, by his tact and valour foil'd,
 Superior strength and weight recoil'd.

As *Pope*, e'en from his infant days,
 Glow'd with the Muse's flame,
 And lisp'd in numbers (so he says),
 Because the numbers came:
 So, yet a *kid* thou shew'dst thy skill in
 The "art and mystery" of *milling*.

In chronicles of boxing fame,
 But once alone we meet,
 Departed pugilist! thy name
 Associate with defeat:
 Thy conqueror, too, no common one,
 The *Israelite Phenomenon*,

Thrice *Belcher's* victor*; nor didst thou
 An easy conquest fall:
 Perchance the laurel from thy brow
Sam ne'er had snatch'd at all,
 But that his seconds' zeal urged on
 Their man, when *he* deem'd all was gone.

Yet not to *fistic* deeds alone
 Was thy renown confined;
 Through all the realms of *Fancy* shone
 Thy comprehensive mind;
 In every sport *as much the thing*,
 As when thy *canvas* graced the ring.

Lost Connoisseur! we ne'er thy like
 Can hope again to see,
 To judge the merits of a *tyke*,
 Or trace his pedigree;
 Or urge his valour on to dare
 The strife with *badger* or with *bear*.

Ah! had thy *Bull*, his master's pride,
 Whose worth unrivall'd shone
 So oft, in the *arena* tried
 When *Bess* adorn'd the throne,
 That tasteful Sovereign's eye delighted,
 Caleb! thou surely hadst been knighted!

Nay, e'en in this degenerate age
 Of our declining state,
 Thy "*modest virtues*" could engage
 The notice of the great;
 Who deem'd thy truth and loyalty
 Fit agents for "the powers that be."

* In February 1866, *Dutch Sam* beat *Tom Belcher* at Moulsey Hurst, after a severe contest which lasted upwards of an hour, and till the last round victory was doubtful. On the 28th of July 1867, the "*Israelite Phenomenon*" again beat *Tom* in thirty-four rounds—one of the most gallant matches that was ever fought. For the third and last time, in consequence of a dispute regarding a blow said to have been foul in the preceding battle, *Sam* was again victorious, beating his brave antagonist in thirty-one rounds, on *Lowfield Common*, *Sussex*, on the 31st of the following month (August).

When Westminster was hush'd with cries
Of Burdett! Maxwell! Hunt!
The swells in power did not despise
Thy aid, but *tipp'd* the blunt;
And placed a band at thy direction
To guard the freedom of election!

And what, poor Caleb! was thy end,
When thy gay hours were past?
Say, didst thou to the grave descend
As heroes fall at last?

No! adverse fortune steep'd in tears
The winter of thy closing years.

The trumpet of thy fame grew mute
Thy former feats to tell;
Of thy heroic deeds the fruit
Was carrying fruit to sell;
Or to a mill thy course to bend,
And mar diluted cheaply vend.

The memory of thy *Bull* had fail'd
To win the Papists' clan;
Nor midst the Protestants avail'd
Thy style of *Orange-man*:
St. Margaret's Workhouse saw thee fall,
Like some old ruin, fled by all.

Yet then thy latest sigh was one
Of deep regret, to feel
Thou could'st not live to learn which won
The fight 'twixt Burn and Neal*:
Thus proving with thy parting breath
"The ruling passion strong in death."

Farewel! thy glories shall endure
In *millings*' chosen page,
And charm th' admiring amateur
Through many a distant age:
And, though thy sun has set in gloom,
Fame's brightest rays shall gild thy tomb.

W. H. D.

* This battle was fought on Tuesday the 13th of November, in a field near Bracknell, Berks, about 28 miles from town. We had prepared an account of the battle for our last month's publication, but were unavoidably obliged to omit it. These men fought in December 1824, when, after a contest of one hour and thirty-nine minutes, Neal was victorious. The present match was made at 120l. to 100l.—odds which turned out in the result to be fully justified. At ten minutes to one Jem Burn threw his castor into the ring, under the guidance of Ratches and Chumars. Neal was much at the scratch, as

the men set to, one way; for, as in his favour. Notly hit out of measuring his quickness and hand deliveries of their pithy-sitting. Neal's it on that, as no Frow (that and Old Tom of and have been

NIMROD'S YORKSHIRE TOUR.

(Continued from last Number, page 140.)

I Arrived at York in the night of March the 12th, and took up my abode at the Black Swan. On the following morning I went to have another look at the York and Ainsty fox-hounds, but have no recollection of the place of meeting, any farther than it was ten miles from York, on the Rorroughbridge road. Two circumstances, however, impressed themselves on my memory. First, I overtook the pack about seven miles on the road, and found they were not accompanied by their huntsman, who was ill; and secondly, when I got to the place of meeting, which was a road-side inn, I went into a parlour to warm my fingers (for it was a very cold morning), and found one of the sportsmen—a portly-looking person, well breeched in leather—very comfortably seated by a good Yorkshire fire, with a plate of hot buttered toast on one side of him, and a good-sized jug of egg'd ale on the other. "So, then," said I, to myself; "your Yorkshire fox-hunters can take a little something comfortable in the morning, as well as my friends in Shropshire and Staffordshire!" and, as evil communication corrupts good manners, I ordered a glass of egg'd ale also—but without the buttered toast—which made me quite warm for the day. The hounds could not run a yard; so I trotted home, and dined with Mr. George Swann.

Although I have but little recollection of what passed with hounds this morning, any farther than seeing Thorneville Royal, near

the property of Lord Stourton, (formerly of the famous Colonel Thornton, of such very sporting celebrity, and whose memory should not be forgotten,) something occurred on that evening that I shall never forget. A gentleman looked in upon us, in the course of the night, at Mr. Swann's, who, by way of a lark, had been for some time horsing and driving one of those extraordinarily fast coaches which run between Liverpool and Manchester, and of which we have read so much in the newspapers. I asked him to do me the favour to inform me what was the shortest space of time in which he had ever changed horses in his coach. He replied, "thirty-four seconds."!! Seven men, it seems, were in attendance. Both wheelers and leaders were brought out coupled, with the reins through all the terrets; but the novelty of the plan—at least to myself—consisted in the management of the wheel traces. The chains at the ends of them were opened sufficiently to fit the roller-bolts on the splinter-bar, and kept open by means of straw stuffed in a link of each—which straw, of course, gave way as soon as the horses touched their collars, and then the traces fitted tight. This was certainly a clever contrivance; but Mr. Swannay said, he was not always particular as to a trace or a pole-piece when he had got the lead; and assured me he had driven many a stage with one or other of them loose—notwithstanding which, he only floored his coach once in two years, and he had a good deal of

lamp-light, mornings and evenings, in the winter. Mr. S., however, is a particularly powerful man, and I have reason to believe a very prime coachman. After this, we must not say much about our minute-time on the Western road, which is not often kept.

Wednesday 14th.—Accompanied Mr. Swann to see the York harriers. I have little to say about the proceedings of this day. We met on a common covered with ling, fit for any thing but hare-hunting; and I suppose the subscribers were of this opinion, for none of them were out. Two circumstances only are impressed on my recollection. A farmer stood at the gate of a field, and said, "*You maunt come here!*" but such things will happen in these refined days with subscription harriers; and I remember seeing, in the distance, Sheriff-Hutton Castle, so renowned in English history.

Thursday 15th.—Met York and Ainsty at Nun Appleton village, ten miles from York. We hunted a fox, that had stolen away from one of Sir William Milner's coverts, for some distance; but owing to a false halloo, and two or three other awkward circumstances, we could do nothing with him. Found again on Askham bog, but the day was very stormy, and we had not any scent. There was a large field out, several of whom belonged to Lord Harewood's Hunt. In the evening of this day I went to Whitwell to dine with Sir Bellingham Graham, and with the intention of hunting the next day with Sir Tatton, but was disappointed of my horse. Sir Bellingham Graham also moving off to Norton Conyers as soon as breakfast was over, rather put me to my shifts for something to

fill up the morning; so I determined on looking at Castle Howard, the magnificent seat of the Earl of Carlisle, and one of the greatest Lions of Yorkshire. It was formerly a place of great strength, where many battles were fought—particularly in the year 1707, when King Malcolm, of Scotland, laid waste this part of Yorkshire, and deluged its soil with some of England's best blood.

Castle Howard came into the family of the Howards in the following manner. It was (then called Kinderskelf Castle) an ancient seat of the Greystocks. Elizabeth, only daughter and heiress of Ralph Lord Greystock, married Lord Dacre, of Gilsland, in the 22d year of Henry VII., in which family it continued till the marriage of Elizabeth, sister and coheir of George Lord Dacre, with Lord William Howard. The name of Castle Howard was given to it by Charles, third Earl of Carlisle, who erected the present superb mansion on the scite of the old castle, which was destroyed by accidental fire. It is from a design of Sir John Vanbrugh, and was completed between the years 1712 and 1731.

The mansion of Castle Howard gives a just idea of an English Nobleman's residence. It is of prodigious dimensions, forming three sides of a square; stands on an eminence, commanding a view over a finely-timbered country; and the grounds about it are richly endowed by Nature, as well as highly improved by art. However, unless it be one in which I am to take up my abode, I care little about looking at houses. They are all much alike, except when the dinner-bell rings, and then the difference between them

is often great. A lick of paint would improve this house much, for some of the rooms are greatly in want of it, and the passages are as dirty as those in the public offices in London. The apartments are not large; neither, compared with some that I could name, is there any thing like splendour about them; but I was much pleased with the room called the Music Room.

I know nothing of painting, but the collection of pictures here ranks high. The *chef d'œuvre* is the three Marys—Mary, the mother of Jesus; her sister, the wife of Cleophas; and Mary Magdalen. Their countenances, which of course are beautiful, portray the noblest feelings of the soul; but I was surprised to see nothing of the Jewess in the fair faces of these daughters of Jerusalem. Venus lamenting the death of Adonis pleased me much, as also a full-sized portrait of the daughter of Herodias, by Reubens, considered an exquisite in its way. I have seen something like this lady in the Lobby of Drury-lane, and she looks as if she could mill a pretty good man. I always think the history of this woman affords two useful morals. First, it warns us of the folly of being too much under the influence of petticoat government; and, secondly, shews how dangerous is power in the hands of man. Here, the two combined made the head of the Baptist the frolic of a feast: neither can we forget what happened at Persepolis, when burning a palace was the entertainment of the evening.

There is some splendid Gobelin tapestry in one of the rooms at Castle Howard, which, instead of representing the nonsensical love-scenes of ancient mythology, is the subject of Scriptural history, of too grave a nature for my pen. There is a fine picture also of finding Moses in the bull-rushes; but finding a fox in a gorse covert suits my taste better.

Fancy is the mould that shapes the form, and casts the colour of man or beast; but the figures of gods and goddesses, graceful nymphs and beautiful cupids, are finer subjects for the pencil or the chisel than ordinary human forms; and there is a beautiful statue (by Westmacott) of a naked nymph. She is as white as if she had sprung, like Venus, from the foam of the sea (the greatest purity of nature), and the proportions of her form are exquisitely fine. She has a fair share of what the Romans called the *corpus solidum*—the French *embonpoint*; neither is her waist drawn in and distorted, as some of our English ladies distort theirs, but appears exactly proportioned by nature to the other parts of her body. All her beauties are fresh about her; and, I confess, this elegant statue reminded me of that which was supposed to have represented the celebrated Phryne, a courtesan of Athens, exhibiting herself naked to the admiring eyes of the Athenian people, assembled at the Eleusinian games*.

To represent a beautiful object is the great aim of the imitative arts; but when woman is the sub-

* When I surveyed all sides of this elegant and beautifully proportioned figure, I thought of the just description Lucian must have given of the Venus by Praxiteles, when he rapturously exclaims, "Hercle, quanta dorsi concinnatas! ut exuberantes, lumbi amplexantes manus implent! Quam scite circumductæ clunium pulpes in se rotundantur, neque tenues nimis ipsis ossibus adstrictæ, neque in immensam effusæ pinguedinem!"

ject, statues and pictures fall miserably short of the fair original; and under the finest painting of a beautiful woman, these lines may be inscribed:

Though this be drawn exactly true,
It doth no more retain her hue
Than doth the shadow of the rose
Impart the scent of one that grows.

Although Plato was of opinion that they alone are true philosophers who continually think of death; yet Aristotle, perhaps the wisest of them all, declared, that, *of all terrible things, death is the most terrible*; and, "particularly to the rich," said one of a later day. Indeed, vulgar souls are apt to wish they could decline the grave, being unwilling to forsake even the more homely pleasures which this world affords them. Nevertheless, it is highly expedient that we should now and then be reminded that we are not immortal—so I visited the Mausoleum at Castle Howard. I had never seen more than one of these cemeteries before, and that was the famous one at Trentham, the splendid seat of the Marquis of Stafford, which is lined with Parian marble, and said to have cost ten thousand pounds. Thus man is called a noble animal; for he is splendid in ashes, and pompous even in the grave.

The origin of Mausoleums I believe to be this:—The insatiable tyrant Death preys upon all, and even royalty is not secure from his fatal grasp. One Mausolus, King of Caria, a province of Asia Minor, happened to slip his wind; and the Queen his wife, *determined to have the last of him*, swallowed his ashes, and erected to his memory one of the noblest monuments of antiquity, which passed for one of the Seven Wonders of the World. From this have all other sumptuous

tombs and sepulchres taken the same name; but the school-boy will recollect the exclamation of the philosopher on beholding this huge pile—"Ye Gods! how much money changed into stones!" However, according to Heroditus, this old-fashioned sage preferred a grain of wisdom to heaps of gold; so he is no authority in these days.

The sepulchre at Trentham, after the Roman fashion, is placed by the side of the high road; but that at Castle Howard is in the pleasure grounds, amidst beautiful scenes of rural grandeur; and I believe this is also an ancient practice. Plato was buried in the groves of Academus, and Sir William Temple in a flower garden. "O lay me," says one of Ossian's heroes, "ye that see the light, near some rock of my hills; let the rustling oak be near; green be the place of my rest; and let the sound of the distant torrent be heard."

All this is very pretty to read; but an awful sanctity invests the mansions of the dead. Doctor Johnson said, that if he were to select from the whole mass of English poetry the most perfect specimen of a poet's art, he could prefer nothing to the exclamation of *Almeria*, in the *Mourning Bride*, when, in the vaulted aisle of the Temple, she thus addresses *Leonora*:—

"How rev'rend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble
heads
To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and im-
movable,
Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight. The
tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling
heart!
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy
voice;

Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me
hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its
echoes."

The Mausoleum at Castle Howard, however, has nothing about it of a very gloomy cast. The cemetery is a mere plain circular room, well faced with stone, with niches in the wall (the *columbaria* of the Romans) to receive the family coffins, few of which are now occupied; but there is room for several generations to come. Over it is a chapel for the performance of the funeral service, which is much better worth seeing, the floor being a fine specimen of what my guide called "Moseke."

Silence is sometimes wisdom: thus I am no admirer of marble monuments and encomiastic inscriptions recording the virtues of even the illustrious dead. They only prove the vanity of all human grandeur, and pass for little after all. Sylla penned his own panegyric, and thought his ashes secure in his urn; but he could not silence revenging tongues, and his monument was pelted with stones. In private life these elegant lamentations are still more suspicious; for real affliction vents itself in far nobler channels. Thus does the Satirist ask—

"What mourner ever felt poetic fires?
Slow comes the verse that real grief inspires.
Grief, unaffected, suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a broken heart."

The places I have been speaking of are free from this reproach, for there are no monuments in Mausoleums; but I never read one of these lofty panegyrics that I do not think of what a North-country wag wrote under one of them, which represented a rich old codger as having (most unwillingly no doubt) resigned the pleasures and

pageantry of this world, and revelling in the mansions of eternal bliss. It ran thus:—

"I wish with my heart it may be to his
leeking,
Since all the world knows it never was his
seeking."

Notwithstanding all this, these splendid cemeteries are proper appendages to families of distinction; and Holy Writ informs us they have always been considered as such. The last honour paid to the Princes of Israel was to be buried with their fathers, and to be laid up in their sepulchres to sleep with them.

I shall now take leave of this subject; but, however lightly we may speak on such matters, it is impossible to enter a place of this description without *awful* impressions of a boundless hereafter, and the scenes and changes we have yet to pass through. We know the vigour of the bow, and we may well dread the venom of the shaft. In vaults and charnel-houses, however, we can learn nothing beyond that we are mortal, for perpetual silence reigns there. Addison tells us, with his usual pleasantry, that the souls of the dead appear frequently in cemeteries, and hover about the places where their bodies are buried, as still hankering about their old brutal pleasures, and desiring again to enter the body. If this were really the case, a useful hint or two might be obtained towards *making up the book*, as we sportsmen call it, in this lower world:

"But, ah! no notices they give,
Nor tell us where, or how they live;
Though conscious when with us below
How much themselves desired to know."

Like those at Studley Castle, the grounds of Castle Howard

abound in statues of gods and goddesses, which my Yorkshire guide (one of the under-gardeners, I believe) commented upon, much after this fashion, as we passed them: "Yon's Bacchus, the god of *woyne*. Yon's Pluto and Proserpoyne: he seized and carried her to *th' hell*." I saw a beautiful statue of a wild boar which was enclosed in a wooden building, having only lately arrived, and cost one thousand guineas.

There is an inn within three hundred yards of the mansion, where post-horses are kept; and two or three public roads traverse this fine park. Taken altogether, it is a splendid specimen of an English Nobleman's residence.

On Friday I returned to York, for the purpose of meeting the York and Ainsty hounds the next morning. I sent a horse to covert, and set out after him; but the day was so tempestuous that I turned back on the road, and the very keenest of the sportsmen were obliged to give it in, and return home, drenched to their very skins. The evening proved fair, and I despatched my horses to Easingwold, on their road to Raby Castle, whither I was under engagement to follow them on the succeeding Tuesday.

I was very unfortunate in weather and scent in my second attempt to see the York and Ainsty hounds. This, however, was somewhat immaterial, as far as myself was concerned; for I was unwell at the time, and scarcely able to ride beyond a trot*. Notwithstanding this, I should have

been pleased to have been an humble spectator of something like a run, as it might have furnished matter for my pen. As it was, however, I have but little to add on this part of my subject to what I have already written.

I was given to understand there are some good riders in the York and Ainsty country, exclusive of those I had the pleasure of being known to. Among them I heard the names of Mr. J. Agar, Mr. J. Clough, and a young one of much promise of the name of Smith, a son of Colonel Smith of Placeville. The most workmanlike looking man on his horse, however, that I saw in the country was Mr. Ridsdale, and his style of horse quite of the right stamp. He has, however, many opportunities of picking up thorough-bred horses for the field, which do not so often fall to other men's share. Mr. George Swann, as I have already observed, is one of the best men across Yorkshire, and, which is no bad criterion of nerve, appeared to me not at all particular as to his horse, as I now and then saw him on a rum one, which some friend had asked him to ride. He wrote me word in the autumn, that he had "Nimrodded his hunters last summer, and hoped to experience the benefit of the hard-meat system."

I find I must hark back a little to the York and Ainsty kennel, as I have hitherto passed no judgment on the huntsman, Naylor; and this privilege has been hitherto kindly allowed me. I will begin, however, with paying him a very handsome compliment. The

* Since the *floorer* I had at the stile—which may be well termed a *floorer*, for it laid me eleven days on my back, on the ground, without being able to be moved—I have been, at times, very powerless on my horse, but hope I shall be all right again after this winter.

splendid condition of his pack was not eclipsed by any thing of that description which I met with in Yorkshire; and he has the greater credit here, from the circumstance of his hounds being obliged to sleep out once a week at least, and sometimes oftener. I shall ever maintain, that, whether in their kennel or in the field, there was a brightness of skin, a liveliness of carriage, an evenness of flesh, and something altogether about the York hounds, which denoted a master hand at home.

In the field, although I had but small means of judging of him, I do not think highly of Naylor as a huntsman—*certainly not so highly as he thinks of himself*. The propensity to excellence, however, is natural to the human mind; and vanity, under certain restrictions, one of the most useful passions of our nature: but, unfortunately for us all, there are few things which the world is generally more disposed to resist than self-created pretensions to superiority of any sort. I am compelled then to state, that I consider Naylor a huntsman of very average capacity, and particularly so for the time he has been with hounds. However, there is one glory of the sun, another of the moon, and another of the stars. All men are not equal, and the best of us have only as much knowledge as it has pleased our Maker to give us, and no more. Jack Wilson, the head whipper-in, stands high with the country, being accounted rather better than common.

Among other qualities, Naylor is considered a wag, and plumes himself upon now and then saying

what he considers a good thing. Whilst I was at York, a gentleman rode up to him, and addressed him thus:—"Now, Naylor, you must mind what you are at to-day: NIMROD will be out, and will have you in black and white."—"Lord bless you, Sir," replied Naylor, "why I have forgotten more than NIMROD will ever know." A sharp rebuke this; and all I have to say is, that I think I have read that Wisdom vaunteth not itself, and is not puffed up; but *God help the man who knows only what Mr. Naylor has forgotten!* However, there is chaff and cockle in the best grain; so enough of this. Naylor is a good and faithful servant, a capital kennel huntsman, and therefore entitled to great praise: but we all pay the price of celebrity, and so must he*.

I never hear of a little harmless self-predilection of this nature, but I think of an anecdote I once read in an Oriental tale: A great man's counsellor being unable to answer a question put to him, was reproached with receiving so high a salary for what, in this instance, he could not perform. He justified himself thus:—"I am paid," said he, "in proportion to what I know; but if I received an income in proportion to what I do not know, the wealth of this nation would be insufficient for the purpose!"

On Sunday morning, March the 18th, I took leave of York—once called the Athens of the dark ages, but now, in these lighter times, a dull place to look at, and went to Norton Conyers, on my road to Raby Castle. I arrived just in pudding time, and was happy to find the

* Had Naylor ever read Cicero, he would have found something like the following hint: *Acknowledged* merit alone takes deep root, and endures the judgment of mankind; whereas that which is *assumed* may be compared to the beauties of some transient flower, which fades and withers, and scarcely outlives the day.

worthy Baronet had nearly got the better of his painful complaint, and was recovering the effects of his bad fall*. I shall here digress a little from the beaten track, and give a short history of Norton Conyers and its possessors, as they form a striking figure in the history of Yorkshire, and of the North.

This very ancient Equestrian family derives its origin from the same source as the Earls of Montrose, being lineally descended from the noted "John with the Bright Sword," who so much distinguished himself in those bloody wars between England and Scotland in Henry the Fourth's time; and, according to Scotch historians, is as ancient as the restoration of the Monarchy in Scotland by King Fergus the Second. They also derive their origin from the renowned Greame, who—governing Scotland during the minority of King Eugene the Second, and by forcing that mighty rampart which Antoninus Pius had reared up between the rivers Forth and Clyde as the utmost bounds of the Roman Empire, to prevent the Scots from molesting them in their unjustly-acquired possessions—immortalized his name so much, as to this day that trench is called "Graham's Dyke." There is always something interesting in that compassion which arises from reading accounts of the misfortunes which have attended persons worthy of a better fate; and no one who once perused it can forget the conduct of another ancestor of

this noble family—the Marquis of Graham—so ably handed down to us by Clarendon; and whose memory, as that eminent historian says, "well deserved to be preserved and celebrated among the most illustrious persons of the age in which he lived; who, when condemned to have his limbs hanged up in the four principal cities of the kingdom, lamented that he had not flesh enough to be sent to every city in Christendom, as a testimony of the cause for which he suffered!!" Surely this was a match for the boasted act of Epaminondas, who refused to have the fatal dart extracted from his side, until he was informed that his shield was not taken by his enemies.

Norton Conyers estate was purchased by Sir Richard Graham, the first Baronet, who was Master of the Horse to the Duke of Buccleugh, when his Grace carried the Prince of Wales into Spain in 1623. Sir Richard was afterwards despatched by his King to bring back the Prince, which commission he executed with such extreme velocity, that as a mark of royal favour His Majesty gave him for his crest two wings (*a vol*) conjoined, and extending themselves for flight†. He was subsequently Master of the Horse to King Charles I., to whom he adhered so steadfastly in his troubles that he presented him with a Baronetcy in 1662.

At the disastrous battle of Marston Moor, this unfortunate gentleman and faithful subject was

* Whilst I was absent from Yorkshire, this sporting Baronet got an awkward flogger with Sir Tatton Sykes's hounds. They had been going very best pace for about a quarter of an hour, when his horse wished to decline a very awkward fence. His rider, however, was not to be denied; and the consequence was the fracture of the collar bone and other severe injuries.

† This, no doubt, accounts for the sort of hereditary speed the present Baronet possesses over a country.

mortally wounded, having received no less than twenty-six wounds in various parts of his body, and expired on the staircase at Norton Conyers, a short time before the arrival of a detachment which was sent thither in pursuit of him. His full suit of armour now adorns the ancient hall; and the print of the shoe of the horse which conveyed his mutilated body from the field of battle, is now said to be visible on the landing place of the old oaken staircase.

The mansion house at Norton Conyers stands upon a large space of ground, but, as was the case with most family edifices of similar date, the size of the rooms is sacrificed to an over-grown entrance hall; and as it is built in the old-fashioned, but deformed, *gable-end style*, it boasts of no architectural display. The ancient walls of its hall, however, are thickly studded with portraits—by Sir Peter Lely and other celebrated artists of their day—of several illustrious persons connected with this family, the histories of many of whom awaken in the mind, not only the strongest associations of sympathetic feelings for men who suffered in their country's cause, but indignation against their enemies, who consigned them to ignominious deaths when their conduct demanded the honour of a triumph.

Amongst the family portraits there is one deserving of a brief account. It is a full-length likeness of a Sir Richard Graham (and his horse Brown Bushel), who was Sheriff for Yorkshire in 1680. His history is this; and a very commendable example to these canting times may be extracted from it. He had, it seems, been the chief means of bringing to justice, and subsequently to punish-

ment, a desperate gang of marauders who infested that part of the great North Road called Leeming Lane, to the terror of all travellers as well as of the neighbouring country. For this he was a marked man, and vengeance was sworn against him. As he was one day taking the diversion of hunting on Hutton Moor, he was pursued and fired at, the shot passing through Brown Bushel's tail—for such was the name of the horse he was riding, and to whose superior speed and fencing he was indebted for the preservation of his life. But the story does not end here. The villains were tried at York, and condemned to die, but a pardon was afterwards granted them—a measure which gave great offence to Sir Richard Graham! and against the impropriety of which he remonstrated in very strong terms. He made known to his King his determination, that, if the lives of these villains were spared, he would sell every acre of his property, and immediately quit England for ever; which remonstrance had the desired effect.

Sir Richard must have been but in the morning of life when this picture was painted; but there is an expression of undaunted resolution in his countenance. His horse, Brown Bushel, is represented on the same canvas, with a kind of shield on his tail over the part struck by the ball; and he appears a great favorite of the groom who holds him. There is also, in this old hall, a full-length portrait of the present Baronet, in the uniform of the 10th Hussars, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, for which he paid the price of a second Brown Bushel, namely—300 guineas.

The following, however, are the

greatest curiosities attached to this ancient mansion:—first, a letter from Charles the Second to an ancestor of the family, requesting the loan of two hundred pounds, to assist him in his troubles and distress: secondly, a bedstead, now in perfect preservation, on which James the First slept when he visited Norton Conyers, on his road to London to take possession of his throne. Ogg, the King of Bashan, could not have reposed his weary limbs upon this bed, for it is even much smaller than the present fashion, and altogether of rather a comfortless form. The workmanship at the head and feet, however, is composed of some curious devices, the latter reminding me of the *epures* of the ancient Greeks.

The domestic records of this family produce a singular instance of longevity in the case of Henry Jenkins, superior to that of the veteran Parr. He is stated to have given evidence in a Court of Justice to 140 years, and to have died at the age of 169! He was at the battle of Flodden Field when a boy; but got his living by thatching and salmon fishing. There are several respectable testimonies to the extreme age of this man, but it must be recollected there were no parish registers in his day. He died in 1670.

I now bid adieu to Norton Conyers, the present proprietor of which, if I could order it, should not only live as long as his coun-

tryman Jenkins; but, for the honour of fox-hunting, he should have a still longer lease. Like the rose-tree of Jericho, he should neither wither nor decay.

On the nineteenth of March I left Norton Conyers, and proceeded to Raby Castle, where its Noble owner had arrived only two days before from rather a long visit to London, having been very reluctantly detained by what he most appropriately termed the question of the d—d Corn Bill. “Did Lord Darlington* change horses here on Sunday?” said I to the landlord of Catterick Bridge inn. On being answered in the affirmative, I inquired after his health. “His Lordship was very well,” replied Mr. Ferguson; “but when he comes down from London, he never looks so well as he does when he goes up: *he never looks like himself till he has had a bit of fox-hunting.*”—“Aye, aye,” said I; “that is the medicine of life: there is no such balm in Gilead.”

It is an eighteen mile stage from Catterick Bridget† to Raby, and as part of it is a bye road, with a great many gates to open, I found that I should do no more than just get in time for dinner; and losing that at Raby is no ordinary joke. One appetite, however, was highly gratified even in the jumbling of a hack chaise. The approach to Raby is a feast to the eye, sufficient to satisfy the veriest glutton for the sublime and grand; and when the noble Castle, with its

* His Lordship had not then been promoted in the Red Book. “Lord Darlington and Fox-hunting” were as natural to the ear as “Church and King,” after the removal of the cloth from the dinner-table; and the “Marquis of Cleveland and his hounds” will sound rather queer at first. However, the honour is only his birth-right; and, in the language of humble life, the Marquis of Cleveland is the same hearty good fellow that Lord Darlington has ever been. I had a most kind letter from his Lordship a short time since, in which he tells me, “he had made a good beginning this season, and that there was a well-aired bed and a hearty welcome for me under his roof at all times.”

† This was the Cattaractonium of the Romans. It was a principal station named in the *Itinerary of Antoninus*—the oldest Book of Roads in England.

stately towers, emblazoned walls, and deep fosse that surrounds it—retaining all their appearance of antiquity—burst with commanding grandeur upon my view, strange ideas presented themselves to my mind. I could not help fancying that, like the planets, Old Time had become retrograde, and that I was on my road to visit a haughty Baron of the feudal ages, some three hundred years back, uncertain, however, whether the huge portcullis would not arrest my progress, and that I might be sent to the right-about again, not only without my dinner, but without my head.

An elaborate account of this Baronial residence will not be expected from me; but I cannot deny myself the pleasure of a faint attempt at describing a few of its beauties—craving indulgence for my want of tact on such subjects.

The entrance into the Castle is particularly grand, and the imposing effect must make that impression on all strangers which it made upon myself. As I drove through the outer gate, my arrival was announced by a deep-toned bell, rung by a well-dressed porter who inhabits the lodge, and which always announces the approach of a guest. My carriage proceeded at a rapid rate along the embattled terrace, and taking a fine sweep through the inner gate, where a portcullis is suspended, brought me into a quadrangular court-yard, where I concluded I was to be landed for the day. But it was not so. The large folding doors of the great Gothic saloon opened as I approached them, and I found myself, hack-chaise and all, in this noble room. Here were two or three footmen ready to take my luggage,

and the groom of the chambers to shew me to my apartment.

“You have very little time to dress in, Sir,” said the groom of the chambers, as he led me through the turnings and windings of the anti-rooms and passages of this huge building: “his Lordship’s clocks are fast, and he dines exactly at six.”—“In twenty minutes,” replied I, “my toilet will be completed; but pray let me ask you one question—you have brought me hither, but how am I to find my way to the drawing room? *I shall make a wrong turn and be lost.*” The groom smiled, and said he would come and fetch me when I rang my bell.

Certain is it, that, in this visit to Raby, I should have cut a more reputable figure in my own travelling carriage; but as far as effect was concerned, in my approach to it, there was a great advantage in the yellow post-chaise. The rattling it made as it passed through the gates of this princely edifice—this complete fortress, as Pennant styles it—was loudly echoed by the responsive towers and crenelated battlements which adorn it; and I am ashamed to confess, that at the moment I am speaking of, instead of the more interesting associations of civil wars and tumults, high treason and bloodshed, forfeiture and attainder, which naturally present themselves to nobler minds on entering a place of such high antiquity as this, I was amusing myself with thinking how I should like to drive the Edinburgh mail, at the rate of ten miles an hour, through these huge gate-ways, *with a guard behind me who could blow a good horn.* “Oh! fie, Nimrod,” I think I hear some critic observe; “you

should have left such groveling notions on Hartford-bridge flat*."

The great beauty of Raby Castle, as Pennant very justly observes, consists in its being uninjured by any modern strokes inconsistent with the general taste of the edifice; but, *simply magnificent, it strikes by its magnificence*. It stands in the direction to the cardinal points of the compass; but the South is said to be most beautiful, being from a design of the great Inigo Jones. The tower called Bulmer's tower, however, bears the highest antiquity of any part of this noble edifice; and from the circumstance of two letters of B, in the old character, being raised in the stone work, at a great distance from the ground, it is supposed to have been built by Baron Bulmer, who intermarried with the family possessed of this property in very early days—the Bulmers being of *very ancient date*.

There is only one entrance to the outward area of Raby Castle, which is by a gate on the North side; but inside the area there are two—the one, on the West, which I drove through, and another which leads to the domestic offices. Over the latter, are three shields of arms

of the Neville family, which determine the antiquity of it, and each of these has its portcullis.

The mere habitable part of this building covers an acre of ground; but the Castle, with its nearly circular terrace, enclosed with a military wall, and beautifully garnished with battlements, extends over double that quantity of ground. I have said already Pennant calls it a complete fortress, and such truly it must have been before gunpowder was invented.

The situation of Raby Castle is most happily chosen, commanding a view over a vast amphitheatre of country; and I have reason to believe one of the finest vales in the county of Durham is included in the view. The city of York and the Cleveland and Hamilton hills are also to be seen from the terrace on a clear day; and the domain itself extends for nearly thirty miles. The situation of the park, the circumference of which is ten miles, is rather pastoral than romantic, flanked by large and dense plantations, and abounding with whin coverts, with generally a fox in each of them†.

As the *Sporting Magazine* is

* Four miles of ground on the great Western Road, supposed to be the best road in the universe for a coach to run upon.

† I have always considered there was something grand in the rural magnificence of the feudal ages. The following extract from an eminent critic's dissertation on the poems of Ossian, gives us very just ideas of it; and as they are strongly associated with those of a sportsman, I transcribe the passage here.—“The seats of Highland Chiefs were neither disagreeable nor inconvenient: Surrounded with mountains and hanging woods, they were covered from the inclemency of the weather. Near them generally ran a large river, which, discharging itself not far off into the sea, or extensive lake, swarmed with a variety of fish. The woods were stocked with wild-fowl; and the heaths and mountains behind them were the natural seat of the red-deer and the roe. If we make allowance for the backward state of agriculture, the valleys were not unfertile; affording, if not all the conveniences, at least the necessities of life. Here the Chief lived, the supreme judge and law-giver of his own people; but his sway was neither severe nor unjust. As the populace regarded him as the chief of their blood, so he, in return, considered them as members of his family. His commands, therefore, though absolute and decisive, partook more of the authority of the father, than the rigour of a judge. Though the whole territory of the tribe was considered as the property of the Chief, yet his vassals made him no other consideration than services neither burthensome nor frequent. His table was supplied by his own herds, and what his numerous attendants

now read in all parts of the civilized world, it may not be amiss to dwell five minutes longer on this interesting subject. Previous to the year 1570, Raby Castle was the property of the ancient family of the Nevilles. In 1378, one John De Neville obtained a licence to make a castle of his manor at Raby:—"To embattle and crenellate, without hindrance, restraint, or molestation, all the towers, &c." Here the Nevilles are said to have lived in great feudal magnificence until the forfeiture by the sixth Earl of Westmoreland, who was convicted of high treason and outlawed. It was then, with the manor and castle, granted to the citizens of London, in trust, to be sold to the best bidder, and under which trust Sir Henry Vane, an ancestor of the present possessor, purchased it in 1630. The Vanes were ennobled in 1699, when Sir Christopher was made a Baron by the title of Viscount Barnard, of Barnard Castle, which, with its lands, honours, and privileges, were also purchased by the Vanes, and has hitherto given the title to the eldest son. The motto of this noble family—"Nec temerè nec timide"—was well suited to those hazardous times.

The rooms in Raby Castle are well deserving of notice; and nothing in the Gothic taste can be more elegant than the style and proportions of the windows. The Gothic hall, or saloon, of which I have already spoken, is quite of the Baronial order. It is ninety feet in length, the roof beautifully arched, and supported by six immense Doric pillars; and its fretted ceil-

ing and highly-polished pavement give a grand finish to the whole. There is also a museum of prodigious length, almost at the top of the Castle, formerly called the Barons Hall, in which, according to Pennant, were assembled, in the time of the Nevilles, seven hundred Knights who held of that family. It is now filled with all the curiosities of the mineral, vegetable, and animal world; but on this subject I am silent. I always think of the barber's basin which was taken for the helmet of Mambrino. There is one part of this ancient building, however, which would have mightily taken the fancy of Don Quixote's Squire. This is the oven, the dimensions of which are fifteen feet, well suited to the boundless hospitality of former days, but which, in the over-refined language of the present era, would be called 'the coarse festivities of a grosser age.' On looking at Raby Castle, however, who will be bold enough to say that the age was rude and void of taste in which that noble edifice was erected?

The dining room at Raby is very much admired both for elegance and comfort. It is fifty-one feet long by twenty-one in width, and, having two fire places, is always warm and comfortable, and the display of plate on the two side-boards is said to be unrivalled even by Royalty. Among other articles of massive structure and imposing effect, are twenty-one racing cups; and I could not help thinking what a stud of hunters they would all produce if run through the crucible. The state drawing-room is also distinguished for the beauty of its proportions;

killed in hunting. In this kind of rural magnificence the Highland Chief lived; and at a distance from the seat of government, and secured by the inaccessibility of his country, he was free, independent, and happy."

and the elegance of its furniture eclipses every thing of that description which I recollect to have seen. This fine room is circular, *the diameter being forty-three feet!*

NIMROD.

“As our entertaining Correspondent now enters on various matters, such as sport with the Raby hounds, and other subjects which it would not be prudent to bring to an abrupt conclusion, we leave him in the drawing room at Raby.—ED.

JOHN SINGLETON,

THE FIRST WINNER OF THE GREAT ST. LEGER.

THROUGH the kindness of a correspondent we are enabled to present to our readers a portrait of JOHN SINGLETON, taken by an eminent artist at Chester, December 2, 1826. It is somewhat singular, that on the day the portrait was finished the veteran became indisposed, and on the Monday following he had finished his course. He died in Chester House of Industry, in his 94th year.

The following particulars of Singleton's career were obtained through the medium of the Catholic Priest at Chester (of which persuasion John was) who attended him in his last moments, and whose letters we have in our possession. Singleton was born at Kendal on the 24th June 1732—his father was a horse-dealer. John became a jockey at the age of sixteen, and rode first at Kirby Lonsdale. During his sporting career, when about twenty, he rode in a match made between Sir W. Strickland and Sir ——— Frompton, on which occasion a song was published, intitled “The Yorkshire Knights*.” In 1776 he rode Lord Rocking-

ham's brown bay filly, Allabaculia, by Sampson, for the First Great St. Leger, which he won; he was also the rider of Cyclops, and jockeyed Eclipse in most of the great races which that astonishing horse ran. Singleton's last riding was at Chester in 1784. He at one time had raised sufficient money to purchase a horse, which broke its leg in running at Burnwood. Leaving the turf, he commenced business as a horse-dealer, and afterwards was a horse-breaker and farrier. His wife having been indisposed for two years, he became reduced in circumstances, and first received a weekly allowance of three shillings from the parish board of Chester, on the 30th July 1818; which he continued to do until the 24th May 1821, when he was admitted into the House of Industry, where he remained until his death.

The old jockey used, with great glee, to recount his various and successful exploits on the turf, and preserved his health and faculties almost unimpaired till within a few days of his decease.

The signature underneath our plate, is a fac-simile of Singleton's writing in Nov. 1825, being then ninety-three years of age, which sufficiently testifies John must have been a man of some education.

DENGIE HUNDRED COURSING MEETING, ESSEX.

HOCKLEY MARSHES.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1827.

MATCHES.—Mr. Crabb's b. b. Quality beat Mr. Porter's b. and wh. b. Grace; Mr. Crabb's b. and wh. d. Quibble beat Mr. Parker's red and wh. d. Coxcomb; Mr. Crabb's b. d. Quadrille beat Mr. Parker's red and wh. b. Crixes; Mr. Porter's b. b.

* Some of our readers can possibly favour us with a copy.

THE AMERICAN
SOCIETY

OF THE
SOCIETY

John Singleton

Gipsy beat Mr. Sach's b. b. Emblem; Mr. Porter's bl. d. Gas agst Mr. Crabb's b. d. Quick—undecided; Mr. Porter's b. d. Grimaldi beat Mr. Parker's r. b. Castle; Mr. Jackson's r. d. Jangler beat Mr. Crabb's bl. d. Quiet; Mr. Seabrooke's b. b. Omer beat Mr. Simpson's b. b. Sweep—named by Mr. J. Wright; Mr. Porter's brin. d. General beat Mr. Hart's b. d. Lupin; Mr. Crabb's b. d. Quicksilver beat Mr. Parker's r. d. Cupid; Mr. Parker's r. d. Claret beat Mr. Simpson's b. d. Tip—named by Mr. J. Wright; Mr. Parker's d. d. Castor beat Mr. Hart's b. d. Logic; Mr. Chas. Hurrell's b. b. Witchcraft beat Mr. Ram's b. b.—named by Mr. Parker; Mr. Bushell's r. d. Union beat Mr. Schreiber's d. d. Kangaroo.

EAST LANDS.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1827.

Matches.—Mr. Porter's bl. d. Gas beat Mr. Whimper's b. and wh. d. Tactic; Mr. Porter's b. and wh. b. Grace beat Mr. J. Wright's b. b. Spitfire; Mr. Crabb's b. d. Quicksilver beat Mr. Parker's r. d. Claret; Mr. Crabb's b. b. Quality beat Mr. Porter's b. b. Gipsy; Mr. Porter's b. b. General beat Mr. Hart's b. d. Logic; Mr. J. Wright's b. b. Slut beat Mr. Parker's r. b. Castle; Mr. Porter's bl. d. Grimaldi agst Mr. Crabb's bl. d. Quiet—undecided; Mr. Parker's r. and wh. d. Coxcomb agst Mr. J. Wright's d. d. Smuggler—undecided—second course also undecided; Mr. Parker's d. d. Castor beat Mr. J. Wright's r. d. Slyboots; Mr. Parker's r. d. Cupid beat Mr. Hart's b. d. Lupin; Mr. Porter's brin. d. General beat Mr. Parker's d. d. Castor; Mr. Hart's b. d. Logic beat Mr. J. Wright's r. d. Slyboots; Mr. Crabb's b. d. Quicksilver beat Mr. Schreiber's d. d. Kangaroo; Mr. Parker's r. d. Claret agst Mr. Whimper's b. and wh. d. Tactic—undecided.

HERONS' NESTS—FARTHER REMARKS ON SNIPE SHOOTING.

SIR,

I Fear your correspondent PETER PRY is in no way related, or at least very distantly indeed, to the celebrated "Paul." If he had been next of kin, he would have pryed more closely into my letter on the Heron's nest, and not have mis-quoted me; wherein I stated, that "I was much pleased with PETER PRY's description of a

Decoy for Wild Fowl," but expressed my fears that he had "fallen into error" respecting the heron's nest. I never "told the Sporting World he was wrong." I merely stated my fears, and quoted Bewick in support of them. I am glad that I did; for it has settled (in my mind) a point in natural history which Bewick seems not to have been aware of. This amply repays me for the smart P.P.'s lash inflicted, which certainly was not dealt out in the most merciful manner. I farther beg to state, that I am not in the habit of visiting bogs and marshes during the season of incubation, having no wish to disturb that process of nature; and, in winter, when I do visit them, it is not on a Welsh pony, as P.P. suspects. And, moreover, my trotting is in no way confined to my friend's park; for though it contains game in abundance, yet, owing to its elevated and dry situation, I am not likely to meet with a snipe there during the season: and I am one of those who derive more pleasure from killing a couple or two of snipes, and now and then a teal or duck, on a wild bog or marsh, than bags full of game in an inclosed country.

Permit me to say a word or two in answer to AN AMATEUR's doubts respecting my mode of getting at snipes. Snipes, I wish to inform him, are not frequently disturbed by the noise of your approach; for I have many times, after marking them down in drains and rivulets in frosty weather, where my feet have broken the ice every step, walked quite upon them before they got up, and this with the wind at my back; and am quite convinced he may do the same, providing he has a bank or

tuft of weeds to screen him from their sight: it is their eyes and not their ears he has to fear. In short, he may pass within a yard of them with the greatest safety if the wind is blowing, as they always feed under the lee of a bunch of sedges, or a rising bit of ground. This will be quite apparent, if he examines where they have been *chalking* and *boring*.

I have explained in a former letter (vol. xvi. page 386), why they are much easier to shoot in this way, than when put up against wind; but, to save him the trouble of referring to that letter, I beg to say that snipes, when put up with the wind, always perform a circuit round the shooter to head the wind, and thereby offer a side shot, which is the best he can have, as it gives him more time, and the bird does not twist so much.

Yours,

A BOGTROTTER.

December 5, 1827.

A LINE TO A RURALIST.

SIR,

I Shall consider myself most fortunate if the RURALIST will inform me, by letter, his real name and place of abode.—Your humble servant,

THOMAS SMITH.

Exton House,
Wernford, Hants, December 11, 1827.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

SIR,

YOUR excellent Magazine now and then contains some curious remarks on the animal kingdom; and I was much pleased with the few anecdotes your correspondent PETER PRY has given of the Newfoundland Dog. They

reminded me of a circumstance that occurred at the country house of a friend of mine; and if you think it worthy of a corner in your next, it is much at your service.

This friend has a very fine Newfoundland dog, a very sagacious animal, as well as a very beautiful one: his usual resting place during the day is under the portico of the hall door, where a mat serves him for bed, bolster, and sheets. On one occasion, when his master was in London, and only two or three servants in the house, an old female beggar in a ragged jacket—one I believe that had been paid for by the Government, and perhaps had seen the battle of Waterloo—entered the carriage gate, and walked through the shrubbery to the front of the house for the purpose of asking alms. She was immediately approached by the dog, who laid hold of the corporal part of her dress, though not that of her person, and very steadily conducted her back to the carriage gate, in spite of her cries, which alarmed the servants; but they did not arrive in time to prevent him from accomplishing his object. The old woman was much frightened, and related to the servants the whole affair—that he had not offered to bite, but laid hold of the sleeve of her jacket, and dragged her back to the high road.

May I request your friend PETER PRY, who seems to have a good knowledge of the matter, to favour us with the names of a few places, thirty or forty miles from Town, down the Thames, where an idler could get a little wild-fowl shooting, and no questions asked. I do not mean with punt and stanchion, but a good double gun.—Yours,

X,

December 8, 1827.

A BRIEF SUMMARY OF THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS CONNECTED WITH THE RACING SEASON 1827, AND A FEW REMARKS THEREON.

SIR,

I Send you the following lines, by way of a "brief abstract and chronicle" of the principal events connected with the past racing season; and would fain hope, that, when amalgamated in your pages with more interesting matter, they may be permitted to pass muster. Your readers will see that I have thrown my lucubrations into the same form (I wish I could add the same style and manner) as that of my literary pater's *THE OLD FORESTER*. Although I cannot at all pretend to be so clear and perspicuous, yet what I lack in knowledge I hope to make up in zeal; and it should likewise be remembered that I confess myself to be the *Young*, not the *Old*, FORESTER. Once for all, then, I must beg you, gentle reader, to take the will for the deed, or my prosing may tempt you to cry out with Hamlet—

"Leave your damnable faces and begin."

The *regular* racing campaign is usually opened by the Anson Hunt Meeting, and the Trial Stakes always bring out a good field. This race has been hitherto so far singular as to have been always won by a two-year-old, and three years out of four by Mr. Yates. That gentleman began this season well, by winning this race with Sharpshooter; and, a week after, the same description of stake at the Mostyn Hunt, with the same colt, at each place beating good fields. This looked well for Mr. Yates's stable and Paulowitz's stock: but the consequent expectations have not been realised; for it appears

that his stock train off; though, perhaps, looking at the limited number of mares he has had, their running has not been on the average much amiss. Paulowitz *ought* to get winners: he is one of the best bred horses in England, being out of Orville and Cervantes' dam.

To proceed to head-quarters.—The Craven at Newmarket this year presented us with an extensive bill of fare, a diversity at least, if not of the richest kind. The Alderman, who came from the North at the close of last season, and won his finishing race (the Audley End) so cleverly, again shewed the southern bred ones the way, beating on the present occasion, with the exception of Shakespeare, who ran second (though lame), a moderate field.

The Spring Meetings on the whole furnished plenty of sport, such as it was, though not, as usual, any criterion whereby to make a book for the Derby or Oaks; for certainly, with regard to the former race, there never was a darker Derby to the very day.

The Riddlesworth, the key of late years to all the great races, was this season a terrible puzzler. Having been won by an outsider, and afterwards adjudged to the second horse in consequence of the winner being short of weight, made it difficult to say which had the best of it; for though the Judge placed Glenartney, there was not wanting other parties who maintained that he was neither second nor third—some contending that Roderick was before him, and others that Mameluke was de-

cidedly second; but that, having in the race laid outside of his horses, he did not so soon catch the Judge's eye. Be that as it may, the *fiat* of Mr. Clark was sufficient to set the point at rest, as far as entitling Glenartney to receive the stakes: but I cannot myself help inclining to the latter opinion, that Mameluke was the winner *before Glenartney*; and this is borne out by their subsequent running. However, the decision served to get Glenartney up to be first favorite; for the almost indisputable possession of which station his good looks may be said to have triumphed over his ill temper.

The Duke of Grafton's Roderick having been such a close companion to Glenartney in the Riddlesworth, and beating Tom Thumb so easy a few days afterwards, occasioned Lord Jersey and the Duke to be afraid of each other, in a stake in which they were the only ones left in; and they therefore wisely thought fit to divide it, instead of being foolish enough to knock either down in the betting scale, as in course would have been the case with the loser. This division of the spoil, however, gave Roderick a tremendous lift, from about 40 to 10 to 1. Indeed the Duke's usual good fortune attended him at Newmarket, by winning again this year (as well as last) the One and Two Thousand Guinea Stakes—the former with Arab, and the latter with Turcoman. This running of his Grace's stable got him up at one time to be both first and second favorite for the Derby, though he did not long continue so. As Turcoman was known to be the best horse, it may appear surprising that he was not a better fa-

vorite than Roderick; and probably he would have been so; but his running with Maresfield—a known inferior nag in Edwards's stable—spoiled it; though at the same time every one knew that Mr. Buckle had no business to have lost that race: only thinking to do it a little fine, he made it a trifle too much so; for when they came to a spurt, the 5lb. which Turcoman gave Maresfield told, and lost him the race. The whole lot of fillies in the Thousand Guinea Stake were so bad, that though the winner generally becomes a great favorite for the Oaks, yet in this instance it had no effect: indeed she was not worth sending to Epsom, and was soon afterwards thrown out of training. Monody, who was second to Arab, in the Duke's name, belongs to Lord H. Fitzroy.

The other matters most worthy of notice during the Spring Meetings were, that several North Country nags besides The Alderman, viz. Toss, Garcia, and Memnon, took the shine out of their respective opponents (some of them pretty good fields); and, that though we had so bad an index to the Derby, yet two or three mares for the Oaks shewed very strong. Brocard's running placed her decidedly first on the list; and though Gulnare won her races cleverly, yet the Stakes and horses she met in them being unimportant, she was not so much thought of.

The next Meeting in point of time and interest is Chester; and here I will reiterate what THE OLD FORESTER has before said, that no Meeting in the kingdom beats this in the excellence of the sport and number of races—not made up of two or three 50l. Plates, and those, like "angel visits, few and far between," but

plenty of money, and always plenty of horses. Sir Thomas Stanley is usually here the principal winner, and deservedly so. This year he was particularly fortunate, winning no less than seven races, among which were the Dee Stakes and both the Cups; and having the credit, with the aid of Dr. Faustus's magic, of upsetting the great Leviathan's fame.

Lord Grosvenor, too, met with more good fortune than his Lordship has of late been accustomed to, and I rejoice at it; because of late years his Lordship's stud has been sadly in the back ground; and, looking at what the Eaton stud was a few years ago, compared with the present, there is indeed great reason to cry out, "What a falling off is there!" From being the first in England, it dwindled into the very worst. Nevertheless, the greatest praise is due to his Lordship, as a liberal supporter of the Turf; for during the years he had Thunderbolt, and afterwards Blucher, his Lordship was a subscriber to most of the large Produce Stakes in the country, both at head-quarters and in the provinces, though he scarcely ever won a race. Even this year, though he had not the shadow of a chance, yet both his nags started for the Riddlesworth. To be sure a couple of hundreds, nay thousands, is no more than a mite to him; nevertheless, to go on breeding for so long to no purpose, must be discouraging under any circumstances; and therefore I say our gratitude is due to his Lordship for his noble perseverance. Matters have now, however, taken a turn; and with the rare old blood that is still left in his stock, and the liberal manner in which the thing is done, my Lord Grosvenor

may yet again attain the highest honours on the Turf.

To return to Chester. Mr. Mytton broke out strong with a two-year-old, which he calls "Halston."—"The Squire" should have added "the second" to his horse's cognomen, as it is not many years since that he had another Halston in his stable—a son of Langton, out of a Benningbrough mare. However, "one leg of mutton drives down another;" and his present colt having beaten a good field, he thinks him worthy to bear the patronymic name. This colt being the first of Banker's get, says much for the little horse. The cross is good, and shews well for speed, being out of Olivetta, by Sir Oliver, the quickest of the quick in England. "The Squire" deserves all his good fortune for the liberality in every thing he does, and, therefore, he should be content to let well alone. "Hold hard, Mr. Mytton!" I should think he has heard more than once; and therefore, if I re-echo the cry, it may perhaps serve to remind him that a man may be too fast on the turf, as well as in the field; in other words, when he has a good nag, to mind and take care of him. You may "call spirits from the vasty deep," but they *will* not come: you may call upon a race-horse every day, but he *cannot* come. He has already received one lesson in Longwaist; and I should think he will benefit by it. So much for Chester; which has two very important advantages in its favour to produce sport—it is early in the season, and therefore brings out fresh horses; and the state of the ground is not likely to be a bar to running.

York Spring Meeting follows
D d.

close upon Chester, and usually furnishes the favorites for the Leger, as Newmarket does for the Derby. This year the running of Nonplus placed him at the top of the tree; and Malek gained many admirers; and his own brother Velocipede winning the Two-year-old Stakes, made him a still better favorite, though, as it afterwards proved, the field Malek beat was very bad. He was unfortunate also in falling ill almost immediately afterwards. There was nothing else worthy of particular notice, save that Mulatto gave the first indications of his superiority in the year: and, to prove also that he was the best by far in the last year's Leger, there are disagreeable stories told why he did not then win it.

The month of May is, to the Sporting World, a busy and eventful one; for at the close of it (after Chester and York) comes the day, big with the fates—not of nations, certainly—but with the hopes and fears of all who are looking to Epsom as the place to either make or mar them. The running of horses in the Spring Meetings, as I have before said, afforded but little guide whereby to “make a book;” and there appeared no way to stand safe, but by being satisfied to win a little only, and to avoid “putting the pot on” in any particular case; as it was likely, from what had occurred, that, if you did, the said pot would boil over. The running of horses had not only been very contradictory, but as the day of the Derby approached, those even which appeared likely to give an interest to the race fell amiss; and a few days prior to the race, it was difficult to say which, or indeed if any horse was free from ill-

ness of some sort. Glenartney, from the Riddlesworth having been adjudged to him, and having been fancied and backed strongly by a party, in which one or two of the supposed most knowing of the Legs were concerned, was consequently kept up first favorite, despite of all that had been said, and known too, as to Mameluke being the best horse: therefore, if people chose to back one horse in preference to another, it was not Lord Jersey's place to come and try to beat into their block heads that they were doing wrong; for if they did not know, his Lordship did, which was the best horse. His Lordship, on the contrary, acted wisely; and, in keeping the thing quiet, turned the tables on those who thought to be most knowing; and therefore, if the biters were bit, it is absurd for people to come and talk about the “ungentlemanlike” conduct of Lord Jersey in not letting *Glenartney* win if he could. Surely an owner of horses has some little right to have a voice with his own stud, and is not to be considered bound entirely by what the public choose to do! But, however, as it has turned out, all the croaking must be set at rest by the proof of which is the best horse, as the respective running of the horses in the autumn pointed out. There is little doubt that many people backed Glenartney's blood, having so recent a recollection of Middleton; and I must confess, the rumours of his ill temper, and his *dark* running, made me a little sceptical as to his merits: but when I saw him, and beheld as fine a horse as it was possible to clap eyes on, I looked in vain, I imagined, for any thing to beat him. Within a short period of the day there was no

doubt; nearly every thing in the race was, or had been, amiss: so much so, that from what I had before heard, I really thought the great Derby was to have been carried off by a yokel—viz. Defence. Indeed, Sadler was at one time so confident, that he told a friend of mine, that “he would see the Derby won easier than ever he did in his life.” This was nearly true; as it turned out to the letter, though not to his meaning. Certain it is, that few of the top-sawyers, even among the betting men, would lay against him on the day. So strange did every thing connected with this year’s Derby go on, that, as if to keep up the game to the end, the Duke of Grafton, when the ring was formed on the downs on Thursday, became first favorite, Roderick having the call before Webb at 5 to 1. I had taken 20 to 1 for a friend early in the year about the Duke, and little thought of getting out; but, when even the horses were saddled, I hedged with one of the Legs at 6 to 1. Such betting as this, with only a very moderate stable, is the most convincing proof of the safeness of backing such men. Oh, that all were such! The particulars of the running were given so excellently by your High Mightiness, that the smallest repetition is needless. There never was a slower run race; in fact, there was nothing to make running. Had there been, Mr. Webb would never have shewn himself so prominently.

The Oaks was not in quite so bad a plight as the Derby; though, even among the *ladies*, there had been some whispering as to which was the worse cougher of the lot.

Brocard, from her running, had at one time taken the decided lead in the betting; but, oh, those easterly winds! The very day brought her to the post with the mark of a recent blister on her throat; and nothing but a good heart could have brought her as forward as she was in the race. Gulnare, the winner, fortunately for her, had had her *quantum suff.* of illness the beginning of the year, and had indeed been so much unscrewed by it, that the Duke’s people hesitated about sending her to Newmarket at all; nor did she get there until very late; but there fortunately mended, which she continued progressively to do. I saw her at Tattersall’s on her way to Epsom, when I did not much like her: I thought she looked leggy and lathy, but having the appearance of great speed, and better calculated for the courses she had been running than to come through the Oaks course; but when I got to Epsom, I found her wonderfully improved and thickened, and had in fact been doing as well as most of the others had the contrary. She won her race gallantly; and though Mr. Forth talked about either of his mares having been able to have won if some different running had been made, I may perhaps be allowed to enjoy my own opinion on the matter; but Forth’s reasons, as he explained them, were, that more running ought to have been made with Translation, though he had given orders to John Day to wait; and that he himself, on the Seamew filly* (who was fourth in the race), was blinded by a bit of dirt at Tattenham Corner, and was really unable to see a yard of

* This filly (which Forth bought at Tattersall’s at sixty or seventy guineas) was horning so bad in the spring that he had her covered when at Michel Grove by Straight-waist, and then went on training. She proves, however, to be in foal, and the produce is already matched.

the remainder of the running ; besides which he lost a stirrup. The latter part of the story was entirely a misfortune ; and, had there been any chance for him, would have acted as a great drawback ; though I cannot help thinking that both his mares were safe enough as winners. But I do believe, if Brocard's appearance had not told tales, she would have made a closer race of it. Whether it was that people did not fancy the combination of the Selim and Smolensko blood for the Oaks length, Gulnare was nothing (it is certain) like a general favorite, and the agreeable secret was confined to a select few ; though in her case blood ought by no means to have been considered for a moment *against* her stoutness ; for she is out of Medora (a winner of the Oaks also), the dam of Posthuma, one of the honestest mares of her day at Newmarket ; and also of Pucelle, who, though not a first-rater, was as good in nature as it was possible to be, and could come every day. The running of Donna Clara with Mameluke and Glenartney in the Riddlesworth, and the latter's race the previous day, made her get up a great favorite again, though it was known to every one she had been very much amiss. However, when I saw her come out of the Rubbing-house on the Downs (for she did not go with the rest into the paddock), with Tom Goodison on her back, I felt quite satisfied that her chance was out, for I never saw an animal looking less fit to go. She is rather a mean-looking mare at the best of times, and on that day looked like a "hunted devil."

The interest of the other stakes are so absorbed in the two grand ones, that having been sufficiently lengthy already, I shall not farther

notice them, than to point out the shameful manner in which the course was this year kept : it has, indeed, been bad enough on former occasions, but the present appeared to have reached the climax. George Dockeray told me, that, in riding Poki for the Fifty Pounds Plate, after the Derby, he got so frightened after seeing Selina thrown down by a *fellow in a chaise* in the middle of the course, that he pulled up. Every one who has been in the habit of attending Epsom has seen the way in which the crowd press in at the ending post, so that a nervous horse will absolutely shut himself up, and not face it, as has been frequently the case—some horses even refusing to come round the corner ; as, for instance, Antigallican, Arbutus, &c. It has been said that this is a matter inseparable from Epsom, in consequence of the immense number of people attending there : but I contend, that in a matter of such moment as a clear course undoubtedly is, not only to the owners of horses, but to the actual lives of the jockeys, no means ought to be left undone to endeavour to remedy such a serious evil. If there are not sufficient funds to pay men enough to keep the course clear, I would propose that a certain sum be deducted from the amount of the Stakes for the Derby and Oaks, say one per cent., which would be ample provision to keep up a fund, to apply to the payment of so many men as would be sufficient to keep the course open and clear of every obstruction, instead of a dozen or two *pretending* to make the attempt, as at present. This is a suggestion in the rough only, thrown out for the use of those whom it more immediately con-

cerns. At all events I am sure the trifling deduction would be willingly agreed to by every master of horses, to enable a clear course to be kept ; because horses in running are doing so at great risks ; and surely that and the safety of men's lives while riding are " consummations devoutly to be wished." As we have now such a liberal, spirited, and, I may add, *acting* steward as Mr. Maberly (who is himself a large owner of race-horses), something, I feel confident, will be done to rectify so crying an evil.

From Epsom we turn to Manchester, as being the next Meeting worthy of notice, and was more particularly so this season, by bringing out Mr. Mytton's late *dear* horse, Longwaist, for the first time since he became Mr. Nowell's property. At the close of last season I took occasion (in the January Number) to lament that such a nag should have been sacrificed as he was, both to Mr. Mytton's vexation and loss. This year has proved to us what good usage and fair treatment will do. Looking at the way in which Longwaist was stumped up, before half of last season was over, one cannot help being gratified with Mr. Nowell's success the first time of his coming out, and beating too, at the same time, the best mare in England. The race was one of the best contested possible, and barely won ; nor do I think such would have been the case had not Fleur-de-Lis's slip given the horse a great advantage. George Dockeray, who rode him, told me he had no doubt of being able to beat her whenever they met. He had a right to speak partially ; but we all know that a slip must take a great deal out of the stride of a

horse, just when making running too. However, I am glad it was as it happened, and it is not worth while to raise an *if* on the subject.

I would just point out to the givers of Plates the very liberal stake this race was for ; viz. a Silver Tureen, value 100gs. given, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 each (twenty-four subscribers), with 50l. added for the second horse. This was worth winning, and not, like some of the country 50l. Plates, made up of entrance money, and from which people expect sport, and on which I may have a word or two to say another opportunity.

Manchester brings together much the same horses as meet at Chester ; and, though the sport is not equal to that Meeting, still holds a prominent rank among the provincials. As I shall notice the other Meetings immediately occurring collectively, I would point out, that from Manchester Longwaist went the next week to Newton, where the Cup fell an easy prey to him, having Grenadier only to contend with—proving, that if he could not win the Chester Cup last year, he could this, had he gone there. He thence travelled to Lancaster, where he also carried off the Cup, beating Crowcatcher ; winning by these three Cups upwards of 700 guineas, nearly his cost price. After he had won the last race they wanted him to go to Knutsford, where he was engaged also ; but Mr. Nowell, like a good judge, was satisfied with what he had done, and said, " No ; he shall go to Doncaster : till then, let well alone." It is to be regretted that an unfortunate accident quite did away his chance there ; not that I think, had every

thing been right with him, he was equal to cope with such horses as he met; but it would fairly have set the question at rest with regard to his former race with Fleur-de-Lis. It is but an act of justice here to mention, that Mr. Nowell was so pleased with George Dockerray, that he had him down all the way to Lancaster purposely to ride for the Cup; and he would have gone to Newton also previously, could he have been spared from riding for Lord Egremont at Ascot—which Meeting next falls under our notice.

Ascot, to those who enjoy racing for the sport, without the excitement of heavy bettings, must be the pleasantest course in England; because the presence of Royalty gives a fillip and zest to every thing, and it is usually attended by all the fashionable and sporting world; and the keeping of the course holds up a pattern for all stewards of races. This year there was no lack of sport, although the dry weather had been sadly against the horses, most of them on the day looking stumped up*. Chateau looked so stale when saddling for the King's Guineas, that two or three sporting men backed Lord Exeter's Hobgoblin as being the freshest of the two: however, it was "no go," as Chateau won easy. His Majesty's stud made their first appearance here in full force, under the direction of Mr. Delmé Radcliffe. Dervise (bought of the Duke of Grafton after winning the Claret in the Spring) was the favorite for the Oatlands, with Sam Chisney up; but the 6lb.

given to Black Swan (both of a year), who was "as ripe as a cherry," just turned the scale, and lost His Majesty the race. The King is too good a sportsman to be chagrined at such trifles; for no one understands the uncertainty of racing better than himself. Pavis, on Maria, the next day got rid of the maidenhead of His Majesty's colours, though Mortgage and Rachael combined could do nothing against Memnon for the Cup. The King having bought Fleur-de-Lis, to be delivered at the end of the season, will have a formidable accession to the Royal Stud; and, therefore, whoever thinks of winning the Ascot Cup next year must look sharp after it. I can only add my humble wish, that His Majesty may long continue to enjoy the sport, of which he is so noble a supporter! Forth's Seamew filly winning the Wokingham gave some colour to his assertion respecting the running for the Oaks.

With regard to the whole host of country racing this year, there has been an evident increase in the places of sport, though I cannot say much as to the superiority of horses. About the provinces, there has been no lack in *quantity*; but in *quality* I do not think there has been a worse lot for years; and a fair nag, well placed, would have picked up a little fortune. Take, for example only, Monarch, who, though very bad indeed in the spring at Newmarket, and afterwards cut so indifferent a figure at Ascot among moderate Newmarket horses, was bought by Mr.

* By some person's orders, "dressed in little brief authority," the gates across the course were locked up, so that all the horses were obliged to sweat outside the rails, amidst all the ruts and hills of earth. A friend of mine, who had a mare in training there, had her nearly ruined in consequence. Surely the circumstance ought to have been represented to the proper quarter, and never could have been sanctioned by the "powers that be!"

Maberly of Lord Lowther for 300 pounds or guineas, and has since won eight or nine races, amounting to between 700l. and 800l.—After doing this, and in course being none the fresher, Mr. Maberly mistakenly fancies he has got the horse into a different form, and therefore sends him to Newmarket again, to meet such horses as Chateau and Lamplighter; and then the truth comes out—that instead of being better than he was, he has been lucky enough to meet with worse than himself, and that is the whole secret of his good running. However, there is nothing like buying a little experience.

At Cheltenham, which has of late years taken a high rank, and can boast of one of the best subscription stakes in the kingdom, there was no lack of sport; though I do not think the alteration as to time has done the Meeting any good. El Dorado winning the Gloucestershire Stakes is another proof what a little indulgence will do: he had been “at nurse” all the winter, and, being favored a trifle in the weight for his year, just nicked it.

The Newmarket July Meeting seldom affords, with the exception of the July Stakes, any thing worth naming. This year was no exception to the general rule. Lord Lowther, however, won the before-named stakes in rather an unexpected manner. Somehow or other (as they say even the stone walls have ears at Newmarket) Juryman's trial had got wind; and there being consequently no money to be made on him, the tables were turned by a bit of a *ruse*, allowing the people to get Juryman up to very small odds, and then winning with a filly which had never been mentioned.

Had any one noticed her being in force, there was nothing in the race so well bred for those sort of spirits, being by Woful, out of Scratch by Selim—a very quick sort on both sides.

At Bath the running of El Dorado again proves what I have before stated as to keeping a horse fresh. At Cheltenham, with 8st. 13lb. he had beaten Jocko, 7st. 8lb. Here Jocko beat him with 2lb. against him; but El Dorado has all along, from his first appearance at Ascot at four years old, been soft, and could never win above twice in a season.

The Preston Cup has always been a sporting race; this year Fleur-de-Lis frightened nearly the whole entry, having only Signorina and old Euphrates to contend with.

I notice Wells, only to point out that Premier—the great Premier, who two years ago was sent from Oxford-street to win the Derby! (and who, instead of being the *Alpha* turned out the very *Omega*,) and, with Sam Chifney on his back, people were gammoned to back him at 2 to 1, and 7 to 4—did really at this place, with great difficulty, manage to win a *maiden plate*! What a delightful thing is gullibility; Hudibras is right—

“Doubtless the pleasure is as great
In being cheated as to cheat.”

Winchester, with one of the best Produce Stakes in the country, was this year a nonentity—no less than five races walked over for, and the remainder won, if not by one man, by one stable, I believe. We have in this part of the West of England great reason to regret the secession of Lord Palmerston from the turf, who was always one of the best supporters

of the races in that part of the country. Bath, Oxford, Basingstoke, Southampton, Winchester, Cheltenham, and many other meetings will miss him much. It will, I am afraid, be throwing the ball too much into the hands of Messrs. Dilly, Sadler, and Co.; and it is impossible that country racing can be supported unless countenanced and upheld by gentlemen. As NIMROD very justly observes, if left to the former, it becomes too much a matter of *business* for them to care for any thing beyond making the best division of the spoil; and people will not give money to have only the pleasure of seeing it walked over for. Very happily, this year, His Majesty's horses served to prevent the gentlemen trainers having it *all* their own way; and it is to be hoped next year, that where money is liberally given, as it is in the West of England, plenty of sport will be afforded in return.

Liverpool, which must for some time have looked with longing eyes across the water at its Cheshire brother, this year determined to set up for itself; and, as it has long had a capital pattern before it, and plenty of the needful in its own jurisdiction, wants nothing but a little of the right sort of spirit to place it in the foremost rank of provincials.

Brighton has long been a sinecure to Lord Egremont's horses; but this year, strange to say! his Lordship did not win even a single race. At Lewes he regained his ground, though at both places it would have been difficult, with one or two exceptions only, to have got together a worse lot.

Knutsford, like Preston, generally has a good Cup entry; but this year, like the latter place, fell short

of sport. Out of seventeen subscribers, only Signorina and Dr. Faustus started for the "piece of plate," as it is now termed—the latter the favorite at odds, but beat easy. The Doctor had not got over the Chester work; and the Cheltenham running had not in course helped him at all. There are very few every-day-nags, as I have before said.

We now get to the York August Meeting. Lord Fitzwilliam's horses for the Leger had been all the year sadly in the back ground; but the running of Medoro here had, though he beat only a very moderate lot, a great effect, by bringing him from the very outside to be a good favorite. It would appear, however, that the Cervantes-bred ones cannot get a length; nor do they train on very well—witness Crusader and The Dragon—and yet his blood is as good as any in the world: the crosses, I suppose, don't "nick." Mulatto here again shewed himself a capital school-master; and had any of his scholars been as good as himself, the Leger had been poundage. Matilda's winning the 30 Sovs. Stakes did not raise her much in the betting, the lot she beat being wretchedly bad. From the close running of Nonplus with the two winners of the Leger of former years, Jerry and Tarrare, (being exactly the same sort of race as Mulatto's last year,) many people were induced to back him, though even at that turn it was whispered that he would not start.

A vast deal of country racing takes place in August; and if we turn to the Calendar, we shall find this year eclipse most of the foregoing in the magnitude of the stakes and the number of horses. The most prominent of the Meetings are those of Goodwood and Egham—both raised

now to the first scale, and chiefly by the liberality and exertions of the Duke of Richmond. The former (Goodwood) in course, as his Grace's own *élève*, claims his best support. The Duke gets on well on the turf, and deserves all his good fortune. The Drawing Room Stakes, with the addition of the *bonus*, was this year worth winning; and I am glad it fell to the lot of Mr. Stonehewer, who is becoming one of our principal masters of racing studs. The winner, *Souvenir*, I had fancied in the Oaks, but it was then "no go." Her race here she won in extraordinary style, and must have greatly improved. She is admirably bred, by Orville, and her dam *Dulcamara*, the last of *Waxy's* get. It is to be hoped she will counterbalance the misery of having such a thing as *Wings* (*Sam Chifney* won the Oaks, not the mare) in his stable. The song asks, "can *she* have *wings* who never *flies*?" The answer here is easy, and before us; for certainly no one can accuse her of *flying*. Egham, from having been one of the first Meetings in the kingdom, had dwindled down of late years to a mere shadow—the place for a few hacks to kick up a dust—when at length the spirit again "moved" the Gentlemen of the county, and Runnymede rose from its ashes like another Phoenix, and bids fair to out-do even the remembrance of former days. Undoubtedly this is owing in a great degree to the liberal support of the Duke of Richmond and Lord Egremont; to which may this year be added that of Lord Mountcharles, who with his small stud has been remarkably successful: indeed nearly the whole of the races here were shared between his Lordship and the Duke.

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Warwick also supported the character it has gained for the last year or two. The *Guy Produce*, with twenty-one subscribers, brought four to the post. Sir G. Pigot is fortunate with Lord Rossmore's good old mare *Sunflower*, by *Castrel*, having won this stakes with one of her produce last year, *Granby*; and this with *Colombia*, out of her also. Here is *El Dorado* again, more favored in weight than ever, and can do nothing for the *Leamington Stakes*. *Leviathan* redeemed the defeat *Euxton* had given him at *Wolverhampton*, though the extra 3lb. was there against him. His Majesty here pocketed his own *Guineas*. *Sadler's Rubens* colt shewed some running both here and at *Abingdon*, by beating several things that stood previously pretty high as two-year-olds. This party always get their horses up good favorites for the *Derby*, even when dark ones. We have more reason to expect it now.

Pontefract is a kind of interlude between *York* and *Doncaster*, and sometimes brings out a good three-year-old for the *Leger*; but this year produced nothing remarkable. *Fanny Davies*, who cut so good a figure last year, and about whom some people grumbled because she did not start for the *Leger*, has this season gone off in her running most wofully—having been beaten by all sorts of things, and here by old *Irish Starch*.

At *Doncaster*, this year, the hopes of the Southcountrymen were raised to a greater pitch, and were more nearly being gratified than for some years past. *Mameluke*, after winning the *Derby*, did not get up so much for the *Leger* as we had a right to expect; but when at *Ascot* it was known that

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Gully had bought him, he became at once most decidedly the first favorite—so much for the difference of hands! Mr. Petre was, however, so strong in his stable, that either of his nags, which the party might choose to give out as the best, was sure to have been backed at nearly evens with the Derby horse. Granby, who was thus honored as the cat's-paw of the lot, was comparatively a dark horse, not having been out as a three-year-old; and therefore his position was owing to what *was allowed* to transpire as the result, or apparent result, of Trials. Which-ever way it was done, it was very well managed; and Bill Scott, being contented to forego honour for profit, gave the better colour to the affair. But in this case, as in most others, public running was the safest to back: and whatever may be said as to the drawback of false starts, I believe we Southern must console ourselves, that if our horse did not win our Jock did. At all events the mare (Matilda) is our own blood, being by Comus, out of Juliana (formerly Lady Thigh, bred by Lord Egremont), by Gohanna. After all, it is not clear to me that Nonplus is not now, or will be, their best nag. Many grumbled about his not starting for the Leger; but the party knew best, or at least they knew what suited them best; and however disagreeable the look of these matters to a loser, yet as people make bets, and back horses, with the full knowledge of the chances to come forward against them, I can only recommend them, in the language of *Falconbridge*, to "pocket up their wrongs as their breeches best may bear them."

There were two or three heavier defaulters this year than is usually

the case; and perhaps it may be accounted for in this way. There is always a prejudice against the belief of a South Country horse winning the Leger, or a North one winning the Derby; and the hands which Mameluke also came into, from not being regularly a master of race-horses, induced people to lay against him all through the summer, thinking it safe to do so, at the small odds against him. But when the day came, and odds, small as they were before, were reduced against him, combined with the determined appearance of the party, every one got frightened, and were glad to hedge, in any way they could; and, when that is the case, a book can never shew many winners. Certain at all events it is, that the shock extended through all ranks this year, and will, I think, throw a gloom over the Betting Ring for some time to come. Some of the levanters, it is said, can never again come to the scratch; others must have time; while some (it is to be hoped a limited number) are of *Pistol's* kidney (as our Immortal Bard shews us), and will not pay; as thus—

NYM.—Wilt thou not pay me the eight shillings I won of thee at betting?

PISTOL.—*Base is the slave that pays.*

However it may perhaps ultimately do good; and I hope it will cut short that system of heavy betting of late become so general. In the end the evil will work its own cure. The Legs cannot stand so much owings, as *they* must either pay, or shut up shop.

Mulatto winning the Cup, and beating such a field as Memnon, Fleur-de-Lis, Tarrare, and Actæon, proves Lord Fitzwilliam to be the possessor, beyond all question, of the best horse in England.

We turn from the North for the conclusion of the year's sport to head-quarters at Newmarket; and, taken altogether, there has not been such brilliant Meetings for years. It has been the fashion lately to decry the First October Meeting as having degenerated. I do not mean to deny that it is in general far below either the Second October or the Houghton, for it is too close upon Doncaster to allow people to get there in time; or, in fact, to think of more racing, when many have just had more than enough perhaps: but I contend, that it certainly this year was no worse than it has ever been, if indeed there was not an improvement: for in 1820 there was only one race each day, on the Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday. The Grand Duke Michael Stakes, which were established in 1823, certainly gave extra *eclat* to *that* year, and has ever since been the Lion of this Meeting, though now sadly ~~fallen~~ off from the original spirit. The stake was first made, as the name imports, in honour of the visit of the Russian Grand Duke Michael, and then consisted of sixty-five subscribers of fifty guineas each, *all the money*; to which His Highness (for that year only) added a Cup of two hundred guineas value, making the "total of the whole" (as Mr. Hume has it) no less a sum than 3622l. 10s. which Lord Grosvenor was lucky enough to win with one of his Thunderbolt things, which had scarcely been thought of. This was one of the largest stakes ever won, with the exception of that Riddlesworth which Gen. Grosvenor won with Blue Stockings.

This year, the Michael boasted of only twelve subscribers; but, nevertheless, the circumstances

under which the horses engaged met gave an interest to the race. Glenartney, from his previous running, was in course backed against the field at odds, having beaten Espagnolle, Gaberlunzie, and Turcoman in the Derby. Still, as those horses were all known to have been amiss at that time, the thing was not certain. Espagnolle had indeed been strongly fancied in the spring; but his having been melted to nothing by his severe illness gave him no chance at Epsom; though I thought him the neatest horse to look at in the race. The result now shewed that the talk of Glenartney's ill temper was well founded; for his *bad heart* beat him easily; and would also, in the Derby, have put him in a very different place to what he was, had there then been anything well enough to make running. Some people thought the length of the D. I. would suit Glenartney better than across the Flat: but here, on the Wednesday, his backers were again nailed, being floored easily by Mr. Udney's neat little Antiope colt. Pastime having won the Trial Stakes, beating Lamplighter and a good field, gives another lift to Partisan. It is singular that, so many years as the Duke of Grafton had this horse, his stock, considering the mares he had, really did very little (with the exception of Godolphin); and as to a Partisan winning the Derby, or going much farther than half a mile, people would not hear of such a thing. But no sooner does the Duke get rid of him, at almost a gift, than he the next year turns up a trump; and nothing more must be said against Partisan, when we have Mameluke, Espagnolle, Pastime, Donna Clara filly, and Antiope colt, all running together. Lord

Lowther will do well with his hundred and sixty-five guinea horse*. Lamplighter's running with Chateau this Meeting will help the Merlins very much as to stoutness, as they were hitherto generally considered speedy, but soft for such a length as the R. or B. C.; but Delpini is a capital cross in the blood.

Mr. Thornhill, in the Second October Meeting, winning the Clearwell and Prendergast with a Merlin colt, also gave an additional lift to the Conjuror (as THE OLD FORBSTER calls him); so much so, as to induce Mr. T. (his owner) to think it worth while to advertise him to cover next season at 20gs. These large sums for covering I have always thought bad policy in the owners of horses (except where a horse is old, and the number of mares must be very limited); and I should think no one has experienced it more than Mr. Thornhill himself; for when he advanced Scud to 30gs., after the running of Sam, Sailor, and Shoveler, no one ever thought of sending mares to him, which would not have been the case had it been half the money. Merchant, as Mr. Thornhill calls his colt, we should recollect, is out of a capital mare—Quail, by Gohanna, honest little Banker's dam; and though they wish to make him out as the worst of the party's three Merlins for next year's Derby, I should be inclined to fancy him as the best in the team, from his public running. I will do Chifney's party the justice to say, that when they *have* got a good nag, they take care to keep it to themselves, and make it worth something. There could not have been any thing bet-

ter done than advertising their three horses for sale a few weeks previous to the race; when it was stated they were then having "*walking exercise.*"

The charge of indifferent sport cannot continue to the Second October Meeting; for there has not been such a one for years, with more racing, or better attendance, as an October Meeting. The Oatlands, which formerly was a race of much interest, has for the last two years been *nix*; only one or two horses having been left in, and a walk over the result. This year was a redeemer; for we had two classes for it. Pastime winning the first, with 9st. 6lb., places her quite at the top of the tree for the length, having given 19lb. to Recruit for the year, and 29lb. to Brocard; which latter, from her running in the Oaks, and improvement since, I thought must have won. Belzoni won the second, with a good weight for a four-year-old. Though he had a very moderate field to contend with, his previously running second to Pastime, beating Lamplighter in the Trial Stakes, makes him appear pretty good; but I doubt, from his size, if he will ever be better than he is now. Helenus's gun appears to have gone off; for many people fancied he had been kept fresh in his match with Redgauntlet to fill the pot. The *coup de grace* was given in this Meeting to Glenartney, in the Frogmore Stakes, which Espagnolle won cleverly; Grampus second; and the "great horse" third and last. Lord Jersey is too much of a sportsman to keep a bad horse (when he knows him to be such) in his stable; and I should think, after this, he would be glad to get

* Partisan is limited to cover twenty mares (besides those of Lord Lowther's stud) by subscription next season, at fifteen guineas each; and the subscription is full.

out. There was a talk of cutting him.

There is one other matter this Meeting which I consider worth pointing out—I had intended to have mentioned the same when on the subject of Doncaster—and that is, relative to false starts. In the race for the Fifty Pounds Plate for Two-year-olds, they were upwards of an hour getting together, and had no less than twelve false starts. Young ones, we know, are always difficult to bring steady to the post; but here, at headquarters, to allow such cutting up is surprising. I cannot help thinking some salutary rule should be laid down as to those who do not go away after the third or fourth time of giving the word. We all remember that the Derby lost a good supporter in the Duke of Portland, in consequence of the attempt that was made, in 1819, to wear out his Grace's horse Tiresias with these tricks, though it proved ineffectual. The Duke was, however, so much disgusted with the matter, that he declared he would never again start another horse for the Derby, and he has kept his word.

There never was a better piece of advice given to Jocks than in 1816, when Sir B. Graham's mare, the Duchess, won the Leger. Sir Bellingham was also that year Steward; and knowing from experience the pranks which are played at starting, took an opportunity of addressing himself to the Jocks in this way: "Now, Gentlemen Jocks, when you are at the post, you will be asked if you are

all ready; and, on a reply in the affirmative being given, you will be desired *to go*; when those who do not choose to do so, had better make the best of their way home, for they will not be allowed to have anything more to do with the race."

If there were any selfish beings not satisfied with the quantum of sport afforded in the preceding Meetings, surely they must have been gratified to their hearts' content from what took place in the Houghton—six and eight races on most of the days; and every one appearing determined to make the best of the short time left this season. The full particulars of the running during the Newmarket Meetings are always so admirably given by your valuable Correspondent OBSERVER, that it is needless to say much here on the subject. I shall therefore only allude to the races generally.

The Duke of Grafton's Turcoman winning the Fifty Pounds Plate, the last three miles of the B. C., proved that he has stoutness in him, by which he has won all his races; and that, had he been well all the year, he would have had a better day than he had for the Derby. The claimer at three hundred guineas, with his engagements, has got a very cheap horse for the stake which he is in next Craven Meeting of one hundred each—*all the money*. He, if well on the day, is, I should think, sure of winning*.—The King's stud cut a very moderate figure indeed here, Mortgage getting beat easily for the Hundred Pounds Plate by Old Skiff and Thales,

* I have since understood that the Duke of Richmond claimed Turcoman as the owner of the second horse, and that he subsequently sold both Linkboy and Turcoman to go to France, which I think, with regard to the latter horse, engaged as he was, bad policy, unless indeed the profit was adequate.

from Sir J. Byng's stable. Lord Exeter got out of Recruit, it appears, just in time; or, what is probably the case, it made a considerable difference to the horse in changing his stable; and consequently, in some measure, his treatment. At all events, in Dilly's hands, his career has been cut short, having been beaten by Goshawk, at four pounds, on the Wednesday; when, on the very same course, on the Monday, he appeared able to give him at least a stone.

Mr. Wyndham's stable, on the whole, came off one of the best: Old Stumps, who in the summer seemed to have lost all his running, came again wonderfully, and defeated some of the quickest on the T.Y.C. even. Camel, who always had very bad legs, and had been at nurse nearly ever since he won the Port a year and half ago, made his appearance against Redgauntlet, whom he beat easily. This said Camel is but a tender subject, but one of the speediest of the speedy. Mr. Stonehewer's mare, Souvenir, by her running also this Meeting, confirmed her about the best of her year. In the Audley End, she gave ten pounds (as between filly and colt) to Mr. Udny's Antiope colt, and won easily. Making up *two* Gold Cups, with a full day's racing on Saturday, brings the Houghton Meeting and sport for the year to a conclusion.

As I have already extended my remarks beyond what, in the first instance, I had intended, I shall reserve what I have to say on the future prospects of the Turf to another occasion; when I intend also to notice the different horses which have been sent abroad, and several other matters connected with

Racing, as far as the same may be acceptable to your readers.

THE YOUNG FORESTER.

November 12, 1827.

ELASTIC CONCAVE WADDING.

THE celebrated gun-makers, Messrs. Wilkinson and Son, of Ludgate Hill, have recently published a short Treatise, on the Advantage of their Elastic Concave Wadding, to interpose between the powder and shot in loading guns. We are not able to speak as to the merits of their invention; but the arguments contained in their Treatise, by the farther assistance of some plates accompanying it, are certainly convincing of the advantage their wadding must possess over paper or pasteboard. The results of some experiments are given, which, if correct, (as we do not doubt they are,) well deserve the attention of sportsmen. We are also apprised, that the Elastic Concave Wadding meets the entire approbation of Lord Kennedy and Colonel Hawker—no mean authorities on such a subject.

CRICKET AND BOAT-RACING AT LISBON.

SIR,

I Shall be obliged by your giving the two following Cricket Matches a place in your next Magazine, which have been played at Campo Picaue, near Lisbon, during the past summer:—the former between the Officers of the 2d, or Sir Thos. Arbuthnot's Brigade, and the Officers of the Brigade of Guards; the latter between the Officers of the Army and the Officers of the Brigade of Guards.

SECOND BRIGADE.

FIRST INNINGS.

Lord Arthur Lennox...	b. Sir F. H. Bathurst..	0
Major Johnstone.....	c. Mr. Mackinnon ...	10
Captain Wright	b. Sir F. H. Bathurst..	12
Mr. Byam	b. Mr. Wright	26
Captain Cochran.....	b. Sir F. H. Bathurst..	0
Captain Frere.....	b. Mr. Wright.....	0
Mr. Cousidine	c. Major C. Smith.....	3
Mr. Smith... ..	b. Sir F. H. Bathurst	6
Mr. Tryon.....	st. Sir F. H. Bathurst	2
Mr. Talbot.....	c. Mr. Snell	5
Captain Hon. C. Grey...	not out	0
Byes		20

Total.....84

SECOND INNINGS.

b. Colonel Bowater.....	0
b. Colonel Bowater.....	10
run out	0
c. Sir F. H. Bathurst....	36
c. Mr. Mackinnon	0
b. Sir F. H. Bathurst.....	2
b. Sir F. H. Bathurst.....	16
c. Colonel Bowater	2
not out	0
b. Colonel Bowater.....	3
b. Sir F. H. Bathurst.....	5
Byes.....	7

Total.....81

BRIGADE OF GUARDS.

FIRST INNINGS.

Captain Loftus.....	b. Mr. Frere.....	9
Mr. Snell	before wicket	0
Lieut.-Col. Lambert....	b. Captain Cochran...	3
Lieut.-Col. Grant.....	b. Mr. Frere.....	0
Mr. Mackinnon.....	c. Captain Wright...	10
Sir F. H. Bathurst.....	run out.....	40
Mr. Hood	b. Mr. Frere	5
Major C. Smith.....	not out.....	18
Colonel Bowater	b. Captain Cochran...	9
Mr. Wright	b. Mr. Frere.....	2
Captain Douglas.....	c. Captain Cochran...	1
Byes		19

Total.....116

SECOND INNINGS.

c. Captain Cochran.....	18
b. Captain Cochran.....	48
b. Mr. Frere.....	13
c. Mr. Frere	11
b. Mr. Frere.....	17
b. Mr. Byam.....	71
b. Mr. Frere.....	9
b. Mr. Frere.....	2
run out	8
b. Captain Cochran.....	2
not out	8
Byes.....	34

Total.....241

SECOND BRIGADE—Total 165.

BRIGADE OF GUARDS—Total 357.

THE ARMY.

FIRST INNINGS.

Major Johnstone	b. Sir F. H. Bathurst	0
Captain Wright	c. Mr. Mackinnon....	9
Mr. Luard.....	not out.....	29
Mr. Preston	c. Mr. Mackinnon..	18
Captain Cochran	b. Captain Hawkins..	10
Mr. Byam	c. Mr. Mackinnon....	1
Sir Vincent Cotton.....	run out.....	4
Captain England	b. Sir F. H. Bathurst..	11
Lord Arthur Lennox ...	b. Sir F. H. Bathurst	0
Mr. Smith	b. Sir F. H. Bathurst	6
Captain Moore.....	b. Sir F. H. Bathurst	3
Byes		8

Total99

SECOND INNINGS.

run out.....	1
b. Sir F. H. Bathurst ...	2
b. Sir F. H. Bathurst ...	23
b. Sir F. H. Bathurst.....	18
c. Mr. Hood.....	1
c. Major C. Smith	0
b. Sir F. H. Bathurst.....	9
b. Sir F. H. Bathurst	0
c. Colonel Bowater.....	0
not out	4
st. Mr. Wright.....	1
Byes	2

Total.....61

BRIGADE OF GUARDS.

FIRST INNINGS.

Captain Hawkins.....	b. Mr. Preston.....	3
Lieut.-Col. Lambert....	before wicket.....	4
Major C. Smith.....	c. Mr. Preston	16
Sir F. H. Bathurst	b. Captain Cochran ...	0
Mr. Snell.....	run out	9
Mr. Mackinnon	b. Mr. Preston.....	1
Lieut.-Colonel Grant ...	not out	18
Mr. Wright.....	run out.....	1
Captain Loftus	b. Mr. Preston	0
Colonel Bowater.....	b. Captain Cochran...	6
Mr. Hood	run out.....	0
Byes		3

Total61

SECOND INNINGS.

b. Mr. Preston.....	3
b. Mr. Preston.....	1
b. Captain Cochran.....	6
b. Mr. Preston	8
c. Captain England	13
b. Captain Cochran	24
b. Captain Cochran.....	20
not out	8
b. Captain Cochran	3
not out	9
did not go in	0
Byes.....	4

Total100

THE ARMY—Total 160.

BRIGADE OF GUARDS—Total 161, and two wickets.

And should you think the following match also worthy of a place in your Magazine, I shall feel obliged by your inserting it.

The Officers of His Majesty's ship Wellesley, lying in the Tagus, in their boat the Blue Ruin, manned by four Cork watermen, challenged to row the Officers of the Brigade of Guards in the Sphynx six-oar'd, belonging to the 3d Regiment; from the Hospital ship, off the Packet Stairs at Buenos Ayres, round the Princess Regent's yacht off Belem Stairs, and back, a distance of four miles; which was won easily by the Brigade of Guards in 34 min. 20 sec. It is necessary to state that the six oar'd boat broke an oar at starting, and was obliged to pick another up at a dock-yard on the way, having rowed a quarter the distance with five oars. The following are the names of the rowers of the Brigade of Guards, with the schools they were at:—

Bow...Mr. SNELL, Westminster,
2.....Capt. DOUGLAS, Eton.
3.....Capt. WEDGWOOD, Westminster.
4.....Capt. LOFTUS, Eton.
5.....Mr. WRIGHT, Oxford.
Stroke, Capt. DIXON, Westminster.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

One at every thing in the Ring.

DEVONSHIRE HUNTING.

SIR,
MOST probably the ROUGH AND READY carried his mantle to Heaven, or somewhere else, with him, as no ONEOFUS (as conjectured by THE OLD FORESTER) has picked it up: no ONEOFUS, as was expected, has given to the good public the hunting events of the romantic-scened county: no ONEOFUS has lately spoken of thee, oh, gentle Devonshire! Thy sons of

the chase are no longer chronicled; thy rivers rattle on, bearing the hunterman's cheering cry on their waters to the great ocean, where it sinks into the oblivion of the wave. Arise, ye Western winds, which murmur amidst woods and over moors, and waft the music of your fox-hounds unto distant climes!

Thus I was travelling along rapidly—my fancy now whirling in the eddies of the torrents; now rushing with the healthful breeze over the black moors; now screeching the view-halloo; then quite mad alongside of the hounds without let or stay—when who-hoop to my fancy in the shape of Western Alopex, who jumped into my presence, a huge book under his arm, and with a devilish sort of noise thus shouted into my ears:—“Here, lad, is my journal of the sports of this cursed vulpecide country, kept for many years: just look at it; see if the spelling be all according to Johnson; see that the matter be all civil, gentle, and correct; I'll vouch for the truth of it, that's all.” With that he threw down the book, drank a glass of Curaçoa, clapped a cigar into his mouth, and was off, with a do-what-you-like with the book.—Hence, *Exeo in fumo*.

I, good Mr. Editor, have ventured to make a few extracts from this man's journal; if they will suit the public, you have his and my leave to publish them.

I have the honour to be, your Editorship's most obedient servant,

J. PARLE.

December 1, 1827.

WESTERN ALOPEX, ESQ. HIS JOURNAL.

JOURNALS are all the fashion now:—Evelyn has written a journal, very pretty, I think. One Pepys

has written two big books full about kings, concubines, plague, and fire. So journals were the fashion, then, in those days: so I will write one about foxes, vixens, vulpecides, and trappers: so here goes; and may the old Devil in his great mercy plague and fire all high-degree'd vulpecides and game-keeping trappers!

September 1827.—We begin hunting rather unfashionably early in these parts. The horses are all come up from the care of Doctor Green—generally speaking, a lot of rough-coated, coughing, dirty-nosed, tearful cripples. But no doubt good hay and good corn, with a plentiful sprinkling of hard riding, will soon make them all shine again.

Now as to hounds: the Honorable Newton Fellowes has a pack of fox-hounds to work the North of Devon, which I hear are well worth inspection. Mr. King has a pack of fox-hounds, and hunts that country in the vicinity of Halldon, once performed upon by that darling of our sporting souls, George Templer. Mr. King hunts twice a-week, and brings twenty-two couples of beautiful hounds of the very best blood into the field. He is an undeniable sportsman, and cheers on his hounds from the view halloo to the who-hoop. Those hounds have a terrible bold rider along side of them, when they go the pace; namely, Walter Carew, Esq. who has gained never-fading laurels in far more famed hunting countries than this unassuming Devonshire. There is likewise another well-known one, who keeps his place, still first, ever first. I will not mention his name; *Benedictus est!* Mr. Pode has given up the country in the neighbourhood of Plymouth to Mr. J. Bulteel; but

more of him anon. To his hounds I am nailed by fate; and, thank my fortune, I do not wish to be clinched to a better holding. I must here take leave of Mr. Pode as a keeper of fox-hounds. A more charitable, liberal-minded, kind hearted, hospitable man never existed. I have borrowed a stanza from a poem of ROUGH AND READY. Speaking of Mr. Pode he says,

Hail, honorable man! all hail to thee,
Master of Slade, and Steart, and Fardle
moor!

Fame blazes forth thy hospitality,
No churlish menial shuts thy well-known
door
'gainst helpless poverty. Sweet Charity,
That first soul-saving virtue, holds her
court with thee!

Mr. Bulteel has selected eight and twenty couples of superior hounds from the kennels of Mr. Pode, Mr. Worth, and Doctor Troyte, from a choice of at least sixty couples. Perhaps there are a few of them rather too large for this country; but *chacun à son gout!* In my opinion, the size for this country should be from twenty to two and twenty inches high: they work the thick coverts in quick time; whilst larger hounds are looking about and around for a place to enter into them. In covert and out, with but one or two exceptions, I have seen my sized hounds beat the big ones. Such hounds as Waverley and Wanderer, for example, must be in the front rank every where. They, with Warbler and Watchful, of the same litter, were bred by Mr. Pode; and they now are not only highly ornamental, but equally useful to Mr. Bulteel's pack—their sire, Mr. King's Epicure by Mr. Warde's Bertram, out of Sir Thomas Mostyn's Elegant; their dam Whimsy by Whirligig, a character famous in the West, out of the Fourbarrow Vanity. Doctor

Troyte's lot are worthy of the greatest admiration. There are four couples, bred from a bitch called Restless, who is by Mr. Fellowes's Rebel, that will do the job any where. In short, I am happy to think that the real good ones, the fox-hunters of the West, have a grand *materiel* to trust to for their pastime this season, should the foxes be sufficiently abundant. The horrid snuffy-nosed Shavites have, certainly, during the summer months, dealt out battle, murder, and sudden death to very many of the beautiful varmints, not sparing age nor sex. "What! whole litters?" Aye: "all my little ones in one fell swoop." Yet a Hector or two may have escaped these bloody butchers.—*Dum spiro spero*.

Now for the master. It is not in my power to do him sufficient justice. From my soul I thank him for the arduous undertaking he has in hand; and he has the hearty thanks of all his brother fox-hunters; and I do sincerely believe, that nothing short of his patience, his excellent temper, and his persevering spirit, can overcome the difficulty he has to encounter.

The Magnificos, *alias* Big-wigs, of this Western Land, with a very few exceptions to this general rule, are not friendly to the sport of fox-hunting. They say it is a good cock-shooting country, but not fit fox-hunting. Their game-keepers, for the preservation of their own game—viz. rabbits—make fools of their masters, and cram their heads full of nonsensical lies. The master, for instance, a shooting or coursing man, attended by one of those gallows-worthies, goes into his preserves: he finds but few pheasants, and no hares. "How is this?" says he to quarter-boot-

ed galligaskin'd, double-damnabable breeched, velvet-coated follower; "How is this? no game of any sort?"—"Why, please your honour," answers trapper, "the foxes have caught them."—"Then," says the master-shooter, "Why dost not catch the foxes?"—Yet the master sees the rabbits plenty enough in the preserves! And I know one who has seen the hares come tumbling out of a bag by the baker's dozen in Plymouth market—aye, hares with red clay for their shoes: and the great men know this as well as I do; yet their heads are so thickly clouded in the dense atmosphere of prejudice, that, when blood-thirsty says "Fox!" Foggy cries, "Catch him!" So much for the Grandees. May their darkness be enlightened! May the sun of fox-hunting warm the lethargy of their souls, so that they may produce the fruits of liberality!

Now for that very respectable body of men, the Yeomen. They are, with a few exceptions to the general rule, a miserable, petty, beer-swiping, apprentice-threshing, brawling race of beings—selfish to an incredible degree. To say the best of them, they are honest; except to the King, the Parson, and the Landlord. Taxes, tithes, and rents are fair sporting grounds. These sapients will have it that foxes kill lambs, and so they are the Devil's incarnate angels.

I can give them two instances of mistake. A butcher, when I had a few couples of fox-hounds, asked me to hunt a fox which had killed a lamb for him the night before. I immediately took my cry to the spot, ball'd a large-footed animal, and finally hunted up to the kennel of a Newfoundland dog, who had a lamb or two buried near, that

he might have them to taste venison fashion. Another time a farmer came to me with a large lamb which he said had been killed by a fox. The lamb was much bitten about the neck. I immediately saw that the tooth marks were too large for those of a fox ; so I gave him permission to destroy the destroyer. He replaced the lamb, and that same night shot a pointer, who had long been a vagrant extra-parochial dog.—Thus the great man wills it, and the snuffy covenant-breaking tenant, assisted by the game-selling keeper, kills the foxes ; and the real good fellows of this world have a blank day—which event harasses the master of the hounds, dissatisfies the spectators, and dispirits the hounds themselves. These are difficulties which require hard labour and much ingenuity to overcome.

The next enemies are the Warreners : they may be bought—

Querenda pecunia primum

Valpes post nummos,

is their cry—"Pay us, and the foxes shall live : pay us not, and we cry havoc, and let loose the dogs of lead!"—They should be paid : their rabbits are meat, drink, and lodgings to them ; so they cannot afford to let reynard into the partnership *gratis*.

So much for the enemy. Now for the difficulties, or rather perils, which arise from hot-headed, hot-horsed, noising coffee-housing friends. Hotspur unfortunately sees a fox : he immediately rides hot horse after him ; over the scent he goes, as if he were hunting the fox himself ; then he frightens the hounds into strange fits, and drives the chase to the assembled coffee-house by his loud vociferation. The coffee-house under the wind,

on the most likely and best side of the covert for the fox to break at, stationed, set up their pipes, and head him back into covert, and the day's sport is lost. Again, Hotspur is close upon the hounds in a lane—(N.B. lanes and roads spoil sport everywhere, and encroach too much upon the romantic beauties of this county)—hot-horse boring along, driving every thing over the scent, saves the life of reynard, and kills, maims, and utterly spoils the very best of the hounds.

I could mention many more obstacles to be overcome, but these are enough for my journal ; and I think Mr. Bulteel will overcome them, as he is, by constitution, education, and principle, every inch of him a gentleman : and I have no doubt that a forward cast or two in the field of experience will make him every inch a fox-hunter. He means to hunt twice a week—Tuesdays and Fridays ; and brings two whippers, well mounted, and twenty-two couples of excellent hounds into the field. So much for fox-hunting.

As for harriers, Devonshire is the land elect of hare-hunting. Dukes, Earls, Barons, Baronets, Esquires, towns, villages, parishes, and pot-hunters, all keep harriers in this county. Mr. Treby's will be the prominent feature on this my journal, as they are in my immediate vicinity, and I like them much. They are quick enough, and have excellent noses, and will afford good sport to the most fastidious lover of sporting and sweet sauce.

As I have now pointed out as well as I can how the land lies : as I have now breathed a silent prayer for the good of all my friends, and for the success of all true lovers of

hunting—I begin the *work* of my journal; and to shew the benefit of schools, I commence with a Greek line:—

Τὸν δῆμι Βετ ἐπεὶ τὰ γερηνεὸς ἴππο τὰ
Nestor.

When hunting was the theme, ould
Western loosed his tongue,
And gave it freely, and dwelt upon it
long.

I rather think the great Alexander Pope renders that line into English more elegantly—*Lege, Dic, lege.*

Thursday, September 20th.—We begin with the harriers, to get our horses' pipes clear. I went out with Mr. Treby's. A hare raked up in view upon the top of Headdon. She went away with a fiery flaming scent tied to her scut, all round Headdon, by the sand-pits, the mires, skirted Gib parks, and Brohurst, ran Brohurst lane, broke into Houndall, ran through Ledgates, Slade, Hoots brake, Steart, Bassamore, Frog, Halpenny Park Coombe, near which she was killed. One, whom they say never saves a hare, because he likes not to hear the death-cry of the poor timid, did, however, *save* that one from tearing, and was the only one who lived with the hounds during the whole of this brilliant burst. Although George (not Saint George) was mounted upon his Dragon, he could not fly fast enough, and came up with the rear guard.

Saturday, 29th.—Out with Mr. Bulteel's hounds. First fox unkennelled in Grange plantation; ran him to ground in double quick time. Unkennelled the second fox in Harrathorn plantation: he went away at best pace; all the field had a good start, over Stall Moor; crossed the river Erme, and up the hill, through Pyles to Sharptor; then turned to the right,

and ran the whole length of Harpford Moor, to the Western Beacon, leaving Hangershell Rock on the right hand. The leading characters over Harpford Moor were, Mr. Bulteel, on his brown stallion, seven years old, by Gainsborough; Captain Harris, of the Sixteenth Lancers, upon a five-year-old mare; and Mr. P. O. Treby, upon a five-year-old mare, both by Gainsborough. The others were stayed by the Piles Hill. Best blood will always tell, you know, over the moor. On, on from the Western, leaving the Eastern Beacon on the right hand to Coryndon Wood, where Mr. Butteel made a bad cast; and Captain Harris and Mr. Treby followed to Coryndon Hall, where John Square, the whipper, came up on a fresh horse, when the horsemen were checked by a wall. Mr. Treby and John Square got over, and by a lucky cast met the hounds (in Diamond Lane, the wall not having checked them), and went along with them; crossed the river Aven or Aune, below Shipley Bridge, and up the hill to Yealand, where the scent became very slow, and the hounds ran round the small fields; so that the two happy ones who were up thought the fox was dying. However, the hounds came to check near a cottage called Eastbourne, and it was all up. John Square made a cast or two in vain; then Mr. Bulteel, followed by Captain Harris and the second whipper, came up, riding a Sultan mare, who, although *well done*, required a good *dressing*. The hounds then picked it along to Sheriton Farm, where they ran into a pack of harriers chaunting merrily—sad confusion ensued; and thus ended a most delicate chase. The gentlemen rode homeward in double slow time.

much pleased with the Gainsborough blood.

October 5th.—I rode out with Mr. Treby's harriers—"Huic, huic, huic," cried the Esquire. "To him! to him! to him!" sung out William ο κεφαλος, the huntsman, or rather whipper, as the Esquire hunts his own hounds. Thereby I opine the aforesaid Will had the benefit of a dead language education, as he evidently understood Latin. The hounds evidently understood him: away they went to their master; up jumped Harmony upon the bank, gave us a tune, which scared a poor hare out of her house and wits, she not having the same idea of melodious sounds as we had; "Huic to Harmony!" cried the master; and away flew the hounds like hawks, with a death-doing scent at their nostrils: and away rode the hunters. Mr. John Bailey, upon a brown gelding by Foxberry, took the lead and kept it; ONZOFUS, having ROUGH AND READY'S old bit of pink upon him, and mounted upon his Spectre steed, sprang to the contest: on, on, at terrific speed; a stoned up high five-bar-gate opposed; over went the Foxberry like a stag, and over flew Spectre—yet the flesh prevailed.

Spur, Bailey, spur: push, Bailey, push,
A Spectral steed is close at your brush.

And he (Mr. Bailey) did win that race, stopping not at any thing, but going forward like an arrow. At last, after a three-mile race, they came to a lofty bank with an ancient beechen tree hanging over it; bang at it went the Foxberry, impelled by his daring rider; over the bank, and through the branches of the tree they went, where the bold one fell, but he fell in victory. ONZOFUS reined up his Spec-

tre steed, and having clothed himself in the garments of Safety, dismounted. The hare was killed, and the race ended; and a finer race I never saw, I being abiding upon the top of a steep mountain. I never saw any man ride better than Mr. John Bailey; I rather think he hunts at times with the Duke of Beaufort.

Mr. J. Parle here begs leave to ask pardon of Mr. Editor and Messrs. the Public, but fears that this journal of Mr. Western Alopec has too much of the *toujours perdrix* in it to please the palates of their Worships; therefore he will send in but one dish more, and then leave them to their desert and wine, and their own jokes.

Tuesday, October 23.—The foxhounds met at Lyneham. When I rode up to the place of meeting, there I saw ladies, and lords, and squires; in gay attire. Lady E. B. shone forth in all the majesty and brilliancy of charms. The two Misses C. were there; and the whole Paradise of Mahomet cannot produce flowers to equal them in sweetness and beauty.

Blissful is that bee which sips
Sweetness from the rose's lips.

Oh, dear me! the ladies have put the whole, up hill, down dale, ware wheat! don't ride over the turnips! catch my horse! you are down, I hope not hurt; lane-riding, fence-breaking, V. V. V. of the fox-chase out of my head.

The hounds killed one dog-fox and one vixen. Many had falls, and Lord William Paget a very severe one; but I hope he will soon be well, for he rode, as all sailors do, gallantly.

FEW LINES FROM NIMROD.

SIR,

AFTER a vacuum of two years, I took a peep this morning at the H. H. hounds; and having fed well, and drunk a bumper to fox-hunting, I kept myself awake in the evening by throwing my eye over the various articles of the last double Number of the *Sporting Magazine*, and making a note of any thing that struck me as calling for a word in reply. Now then for the result.

In the very amusing, and, to us in this country, very interesting account of the Doberan races, I perceive a mare was matched to trot four miles and a distance in twelve minutes; and as she only lost by fifteen seconds, she must be allowed to have done the four miles in twelve minutes, which is at the rate of twenty miles an hour. The gentlemen of that country, I find, have established a pack of fox-hounds as indispensable to improving their breed of horses. I take this opportunity of thanking the "*Subscriber in Mecklenburgh*" for his kind invitation to Germany, which honour I have before acknowledged to have received from his friend *Count Veltheim*, and which it is my present intention to accept. The pleasure of this visit would be greatly enhanced by meeting my old acquaintance, *The Old Forester*, on the same agreeable errand.

I read with pleasure the sensible letter of "*E. T.*" on the Royal Hunt. From all I hear, and some little I have seen, there must be somewhat of a 'hark-back' to proceedings of former times with this pack ere long.

I notice the question in Ornithology on the extraordinary change

of plumage, but am unable to account for the curious phenomenon. By the bye—what causes the instant and *simultaneous* rise of a flock of birds—pigeons in particular? Is the movement directed by the ear or the eye? I doubt the latter; because all cannot be looking in the same direction at once.

The name of Sir Theophilus Biddulph being handed down to posterity by the *Spectator*, and now by the *Rambler*, must be immortal. I agree with this pleasant writer in thinking the worthy Baronet is certainly a remnant of the old English country gentleman, but the sort is nearly gone. When on this subject I will transcribe part of a letter I received the other day from a celebrated sportsman, who stands high in the estimation of the public, on the evils of over-preserving game, and the change that is taking place in the English character.

"We have had but moderate sport here. Battue-shooting and rabbit-traps are the bane of fox-hunting. The latter, though they do not hold foxes, maim them, so that they are either knocked on the head by the keepers, die of mortification from the wound of the trap, or, having only three legs, are killed by the hounds as soon as found. This is an everyday occurrence, not only here, but in most parts of England. It is really a cruel case, that, for the sake of one sport, another, and infinitely the finer, should be destroyed. The preservation of game to the extent to which it is now carried tends not only to demoralize the lower, but to enervate the higher classes; and the time will soon come when that fine, honest, manly character, the real

English gentleman—fond of fox-hunting and other wild sports, and pursuing them, *as formerly pursued*, in a manner conducive equally to his health and his independence, and which it is no great stretch of imagination to say are calculated most materially to the establishment of the liberties of his country—will be no longer known. It will be recorded as a matter of History that such men were once the pride of Old England—‘*Tempora mutantur.*’ As yet let us hope that there are some few to whom the ‘*nos et mutamur ab illis*’ will not apply.”

“*Celabitur auctor*” must be my motto here. I cannot betray the confidence of my friends, by publishing letters of mere private intercourse; but the name and character of the writer of the preceding extract would have great weight with my readers.

I observe the article on “Coach Accidents,” p. 100; but the papers have lately been most prolific in their recitals of these heart-rending scenes. Let me ask any rational man—not a self-conceited coachman, nor a self-important road-surveyor—*would not the strip of loose gravel by the side of the hill have prevented four fatal accidents within the last six weeks?* Each proceeded from coaches overpowering horses on a descent.

The letter of *Scotii Britannicus* is from a practical sportsman—a gentleman I understand of large possessions in the North, and an old contributor to this Work. I rejoice to find he has taken a more favorable view of the Game Laws, which he has the candour to admit. On this subject the following passage from his pen is worthy of remark: “Night poaching,” says he, “has become common of late, since pheasants have so much in-

creased.” Here is another proof, added to ten thousand others, that it is in *the abuse*, and not the *use* of Game Laws that the evils rest. So long as gentlemen will preserve to the unbounded extent they now do, the gaols will be filled with poachers; and make game saleable, the only difference will be—for “poacher,” read “thieves.” Within the last three weeks the *Devizes* paper gives an addition of thirty commitments to the county gaol for offences against the Game Laws by day and by night!

The tameness of pheasant-shooting is set forth by this writer in these memorable words:—“Pheasants must always be well fed if you wish them to remain with you; and if they are, you may drive them, to almost any number, into a very small covert from the surrounding ones.” Why not drive a flock of turkeys at once? They are a better mark, and a better bird. Pray don’t let us call this sporting!!

The instances *Scotii Britannicus* brings forward of the possibility of having plenty of foxes and plenty of game in the same coverts are very satisfactory; but, alas! I fear they make but slight impression in many quarters. The popularity of fox-hounds is not so conspicuous in several counties I could name, as it appears to be in Linlithgow and Stirlingshire.

This good sportsman and clear writer says, “*Nimrod* entirely condemns battue-shooting as inimical to fox-hunting. *If foxes are not killed*, I do not think they are so.”—*Neither do I.* My only objection to them in that case arises from the change they have effected in the sporting character of the higher classes; the consequent evils to the lower orders; and the

cockneyish, cocktailish, insipid sort of a thing that a battue is considered, quite undeserving the title of sporting.

The great evil of battue-shooting, as far as relates to fox-hunting, in my opinion, proceeds from the influence it gives keepers over their masters, who insist on having such an abundance of game, and who do not all act by them in the decisive manner in which Colonel Berkeley acted by his, after a blank day with his hounds in some of his own coverts. Keepers, however, are not always to blame, as their masters should sometimes be held responsible. Last Wednesday se'nnight I went out with the Vine hounds in my own neighbourhood. The fixture was on the great Western road, and a strong muster from different Hunts was the consequence. After trying, blank, coverts that never used to fail, we went to Nutley Wood, always considered a certainty. "Shall we find here to-day?" said I to the woodman as we approached the covert. "Not a chance," replied the man; "*the keeper has been shooting here since day-light.*" On hearing this, I put my head straight for home, "pretty considerably disgusted," as a friend of mine once expressed himself, "with the rural proceedings of the day." On my arrival, I found an offer of a hundred guineas for the horse I had been riding, from a noted Warwickshire sportsman, and I never accepted an offer with so much pleasure in my life. Now this covert belongs to a family, all of whom hunt, and one of them was a master of hounds for a short time.

I find I have said nothing of the day with the H. H., the notice of which commenced

this epistle; but the fact is, there is but little to say. Mr. Villebois, Dick Foster, Sawyer; and the pack appeared much in the same form as when I had last seen them, just two years ago; but there was a face quite new to me under the cap of the second whipper-in, which proved to be one of Dick Foster's manufacture, being his second son. The pack termed the "small pack" was what I call a large one, composed of at least twenty-six couples of old and young, and the hey-day of youth now and then prevailed. All this, however, those who know anything of hounds think nothing about, and as to what others think "it matters *nout*," as the Yorkshiremen have it.

Our place of meeting was Herriard House, the seat of Mr. Jervoise, our *ci-devant* Member for the county; and, though no sportsman—the more to his honour be it said—a staunch friend to fox-hunting. After we had been at work about two hours, I got weary and went home; but a short time previously one of the field addressed me, and said he feared we should have no sport. Now his remark put me in mind of a humorous dialogue that took place a few years back between two friends of mine, one fat and determined to continue fat, and the other doing all he could to keep himself thin.

Fat Friend.—"Why Tom, I know not how it is, but I can't ride a little!"

Thin Friend.—"Ride! can you expect to ride? Look at your belly. How can a man with such a belly as yours ever expect to ride? Do as I do—put on the muzzle, and walk in flannel waistcoats, and then you'll ride as well

as ever you did, but not till then."

—My fat friend preferred giving up his riding rather than pay the penalty affixed to it, as most others would have done; but I might have made such a reply to my friend's remark on this day. "Sport," I might have said, "look at your country! woods and flints!"

I have no time at present to make any observations on a hint given me by the *Ruralist*; neither can I do more than express the pleasure I experienced in perusing the capital reminiscences of the *Oxford Scholar*. The following anecdotes, however, which are facts, were produced in the same fertile soil with his own.

An Oxford tutor, of rather pedantic notions, was lecturing his pupil in Xenophon's *Περὶ Ζωκρατοῦς*. The pupil had to translate *δευὸς ἀνὴρ*, which he thus rendered, "an extraordinary man."—"No," says the tutor; "let us be more *emphatical*: suppose we say a *surprising man*; what do you think of this?"—"Why," adds the pupil, "if we consult *emphasis*, I should render it *the hell of a fellow*"—(the *exact* meaning of *δευὸς*). On a subsequent occasion, another tutor, *before* there were such things as "first classes," was giving his pupil a gallop in Xenophon's *Anabasis*. They came to a check at the words *ἐρημοὶ ἀμαξαί*, which the pupil designated "empty wagons."—"Gently," says Square-toes: "*ἀμαξαί* is of the feminine gender, and *ἐρημοὶ* is of the masculine; how do you reconcile this?"—(The pupil *knew* it was ο, καὶ ἡ, ἐρημος, καὶ τὸ ἐρημον, but this was "so great that the tutor could not attain unto it.")—"Really Sir," adds the tutor, after some hesitation, "I am sur-

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prised at your ignorance—*what* can this mean but male (mail) coaches, you stupid fellow?"

NIMROD NEWSPAPER.—Many of my readers will have seen—as publicity has been given to it by advertisements in the principal London Journals—that a Sunday paper, called *The Nimrod*, has made its appearance in London. I have nothing to do with the rival spirit, opposing interests, or contending feelings of this party or of that; but as some very unpleasant circumstances have lately attended *the suspicion* of gentlemen connecting themselves with newspapers, and furnishing from domestic life anecdotes of a private nature, which would not otherwise have been made public, I wish it to be known that I have nothing to do with the *Nimrod Sporting Herald*. The first knowledge of its being in existence was conveyed to me by the paper itself having been, in compliment, sent to me by the Editor on the first day of its publication; and in return for this compliment, I made a request that "my *name-sake*"—as the Editor does me the honour to call it—might be sent to me regularly by Post, accompanying that request with wishing him success in his new undertaking, as I do all others who advocate the cause of sporting.

DEATH OF THE EDITOR OF THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

It is true we have "no continuing city here;" but it is awful to contemplate that the motion of the sun-beam on the wave is not more transient than the duration of human life. On the perusal of this Number, those of my readers who have not been informed of it from any other source will find

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that Mr. Pittman, the late worthy Editor and sole Proprietor of this Work, is no more. As the business will be conducted in future by an able substitute, for the benefit of his numerous family, little more is left for me, than to express a hope, that the same kind patronage received by the husband and father will be continued to the widow and her children.

There is a temperance in all things; and no less in the use of our intellectual powers, than in the indulgence of the grosser appetites of our nature; and I much fear, that, from an over-anxiety to perform his duty to the public, this very worthy man was one of the many victims daily sacrificed to too close application to business in the confined air of London*.

Partly at my solicitation, and at the suggestion of other friends, he had a country residence the last two years, and entrusted a considerable portion of his charge to a confidential Superintendant of his establishment; but the relief came too late: the stamina of his frame was gone, and he sank into a premature grave, being little more than in the meridian of life. He was an excellent character; and it may not be too much to say of him, that his departing spirit was accompanied by the gratulations of a peaceful conscience, and the testimony of a better judge than man.

"The best, the dearest fav'rite of the sky
Must taste this cup, for man is born to die."

NIMROD.

Dec. 18, 1827.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Turf.

THE following twenty-five horses are named for the Oatlands Stakes at Newmarket Craven Meeting, which commences April 7, 1828:—

Mr. Cleveland's Memnon, 5 yrs, 9st. 4lb.
Mr. Wyndham's Camel, 5 yrs, 9st. 2lb.
Duke of Richmond's The Alderman, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.

Mr. Delmè Radclyffe's Dervise, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.

Col. Yates's Paul Pry, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.

Mr. Gully's Mameluke, 3 yrs, 8st. 2lb.

Ld. Cleveland's Nonplus, 3 yrs, 8st. 2lb.

Mr. Scott Stonehewer's Goshawk, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.

Mr. Mills's Recruit, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.

Mr. Petre's Granby, 3 yrs old, 8st.

Mr. Scott Stonehewer's Souvenir, 3 yrs old, 8st.

Lord Tavistock's Leeway, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb.

Mr. Shailer's Sangrado, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb.

Mr. Prendergast's The Vicar, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.

Mr. Stanley's Thales, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.

Mr. Wyndham's Grampus, 3 yrs, 7st. 7lb.

Mr. Petre's Tom Jones, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's c. by Partisan, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.

Colonel Yates's Sharpshooter, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.

Duke of Richmond's Miss Craven, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.

Mr. Mills's Lunacy, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb.

Mr. Greville's Dandelion, 3 yrs old, 7st.

Mr. Goddard's c. by Anticipation, 3 yrs old, 7st.

Lord Exeter's Marinella, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb.

Mr. Shailer's Moor Buzzard, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.

If there be sixteen subscribers or more after the 10 sov. forfeits are declared, the stakes to be divided, and two classes formed, to run on Tuesday and Wednesday in the same Meeting; and if twenty-four subscribers after the 10 sov. forfeits are declared, the Stakes are to be divided, and three classes formed, the first to be run on Monday, the second on Tuesday, and the third on Wednesday, in the same Meeting. The forfeits of 10 sovs., if they do not amount to 100 sovs., are to be given to the owner of the second horse; and if two or more classes, to be divided between

* Mr. Pittman was also Proprietor of two old-established Newspapers.

the owners of the second horses; but if they amount to 100 sovs. they are to form an extra class, to be run for on the Thursday.

Mr. Gifford has sold his celebrated horse Leviathan to His Majesty for 2000gs. Leviathan was bred by Mr. Painter, of Stafford: he was got by Muley, his dam by Windle, her dam by Anvil, out of Figaro (by Snap), which was the dam of Saltram. Saltram was the property of the King when Prince of Wales.

We hear, from undoubted authority, that Colonel King has expressly said that he will not part with his filly Bessy Bedlam upon any terms, as she is intended for the next St. Leger.

At the Heaton Park Races, the Hon. E. Petre gives a Gold Cup, value 100gs., to be called the Matilda Cup, in commemoration of winning the last Leger.

Next Liverpool races will be very attractive. There will be two Gold Cups, one of them of the value of 200gs. added to a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, given by the tradesmen. There will also be the Great Lancaster Stakes, the Derby Stakes, and eight other Stakes, &c. Produce Stakes are also opened up to the year 1831.

STUD SALE.

On the 27th of November the following draft from Mr. Payne's stud were put up by Messrs. Tattersall for sale:—

BROOD MARES.

Dick Andrews mare, out of Desdemona, by Sir Peter (stinted to Centaur), purchased for His Majesty for 100gs.

Dick Andrews mare, out of Miss Watt, by Delpini (stinted to Figaro), sold to Mr. Walker—120gs.

Election mare, out of Amazon, Sister to Hannibal (stinted to Abjer), to Mr. Dickinson—60gs.

Wilful, Sister to Whalebone, Web, and Whisker (stinted to Figaro), to Mr. Walker—220gs.

FOALS.

A filly, by Whisker, out of the Dick Andrews mare out of Desde-

mona; engaged First October Meeting in a Stake of 100, R.M., 1830, six subscribers, to Colonel Peel—40gs.

Colt, by Figaro, out of the Dick Andrews mare out of Miss Watt, engaged First October Meeting, in Stakes of 100, and Second October, 100, both 1830, to Sir G. Heathcote—40gs.

A filly, by Woful, out of the Election mare, to Mr. Forth—35gs.

YEARLINGS.

A filly, by Waterloo, out of Sister to Premium—bought in at 70gs.

A filly, by Master Henry, out of Opal, by Sir Peter—bought in.

A colt, by Wrangler, out of Helena, by Rubens, engaged in Craven Meeting, in the Lincoln's Inn Stakes of 150 each, in Bileston Stakes, First Spring, 50 each, and in the Derby, all in 1829, to Sir G. Heathcote—100gs.

Helenus, 6 yrs old, by Soothsayer, out of Zuleika, by Gohanna—bought in at 340gs.

Florizel, ch. c. 2 yrs old, by Hollyhock, out of Jumelle, by Buffer, out of Pewit, engaged at Ascot, 100 each, and in the Derby, both in 1828—bought in at 84gs.

A two-year-old brown colt, by Smolensko, out of Lady Ern, engaged in Craven, 150 each, in the Derby, and in a Stake at Doncaster, all 1828; in Craven Meeting 1829, in a Stake of 100 each, to Mr. Clarke—30gs.

Serenade, 3 yrs old, by Rainbow, out of Scheherazade, engaged in the Claret, to Mr. Walker—400gs.

Babel, 4 yrs old, by Interpreter, out of Fair Helen, engaged in a match in Craven Meeting agst Leeway 200, and in First Spring agst Mameluke 200—bought in at 500gs.

A brood mare, by Woful out of Allegro's dam; and a brood mare, by Sancho, out of Ringtail, were bought in at 39 and 40gs.

A chesnut colt, by Soothsayer, out of Folly (Lord Exeter's), was sold for 51gs.

Whitestockings (a famous hunter), the property of a Nobleman, to Lord Bradenell—480gs.

THE CHASE.

Melton Mowbray, in the early part of December, had to boast of a large influx of fashionables to enjoy the diversion of fox-hunting—more than usual so early in the season. Among them were, Marquis of Cleveland; Earls Plymouth and Chesterfield; Lords Alvanley, Brudenell, and Chichester; Sirs F. Burdett, James Musgrave, H. Goodricke, and J. Kay; James Maxse, Moore, Maber, Gilbert, Henry Wormald, John Wormald, Williams Bulkley, Douglas Kinnaird, Montague, Ford, Coke, R. Doyme, Drummond, and ——— Christie, Esqrs.; Major Forester; Captains Garth, Ross, Doyme, Birkley, &c. &c.

We understand that the Montgomeryshire fox-hounds, and the seven horses belonging to the Master of that Hunt, are to be disposed of.—The hounds are of a very superior description, having killed, in 1825, their 54 foxes out of 63; and the horses have been summered *à la Nimrod*.

Coursing Meetings.

Newmarket. — The November Meeting concluded on Friday the 30th of that month, after four days' excellent coursing, the dogs having been finely matched, and the hares (which for the first three days were in abundance) having stood before them stoutly. On the last day the morning was very inauspicious, and, what made it worse, there was a great scarcity of hares—an unprecedented circumstance at this Meeting, particularly in Chippenham Field: not one scut could be seen. The Club then agreed to move farther a-field, and Snarwell was fixed on. Here a hare was soon found, and Mr. Edwards's Zitella and Mr. Wilkinson's Czarina were unslipped for the Gold Cup—these two having beaten off the previous ties in the several classes (sixteen subscribers). Zitella made head at starting, and gave the first turn, Czarina close at her stern, and running well. The course seemed to promise an interesting struggle; but

it proved a short run, for the hare was killed immediately after, and the Cup awarded to Zitella.—After the Cup was decided, plenty of hares were found for the matches, and some capital runs finished a day which commenced so inauspiciously.—The first day's coursing was in the First Chippenham Field; the second, in Cheveley Field; the third, in Bottingham Field; and the last, as above mentioned, at Snarwell. The Meeting was attended by an immense concourse of spectators, and several of the fair sex, on horseback and in carriages, graced the sports of each day. The Earl of Stradbroke and Mr. Wilkinson officiated as Stewards, and Mr. Swan as Judge; the former, by the most sedulous attention to the business of the Meeting, fully supported its character, and the decisions of the latter gave general satisfaction. The Newmarket Sweepstakes was won by Mr. Hoskins's Hippolytus beating Mr. Kelly's Quorum; and the Chippenham Sweepstakes by Mr. Edwards's Zoilus beating Mr. D. Burgh's Nelson. At the conclusion of the matches, of which sixty were run in the whole, the Club dined at the Rutland Arms, and the Cup, filled with punch, was pledged to the success of the fortunate owner.—Among the many celebrated greyhounds at this meeting (and it generally brings together those of the first description), was the well-known Baron, the property of J. E. Rust, Esq.—This famous dog possesses extraordinary strength and the most beautiful symmetry; and has frequently distinguished himself on former occasions. In the Newmarket Spring Meeting 1825, he won the Cup (16 subs.); and in the November following, at the same place, he beat Dreadnought for the Cup; but, in consequence of another dog belonging to Mr. Rust having slipped his collar, and joined in the course, the Cup, in obedience to a regulation of the Club, was awarded to Dreadnought. In the Newmarket Spring Meeting last year (1826), he again won the Cup, and in the following November the Gold Cup—having thus,

in point of fact, won the Cup and Couples in two succeeding years. He was got by Lord Stradbroke's Garrick out of Mr. Rust's Beatrice; and now, by the advice of some of the first coursers, is drawn from the field, and announced as a stallion greyhound.

Bower's.—This meeting was productive of excellent sport—hares abundant and strong, the dogs well matched, and the decisions satisfactory. Twelve brace of greyhounds were slipped for the Cup, and the first ties came off as follows:—Mr. Williams's (of Ilsey) Wings beat Mr. Goodlake's Ebony; Mr. Hains's Hebe beat Mr. West's Royalty; Mr. Williams's (of Denchurch) Whalebone beat Mr. Large's Lightfoot; Mr. Tuckey's Tullia beat Mr. Myers's Miss; Mr. Ormond's Ora beat Mr. Ensworth's Ermine; Mr. Gerring's Goldfinch agst Mr. Shippery's Senator—undecided.—After this course Senator received so severe a kick from the slipper's horse, that he was incapacitated from being again brought to the leash, and was consequently withdrawn. On the second day Hebe beat Goldfinch; Ora beat Tullia; Whalebone beat Wings. In the deciding course, Hebe beat Ora and Whalebone, and won the Cup; Ora beat Whalebone, and won the Goblet; Whalebone the Spoons.

Morfe (Shropshire).—A Silver Cup for Puppies, value 36l. and a Goblet, value 22l. were run for on the 27th and 28th of November, at Patshull, the seat of Sir George Pigot, that Gentleman having in the most handsome manner allowed the Morfe Club the use of his park for the occasion. The First Class consisted of eight courses. In the second, Colonel Gatacre's Graceful beat Mr. M. Campbell's Zemindar; and Mr. P. Purton's Prodigal beat Mr. Harding's Hudibras. The two winners then ran the deciding course, when Graceful beat Prodigal, and won the Cup; Prodigal the Goblet. The All-aged Stakes was won by Mr. George Molyneux's Myrtle beating Mr. Hugo Campbell's Helen; and the Puppy Stakes, by Mr. W. Smith's Regulus beating Mr. Vicker's Victor.

North Meols (Lancashire).—This year's Meeting commenced on the 6th December at North Meols, and concluded the day following at Scarsbrick. Mr. R. Ashton's Hector beat Mr. E. Alison's Lunaria, and won the Cup. There were nineteen Matches, all well contested. The hares on the second day were decidedly stouter than the first, and the sport consequently greater. The winner of the Cup (Hector) is a dog of immense powers, though high on the leg, which makes his appearance awkward; and 2 to 1 was freely offered against him before he was put into the slips.

Chesterford.—The coursing of this Club occupied three days; the first held in Chippenham Field, the second in Bottisham Field, and the last in Newsells Field.—Mr. Dobede's r. d. Dunkirk beat Mr. Alston's blk. d. Emden, and won the Cup; Mr. Gent's r. b. Gaza beat Mr. Fyson's r. d. Driver, and won the Allington Hill Puppy Stakes; and Mr. Vipan's blk. d. Violence the Newsells Puppy Stakes, beating Mr. Smale's r. d. Snapdragon. There were but six matches run.—The hares were remarkably scarce throughout the Meeting.

Sandywell.—This Meeting was held on the 17th and 18th of December on the estate of Walter Lawrence Lawrence, Esq. of Sandywell Park, near Cheltenham, for a splendid Silver Cup given by that gentleman. An immense concourse of spectators was assembled to witness the sport. Sixteen leash of the best greyhounds in that part of the country were entered, and exhibited excellent running. The match for the Cup was well contested, chiefly between a dog belonging to Mr. Butt, of Naunton, and one belonging to Mr. M. Yearsley, of Cheltenham, and was finally determined in favour of the latter.

Burton-upon-Trent.—This meeting took place on the 21st December.—The Cup was won by Mr. Hassall's f. and w.b. Hecuba by Hercules out of Quill; the Goblet, by Mr. Nixon's bl. and wh.b. Matilda, by Mr. Hopkins's Squill out of Mr. Nixon's Pert; the Greasley Stakes were care-

ried off by Mr. Worthington's Wild-fire, by Hercules out of Swallow; the Anglessea Stakes, by Mr. D. Smith's Negress; the Burton Stakes, by Mr. D. Smith's Swallow; the Bye Stakes, by Mr. Moore's Violet, by Hercules out of Nettle; the Bye Puppy Stakes, by Mr. Smith's Isabella, sister to Mr. Hassall's Hecuba. The sport was very good, and every thing passed off very pleasantly. The hares ran stout for the time of the year, and many of the courses were severely contested.—The Madam breed of greyhounds ran here forty-four courses, twenty-eight of which they won; six of the courses they were beat by each other, and two undecided; so that they were only beat by other breeds, eight courses out of forty-eight.

At the Highclere Coursing Meeting, Mr. Etwall's wh. b. Matilda won the Cup; Mr. Goodlake's yel. b. Gleam won the Currant Jelly Boat; and his yel. b. Gender won the Carnarvon Stakes; Mr. Shippery's bl. b. Sprite won the Beacon Hill Stakes. Matilda was the winner of the Highclere Cup last year.

Grand Match.—A numerous party of Noblemen and Gentlemen assembled on Louth Coursing Ground, on Tuesday the 18th of December, to witness the decision of the long-talked-of match between the Newmarket and Swaffham and the Malton greyhounds—made between Mr. Wilkinson, of the former Clubs, and Mr. Lacy, on the one part; and Sir B. R. Graham and Mr. Best, of the Malton Club, on the other. The main consisted of three brace of puppies, and four brace of aged dogs: and, from the known high character of the parties, a great deal of speculation was produced. The courses were excellent—the result greatly in favour of the Malton, the Newmarket having won but one out of the seven courses, which were run as follows:—*Puppies*: Sir B. Graham's Gulliver beat Mr. Wilkinson's Cygnet; Mr. Best's Thetis beat Mr. Lacy's Fuchsia; Mr. Wilkinson's Constance beat Sir B. Graham's Glory.—*Aged Dogs*: Mr. Best's Minikin and Clari beat Mr.

Wilkinson's Czarina and Cowlip; Sir B. Graham's Blucher beat Mr. Lacy's Thought; and Mr. Best's Minna beat Mr. Lacy's Belvidera.—The following matches were afterwards run: Sir B. Graham's p. d. Grinder beat Mr. Lacy's b. Matchless; Mr. Chaplin's b. Gun beat Sir B. Graham's b. Spy; Sir B. Graham's p. b. Gift beat Mr. Chaplin's p. b. Haughty.

STALLION GREYHOUNDS:

Champion, by Gas (own brother to the celebrated bitch Goldenlocks), out of Camilla, by a son of Mr. Hobblethwaite's Poakem, out of a bitch got by Mr. Dennison's blk. d. (bred by Colonel Mellish), out of a daughter of Snowball:—at five guineas, at Downton House, near Kingston, Herefordshire.

Baron, by Lord Stradbroke's Garrick, out of Mr. J. E. Rust's Beatrice:—at 3gs. and 5s. the servant, at Abbott's Hall, Stowmarket.

SPORTING ACCIDENTS.

Mr. Pettit's Tom Tit and Colonel Wilson's Corkscrew are both unable to stir from Beccles. It will be recollected that they both broke down at the Beccles races last September; and, singular enough, the mare, Miss Hammond (also Mr. Pettit's), died almost immediately on getting there, from injury received. It is almost unprecedented, that three horses out of six should be entirely spoiled from racing, in two days.

The Marquis of Tavistock, on the 8th of December, whilst enjoying the pleasures of the chase, was thrown from his horse, and had his collar bone broken. It is gratifying to us to hear that the Noble Marquis is now in a fair way of recovery.

An accident, which may prove of a very serious nature, happened last week to the Rev. G. Leman, of Brampton, Suffolk, who was shooting at a pheasant with a detonating gun, when the copper cap flew off, and struck him in the eye. Surgical assistance was immediately had, and for some days afterwards the symptoms were favorable; but we are sorry to learn that there is now much reason to fear the sight of the eye will be lost.

Pugilism.

NEAL and BALDWIN.—Articles of agreement were entered into on the 7th of December, at the Union Arms, Panton-street, in the Haymarket, between Ned Neal and Edward Baldwin, Neal fighting 250l. to 200l. It is to be a fair stand-up fight, in a twenty-four-feet roped ring, within forty miles of London, half-minute time, and to come off the 11th of next March. It is mutually agreed between them, that in case of Magisterial interference, the parties are to proceed to the next convenient spot; and if such ground cannot then be chosen, the hour and place for the next meeting to be fixed by a gentleman (named) well-known to the Prize Ring. The stakes are to remain till the event shall be fairly decided, and the money to be given up only according to the decision of the Umpires and Referee.

SPARRING.

A benefit having been got up for Jem Bunn (the Bow Boy), who has long retired from the Ring, and most of the *big ones* having promised their support—together with the understanding that a settlement of some private *chaffing* among the *dons* would come off with the mufflers—the Tennis Court was crowded to excess on the 11th of December, and the play on the whole admirable. Repeated bursts of applause from all parts of the Court gave ample testimony of general satisfaction; and the sets-to with Jem Ward and Jem Burn, Young Dutch Sam and Harry Holt, Uncle Ben and Neal, were of the first description. When Neal took off the gloves, he said a great deal had been said about his fighting Jem Ward, and he had been abused by one of Ward's friends. He had now to state publicly that if he beat Whiteheaded Bob, with whom he was matched, he would fight Ward, provided the latter fought him for 250l. to 200l.—but, at all events, he would guaranty making a match with him before he left the Ring (cheers).—The principal attraction of the day was the set-to between Tom Belcher and Baldwin. The latter had been boasting of what

he could do with Tom, and Tom challenged him to the trial. Bob said he wished to spar in a friendly way, as he intended to have another set-to with Belcher at his own benefit—but “Do your best,” cried Tom, and to the scratch they went. Belcher, evidently under the influence of excited feelings, lost not a moment in endeavoring to plant his right and left, but Bob was ready, and stopped him. Bob then closed, and bored him against the railings. Belcher again commenced, but Bob stopped him, and rushed in without delay, evidently resolving not to stand Belcher's “long shots.” In this way three more rounds were played, Belcher making some points, but Bob in the rush and at in-fighting giving him his share. In the last close, in which Bob shewed superiority both in strength and wind, Belcher was thrown, and fell with his leg under him. On rising he was evidently lame, having hurt his knee; but, although called upon to leave off, he was too game to say “enough.” Three more rounds were tried, in which Bob's strength was conspicuous, and his deliveries heavy, proving, in fact, that youth and vigour will put the best science of an old one aside. Peter Crawley and Dick Acton, Harry Jones and Coates, Murphy and the Bristol Baker, Dick Curtis and Jack Tisdale, gave their powerful assistance to the old *trump* (Bunn), who wound up the sports with Saunders, when it was nearly dark. At the conclusion of the sports, Tom Belcher mounted the “Forum,” and said a gentleman had placed 50l. in his hands to match Ward against Neal for 200l., to fight when the latter should choose; he would pay the forfeit of 200l. to Baldwin, if Neal would accept his offer; or he was ready to make a match with Brown, of Bridgnorth, if Brown would fight Ward 250l. to 200l.—(Brown has declared he will only fight Ward for an even 300l. or 400l.)—Josh Hudson, in reply, said, he would be prepared to match Neal against Ward upon the terms stated by Neal himself, immediately after his fight with Whiteheaded Bob.

SPORTING OBITUARY.

Ould Bill Gibbons, the Commissary General of the P. C., "cut his stick" on the 7th December at his crib in Lambeth, in the 71st year of his age. Ever anxious in the performance of his duty, he started in a *go-cart* for Bracknell, Berks, to prepare for the battle between Neal and Jem Burn; but having been forestalled by an active colleague, he went through the form of pitching his stakes, and took a good position to witness his favorite pastime, but unfortunately a bad one for himself, as he caught a violent cold, and on his return took to his bed, from which he never rose more. Bill, like his pal Caleb Baldwin, whose departure hence is also noticed in our present Number (see page 188), was always on the look out for *squalls*; and though he was known as the *confident* of several "out-and-outers," and perhaps occasionally had his *reglars*, he always steered his own bark clear of the shoals and quicksands of the mighty *Beaks*. He was also a compatriot of Caleb during the Westminster election; and was no bad performer on some of the metropolitan boards, having appeared at Covent Garden Theatre in "Harlequin and Asmodeus," taking the lead with his

dogs in the Spanish Bull-fight; and again at the Lyceum, where he and Caleb enacted wonders in the "Manager's Last Kick," his whole stock of *neddies* and dogs being included in the engagement. Bill was twice married, and helped his helpmates into "another and a better world" before him; not by any acts of unkindness towards them, but by paying the last sad duties to mortality, in decently interring their remains. Dying without heirs, there are no *kids* to keep up the blood of the true Gibbons's—no *chips* from the *ould block*, as he used sometimes feelingly to apostrophise; and was followed to the grave by six of his nephews, and a few of his old chums. It was reported that he had feathered his nest warmly; but this is not *gen-u-ine*, those *honest* fellows John Doe and Richard Roe having given a hint they were on the look out for the veteran. Bill hoped they would follow him, and if they ventured their carcasses beyond the "family vault," he had no doubt they would meet a warm reception.

The celebrated stallion Androsan, by John Bull, out of Miss Whip, by Volunteer, died at Ferryhill, Durham, on the 29th November, aged 19 years.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our task becomes one of difficulty, as we are most desirous of communicating all information received on sporting subjects; but our pages being limited, we are totally unable to comply with our just intentions. We say thus much, in the earnest hope that none will consider themselves neglected by the unavoidable omission of their useful and valuable communications.

We are also desirous of apprising our friends it will be esteemed a great additional obligation on our parts, if they will send their communications as EARLY in the month as possible; it too frequently happening that most important subjects come too late for insertion, and the interest ceases before the time of publication of another Number.

A Series of the Portraits of celebrated Jockeys will be continued in the two or three succeeding Numbers.

We beg to inform "Snaffle" that Mr. Cooper has executed the subject of Pheasant Shooting, which appeared in our Number for November 1825; and he is preparing Grouse, Partridge, and Duck Shooting, which would have been ready for the engraver ere now, but for Mr. C.'s numerous engagements.

The two communications from "A Coursing Amateur" are received, and the first shall certainly appear in our next.

Angling Excursion in North Wales, by the author of "Tales of Welsh Society and Scenery," shall also appear in our next; and we shall thank him for a regular continuation.

Notwithstanding we have given an extra half sheet, we have still to apologise for the omission of several interesting articles from our friends, especially; "Soho"—"A Radical"—"Civis"—"Bob Ramble"—"A Traveller"—"A Drab"—"An Old Subscriber"—"Phenix"—and "V. S., from Norfolk."

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THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXI. N. S.

FEBRUARY, 1828.

No. CXXV.

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Embellished with,

I. *A Portrait of RICHARD, from a Painting by A. COOPER, Esq. R.A., Engraved by WEBB.*

II. *GEORGE NELSON.*

PEDIGREE and PERFORMANCES of RICHARD.

RICHARD is a dark brown horse, nearly fifteen hands three inches high, was bred by Mr. Elwes, and foaled in the year 1818. He was got by Orville, out of Miss Sophia by Stamford, her dam Sophia by Buzzard, Huncamunca by Highflyer, Cypher by Squirrel—Regulus, Bartlet's Childers, Honeywood's Arabian, the Byerley Mare, dam of the two True Blues.

RICHARD is a horse of immense power, with great length, though deceptive to the eye on a first view, as he is so remarkably short in his joints. A casual observer would at the instant pronounce him to be

more of a compact horse than a lengthy fine-formed racer: he, however, measures unusually lengthy, and is particularly deep in his girth.

RICHARD is own Brother to Master George, Master Henry, Sporus, and Emma, and half-brother to the justly-celebrated Mameluke, winner of the Derby last year.

RICHARD was purchased, when a foal, of Mr. Elwes, by Lord Jersey ; and, in the Craven Meeting at Newmarket 1821, being then 3 yrs old, won a Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. D.M. 8st. 7lb. beating Lord Suffield's bl. h. by Muley, out of Miss Witch, and Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. Potemkin. Even bet-

H h

ting on Richard.—He also started for the Derby, but was not placed.—He was then sold by Lord Jersey to Mr. Lambton.

In 1822, at Newcastle, he won the King's Plate, beating Mr. Armstrong's b. c. Packman, Lord Scarbrough's br. c. Byram, and Mr. Hutchinson's b. c. Lord of the Manor, all four-year-olds. Six to 4 agst Packman, and 5 to 2 agst Richard.

In the same Meeting, Waverley and he, both the property of Mr. Lambton, ran first and second for the Gold Cup, four miles, beating Sir J. H. Maxwell's gr. m. Fair Helen, 5 yrs old. Two to 1 on Mr. Lambton's two.

At the York August Meeting, (same year,) he won the King's Plate, beating Mr. Ferguson's b. c. Champagne, and Mr. Ridsdale's br. c. Statesman, all four-year-olds. Six to 4 agst Richard, and 7 to 4 agst Champagne.

In the same Meeting, he won the One-Third of the 25gs. Subscription, with 50l. added, for four and five-year-olds:—four, 8st. 5lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.—beating Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. Cataline, 4 yrs old, Mr. Fox's ch. c. North Wester, 4 yrs old, and Mr. Watt's br. h. Bergami, 5 yrs old. Five to 4 agst Richard, and 2 to 1 agst Cataline.

At Pontefract Meeting, same year, he again started, with Waverley, (both Mr. Lambton's,) for the Gold Cup, two miles and seven furlongs, which was won by the latter, also beating Sir R. K. Dick's ch. g. Euphrates, 6 yrs old, Mr. O. Powlett's b. h. Gambler, 5 yrs old, Mr. Ferguson's b. c. Wanton, 3 yrs old, Mr. L. Fox's ch. c. North Wester, 4 yrs old, and Mr. Petre's br. h. Sir John, 5 yrs old. Two to 1 agst Euphrates,

5 to 2 agst Wanton, 7 to 2 agst Richard, and 5 to 1 agst North Wester.

In the same Meeting, he won the Borough Members' Plate of 70l., three-mile heats, beating Lord Scarbrough's br. c. Byram, 4 yrs old. Five to 2 on Richard.

At Doncaster, in the same year, he won the King's Plate, beating Lord Queensbury's bl. c. Plute, and Mr. Rushton's br. c. Vingt-un, all four-year-olds. Fifteen to 8 on Richard.

He has thus proved himself a superior horse at long distances. He did not start afterwards, but was advertised as a stallion, and covered two seasons at Lambton Castle, in the county of Durham, and was then purchased by D. Marjoribanks, Esq. whose property he now is. He has covered two seasons at Knight's Hill Cottage, near Dulwich, Surrey, where he is again advertised for the ensuing season. His stock, produced both in the North and South, are most promising, and no greater proof can be given of their excellence than in stating the fact of a sporting Nobleman, last season, sending a favorite mare from Scotland to be covered by him.

PROPOSAL OF A NEW LAW FOR BOWLING AT CRICKET.

SIR,

IT is my intention, early in next season, to propose to the Marylebone Club a law, which will afford to bowlers a larger field for the exertion of science than they now enjoy; and as this measure does not appear to be generally known to cricketers, either in its nature, the reasons which have given rise to it, or the benefits

anticipated from its adoption, I should be glad to afford an explanation of these points through the medium of your valuable Magazine.

It may not be generally known, that from the earliest times of cricket down to a very late period, *no law whatever existed to restrain the bowling*. From time immemorial the under-hand style alone was practised; for the best possible reason; namely, that it was found amply sufficient to meet the batting of those days. About twenty-four years ago, however, the system of batting suddenly underwent an almost total change, and was carried to a degree of perfection never before known. Instead of the cautious defence hitherto practised, with one foot always within the crease, the method then introduced was running in at the ball, hard hitting, and a bold forward play, which altogether changed the nature of that part of the game. The effect of this was, that the number of runs increased greatly; matches, from requiring more time, and consequently more expense, soon became much less frequent than they had been before; and thus, from the single circumstance of the batting having got the start of the bowling, cricket, in some measure, began to decline.

The superiority of the batting to the bowling, with the bad effects above mentioned, has been for years a theme of universal complaint, and has never been checked, except when it has been met by the straight-armed bowling (erroneously called throwing), which it is my wish to restore. I say restore, because the system is none of mine, nor is it a new one; but, on the contrary, about twenty years ago it prevailed in a considerable de-

gree, especially in the county of Kent. About that time, when the leading object of interest amongst cricketers was to devise some method of putting the batting and the bowling more upon a par, the straight-armed delivery was invented, and introduced by an eminent player in Kent, and practised by him and a few others so successfully, that their county, not otherwise powerful, was in a short time able to cope with All England, which was then at the zenith of its strength.

It may here be worth mentioning, in reply to those who, ludicrously enough, call the straight-armed bowling *throwing*, that the idea of this new delivery was said to have been suggested by the game of bowls—that very game which is the parent of true, legitimate bowling, and from which the term itself is derived. It was seen that at this game the bowl is never directed straight to the jack, but always circuitously; and hence arose the idea that the wicket might be successfully attacked in a similar manner. I mention this circumstance, to shew how very unfortunate the opponents of this system have been in denying to it a term to which it is above all others entitled; for unless they deny that bowling at bowls is bowling, they cannot very consistently say that the mode which I am now advocating is not.

The straight-armed bowling, being thus introduced, was practised for a period of eight or ten years with perfect success, and without any interruption being offered to it: nor is it probable that any would have been (although, from the difficulty of playing it, it had many enemies), if it had been kept within those bounds which at first

confined it. But this unfortunately was not the case: other bowlers arose, who quickly adopted the new system; and, observing the effect of delivering the ball with the arm extended horizontally, they thought to become more formidable still, the more they got their hands up; and thus leading each other on, there being no law to restrain them, they raised them higher and higher, till at length, in a grand match at Brighton (in which many Members of the Marylebone Club played), one of the new practitioners raised *his hand so very high above his head* that it was thought quite time for the Club to interpose. Instead, however, of going deliberately to work; instead of endeavoring to restrain and regulate the new system, by discarding what was bad and retaining what was good, they immediately determined that *all* was evil; and, with that feeling, hastened to pass the law under which cricket has so long suffered, and which it is my object to repeal.

I am far from blaming the Marylebone Club for interfering at that time; on the contrary, I think their interposition was loudly called for: but I do blame them for discarding at once, and without trial of the possibility of curbing it, the most effective stile of bowling that ever was invented, merely because there being no law to restrain it, it naturally ran into excess. A law for that purpose I now mean to propose. The line then drawn I wish to relax a little; I desire to restore the straight-armed bowling to what it was when it was first introduced: my object, in short, is, to steer a *middle course*, avoiding alike the tameness of the Old

School and the extravagance of the New. So far am I from approving that extravagance, that, though I shall advocate to the utmost of my power the straight-armed bowling, without which, or some equivalent advantage, I am confident that cricket will greatly decline, there is no more determined enemy than myself to throwing at the wicket, as is well known by all those with whom I had the pleasure of playing last year.

The fear that the introduction of this bowling will lead to throwing, is in truth quite chimerical; and only shews to what length men will sometimes be carried, by, I do not say the spirit of opposition, but rather, I believe, the dread of change; for so far is it from resembling a throw, that it is diametrically opposite to it. Throwing is the most forcible mode of delivering the ball; this is the weakest. The arm is never in a position so incapable of exertion as when it is extended horizontally: it is an attitude common enough to a girl about to slap another's face, but the last adopted by a pugilist. Of all the four methods of delivery, viz. straight-armed bowling, under-hand bowling, jerking, and throwing, the first is by far the most feeble; so much so, that straight-armed bowlers are invariably slow bowlers. Their balls, indeed, get up fast, but they never come fast to the long stop. To call it a throw is quite ridiculous. If a man were to attempt throwing a hundred yards for a bet, who would expect to see him deliver the ball with his arm extended horizontally? would not everybody laugh at the idea of that being called throwing?

It may, however, be said, Never mind what is not a throw, but tell

us what is: define a throw. I answer, No. In the first place, I might possibly not be able to give an accurate definition of it; and if I could, I certainly would not; for this reason, that it is perfectly well known already; and that, as the object of a definition is to convey accurate knowledge of the thing defined, nothing can be more absurd than to attempt to define that which is accurately known already. It may do harm, and can do no good. If, again, I matched a horse to trot so many miles in an hour, I should not think of defining what a trot was. No one probably could do it; no one could so exactly mark the precise elevation of the feet, the tension of the muscles, and the relative position of the limbs; could so minutely define that pace as to make his description apply to it through all the vast variety of horses without the chance of misconstruction. Yet every body knows the pace when he sees it: nobody mistakes it for a walk or a canter: no one would wish to define it, or suppose, if it could not be defined, that it could not therefore be distinguished.—So is it with throwing; every body knows what a throw is when he sees it, and that is enough for practical purposes. That they do know it, is proved (if proof be necessary) by the fact, that, though the part of the tenth law, which I seek to repeal, in no way affects *under-hand* throwing (a mode as easy to practise, and nearly as forcible and effective as the over-handed); *yet it has never been attempted*, and merely because the beginning of that law, *which I retain in mine*, runs thus—“the ball shall be bowled, not thrown nor jerked;” the mere words, “shall not be thrown,” have for ten years

been sufficient to exclude that mode of throwing.

My proposed law runs thus: “The ball shall be bowled: if it be thrown or jerked, or if any part of the hand or arm be above the shoulder at the time of delivery, the umpire shall call *No ball*.” The first part of the old one is thus substantially retained: and why, having been effective during time past, it will not be equally so for the time to come; why, having invariably been found adequate to bar one kind of throwing, it will not be equally so to bar another; is a question which I have frequently asked, but have never yet received an answer to; and it is quite out of the reach of my capacity to furnish one. The fact is, that the straight-armed bowling has no more to do with throwing than it has with jerking, and its adoption is just as likely to introduce one as the other. The proposed law has not a greater tendency than the existing one to promote either: the action of a throw is so peculiar, the arm is bent and drawn back in a manner so distinct from any other method of delivery, that, whether under-hand or over-hand, it is always the same, and as easy to be distinguished from any other, as the trot of a horse is from the walk or gallop.

If, however, there are still some persons who insist on calling the straight-armed bowling *throwing*, I shall make no objection, as it is scarcely worth while to dispute about terms. I would rather ask them, why, in their opinion, there are any restrictive laws at all as to the delivery of the ball? Why throwing and jerking are especially and alone excluded? I would remind them, that there are but two qualities which enter into the charac-

ter of any mode of delivery; and those are *the force* and *the bound*—these two ingredients make up every species of throwing, bowling, and jerking. The force is the rough portion; the bound, the scientific: the one should be restrained, the other encouraged; and the only reason why throwing and jerking have been excluded, is, because those are by far the two most forcible modes of delivery; as almost every body can throw and jerk with such violence as to set all skill at defiance. It is not, therefore, the *action* of throwing or jerking that is objectionable, but only the *force*; and consequently, to find fault with a mode of delivery which approaches one of those actions in appearance, but not at all in effect, is quarrelling with a shadow, and exactly illustrating the old adage of “Give a dog a bad name and hang him.” To make balls *twist* and *rise in the bound* is the object. Thus, bowling becomes more scientific; and if those qualities of throwing and jerking could be retained, and the *speed* excluded, there would be no longer any occasion for restrictive laws at all.

In viewing, the straight-armed bowling, therefore, it is not enough to say that it is a throw (which in fact to a practised eye it in no wise resembles); but it must be shewn that it carries with it something at least approaching to the force of a throw; which is in truth too absurd to insist upon, since it is well known, as I have before observed, to be the most feeble method of delivery.

Still, however, objections are not wanting; for in small things, as in great, there are whose dread of change is their ruling passion; and I have often heard it said, “We have a definition now which

serves us in some stead; before you wipe it away, give us a better.”

Why mine ought to be better I do not know. Superior bowling accompanied by a definition as good, one might suppose would have done; for it may here be observed that the *bowling* is universally allowed to be superior, and its establishment is universally professed to be desired, provided it can be kept within proper bounds. Since, however, a better definition is required, I will endeavour to give one. But I am trespassing too much upon your present Number. With your permission I will resume the subject in your next, subscribing myself on this occasion, Sir, your most obedient servant,

G. T. KNIGHT.

Godmersham Park, Jan. 15, 1828.

EAST KENT HUNT.

— “Delightful scene!
Where all around is gay, men, horses,
dogs;
And in each smiling countenance appear
Fresh blooming health and universal joy.”
SOMERVILLE.

SIR,
THE present season has hitherto been one of extreme excitement to the sportsman; for Nature herself, in spite of the opposition of vulpecides and game-preservers, of battuers and pheasant murderers, hath held out to all lovers of the chase and real sportsmen an uninterrupted succession of sport. The graceful skaiter has in vain waited in anxious expectation for the chill of the northern blast, in order that he might display his skill on the deceitful ice, for “Tally-ho!” alone has been the order of the day.

As accounts of hunting establishments so often find their way to

your valuable pages, it is but just that some notice should be taken of a pack, which is so universally and deservedly approved of by the sportsmen of Kent—I mean, the establishment denominated the E. K. H. (East Kent Hunt), supported by subscription, and most ably conducted by Mr. Oxenden. No county can produce a more compact set of hounds, or any more perfect in appearance, symmetry, and staunchness. Mr. Oxenden always takes bitches into the field; and in them is combined the fleetness of the greyhound with the staunchness of the foxhound; they are remarkably light, but still, being well put together, their strength is astonishing, and that day must indeed be severe that will tire them.

Having said thus much of the hounds, I will now give a true character of the huntsman; and here let me first declare, that whatever colouring of language be made use of, still no room shall be afforded to flattery: but my pen shall relate the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me, Jupiter!

I think then that I may with truth say, that Mr. Oxenden, as a gentleman huntsman, may perhaps find an equal, but he certainly cannot be excelled. His steadiness and decision when hounds are in fault is truly surprising, whilst his agreeable deportment towards all ranks of persons in the field endears him to all. His cheering voice is sufficient to dissipate all dulness for the day, although a person might have got out of bed the wrong side, as the saying is: his “yoicks, Tragedy!” is truly enchanting. Where are all your sorrows, and your cares, ye gloomy souls! where your pains and aches, ye complaining ones!

one halloo from Mr. Oxenden has dispelled them all. Take courage, Nimrod; have a trip into Kent, and have a glance at the E. K. H.: you will, I am assured, be amply rewarded for your trouble. Other counties have been favored with thy presence; then why should Kent be excluded? Mr. Oxenden's *ladies* take their airings three days a week—Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays: come then, I entreat you, Nimrod, and pay your respects unto them. BRUSH.

BETTINGS.

SIR, Tattersall's, Jan. 21, 1828.
THERE was a tolerable fair muster at the room to-day, but the betting was of a see-saw description, neither important nor heavy. The DERBY has become unusually dull, and many that were in great repute a few weeks back were scarcely mentioned; and even The Merchant, who has so long stood first favorite, begins to totter: 7½ and 8 to 1 might at last have been obtained against him. Sorcery continues steady, although great efforts have been made the last month to get him back, and one of the leading stars of the room, a Mr. S., laid 1950 to 150 in one bet against him. There has been more money betted upon this colt than any one in the stake. The Colonel remains stationary, some doubts having been expressed whether he will run for the Derby; consequently the speculators are rather at a stand-still: at last, however, 14 to 1 was offered to be taken. Druid is a shade better, two very good judges offering to take the odds, but there were no layers. With the exception of Southcote and Lord Grosvenor's two, the others were little noticed.

The OAKS partially recovered from the dulness which pervaded it the last three months, and at intervals there was some brisk betting. A fresh one from Mr. Nowell's stud (by Walton, out of Rosanne) had decidedly the call, and eventually got up to be first favorite. Sarah, Sister to Swiss, was freely supported, and at one time it was thought they would have got her up to be the leading favorite: she is a very fine mare, and has every appearance of training on. Trampoline retrograded several points, 15 to 1 having been offered, and even at that odds she could find no friends. Lisette was talked of at the opening of the room, but towards the close she went back two or three points, and few takers.

The ST. LEGER betting is chiefly confined to four of the favorites, and some very heavy bets have been taken upon them. Bessy still keeps the lead, notwithstanding one gentleman, a Mr. T., laid 2600 to 200, and 1300 to 100 against her; and on being asked, replied he would go on. Velocipede is almost at evens with her, and on Monday last had the call. Looking, however, to the strength of the stable, and the opportunities of trial with The Colonel, Emmelina, &c. this might have been expected; and it is well known they are fond of their horse. The Colonel is cursorily noticed at 20 to 1, the betting men waiting to see the determination of the parties respecting sending him to Epsom. Many are of opinion that he is the best colt in the St. Leger nomination. Emmelina looks promising, and a pretty good judge in these matters offered to take 20 to 1 about her. Ultimatum coming so strongly recommended, has gradually advanced from the

very bottom to be the fifth favorite, and the speculators are very shy in their offers against him.

Yours truly, Z. B.

DERBY.

150 to 20 agst The Merchant (taken).
 13 to 1 agst Sorcery (taken).
 13 to 1 agst The Colonel.
 16 to 1 agst Druid (taken).
 17 and 18 to 1 agst Southcote.
 20 to 1 agst Mariner.
 25 to 1 agst Army.
 25 to 1 agst Navarino. } (taken together).
 25 to 1 agst Zingabee }
 27 to 1 agst Shoveler.
 27 to 1 agst Omen.
 30 to 1 agst Hampden.
 33 to 1 agst Bugle.
 7 to 2 the field agst any two; 9 to 2 agst Mr. Thornhill's lot (taken); and 12 to 1 agst Lord Grosvenor's two.

OAKS.

9 and 10 to 1 agst Rosanne (taken).
 12 and 13 to 1 agst Sarah (taken).
 14 to 1 agst Lisette.
 15 to 1 agst Trampoline (taken).
 16 to 1 agst Turquoise (taken).
 20 to 1 agst Zoe (taken).
 25 to 1 agst Elizabeth.
 25 to 1 agst Passamaquoddy.

ST. LEGER.

13 to 1 agst Bessy Bedlam (taken).
 14 to 1 agst Velocipede (taken).
 20 to 1 agst Coulon.
 20 to 1 agst The Colonel.
 23 to 1 agst Ultimatum (taken).
 26 to 1 agst Emmelina (taken).
 26 to 1 agst The Merchant.
 28 to 1 agst Memphis.
 30 to 1 agst Louisa (taken).

So much variation took place in the bettings the 28th January, since our correspondent's communication, that we feel it a duty to notice the alterations:—

DERBY.

15 to 2 agst The Colonel (taken).
 17 to 2 agst Merchant.
 11 to 1 agst Sorcery.
 15 to 1 agst Navarino (taken).
 15 to 1 agst Druid.
 20 to 1 agst Folly.
 30 to 1 agst Bugle.
 30 to 1 agst Shoveler winning the Riddlesworth and Derby (taken).

OAKS.

11 to 1 agst Sarah.
 12 to 1 agst Rosanne (taken).
 16 to 1 agst Elizabeth (taken).

ST. LEGER.

12 to 1 agst Bessy Bedlam.
 13 to 1 agst Velocipede.
 18 to 1 agst The Colonel.

ANGLING EXCURSION IN NORTH WALES DURING THE SUMMER OF 1826.

By the AUTHOR of "*Tales of Welsh Society and Scenery.*"

SIR,

A Coincidence of arrangements enabled my brother and myself to leave London at the beginning of June 1826, for the purpose of enjoying a long anticipated visit to our native hills in the most retired wilds of North Wales. We had been toiling away in the Great City, till, "like the hart panting for the water brooks," our souls yearned to inhale the pure and bracing mountain-breezes which had lulled the slumbers of our infancy, but from which the common vicissitudes of human life had for some time excluded us. We were both highly delighted at the prospect before us; but my pleasure was abundantly enhanced by the consideration that some years had elapsed since I was last at home; and I had reason to expect that many interesting changes had occurred since I last turned my back upon those old blue hills which I still love so well.

As we had arranged for an absence of nearly two months, we were determined to take our fill of angling, which of all pastimes under heaven is the most pure, the most perfect, and the most pleasant. With this intent the evenings of several days preceding that of our departure were occupied by us in arranging and completing our tackle, and in replenishing the gaps in our fly-books with

some of our friend Bowness's* choicest specimens. As for floats and trimmers, and trolling tackle, we cumbered not ourselves with them, the fish in our mountain-lakes and rivers being perfect strangers to all clumsy modes of ensnarement; but we did contrive to collect as complete a set of fly-fishing materials as any two "brothers of the angle" ever possessed; and, thus supplied, we prepared for our journey.

Now, as it is very probable that some of our migratory angling readers may wish to peregrinate into Wales for a month or two's fishing in the summer (and, if they *should* do so, we will promise them abundant sport and pleasure), we shall be very particular in noting down the best mode of performing such an excursion; and we shall even point out facts apparently trivial, but which the tourist will find to be of infinite use to him on his travels. We shall go yet farther, and say that we shall be happy at all times to afford any individual such information on the subject, through the medium of the publisher of the *Sporting Magazine*. We make this offer, because we are well assured that we shall confer a great benefit upon those who feel inclined to take our advice, *and go into Wales*.

The best plan is to proceed di-

* That every true and enthusiastic fly-fisher ought to make his own flies is an axiom in the art of angling which no true sportsman can dispute; but, although my brother is marvellously well skilled in this particular accomplishment, his avocations had prevented him from rendering his skill available to our purpose; so we were compelled to have recourse to our friend (as aforesaid), than whom, be it here recorded, there is not a better fly-busker in the whole world. Besides, is not his daughter Mary a very pretty, modest, civil little girl?

ect to Shrewsbury *per coach*; and to those who are fond of expeditious, *super-expeditious* travelling, the *Wonder* is the vehicle for them. Those whose tastes or avocations render a night coach preferable, should patronise the *Emerald*, which leaves the Golden Cross every evening at seven, and arrives at Shrewsbury between four and five the next day. This is decidedly the best night coach on the road, and possesses, in a comical animal of a guard, called "Jem," a great recommendation to an outside passenger. This coach now runs through Colebrook Dale, where it is worth while sojourning awhile to try the Severn, which, we are informed, contains some very fine trout and salmon, and which, if its waters be a little flooded, affords excellent sport to the fly-fisher. This romantic and very singular spot is not more than six miles from Shrewsbury; so that the pedestrian, after a day or two's sport, could easily walk on to that town, having previously forwarded his luggage by the coach.

Our fate was to go by the *Emerald*, and a pleasant journey we had. The weather was fine—Jem was in capital order—and the time passed merrily on. We reached Shrewsbury about five o'clock. Saddling a porter with our trunks, we proceeded to the *Britannia*—a house which we recommend every one to frequent, in preference to any other in the town; for two reasons: first, because it is the inn whence the Welsh coach starts for Barmouth, and therefore convenient to the traveller who intends to proceed thus into Wales, as it saves him the trouble of scuffling half a mile along the streets of the town at a very early hour in the

morning, and insures him against all risk dependent upon the incivility, carelessness, or unworthy design of the people at the other inns; and, secondly, because the *Britannia* is a very quiet, comfortable, reasonable house, to say nothing of the civility and attention of its worthy hostess, Mrs. Cartwright. These, in our opinion, are "reasons good" for establishing the superiority of the *Britannia* over its more splendid and haughty rivals: besides, it has the mighty Severn rolling just below it, and a distant view of the blue hills of Wales may be obtained from some of its western windows.

After disposing of a good dinner, then commenced the arrangements of all matters connected with our pedestrian excursion on the morrow. These arrangements were simple enough:—a fishing-basket slung across my brother's shoulders, and a bag of ample dimensions suspended from mine, contained all the apparatus that was necessary for our comfort and our pastime. In our hands we carried our rods and our landing-net, and our heads were covered with fur caps, which the pedestrian will find preferable to all other coverings. Our nether man was enveloped in loose trousers of Russia duck, stout shoes (boots are out of the question), and strong cotton stockings; while our upper garments consisted of a jacket and waistcoat of jean, with pockets sufficiently capacious to contain all those miscellaneous articles which an angler might want, and with which he ought in all excursions of this kind to provide himself.

Izaak Walton has given a formidable catalogue of requisites for the angler's tackle-bag; but the fly-fisher has no necessity to en-

cumber himself with one quarter of the articles enumerated. A book well filled with good flies, as many coiled lines as he pleases, a good quantity of gut, some single hairs, waxed thread and silk, a good multiplying reel, a spare top or two for his rod in case of accident, a pair of scissors, a knife, with a landing-net and basket, are, with his rod, all that are necessary, and, on most occasions, more than will be found absolutely requisite. Prepared in this manner, then, we set off from Shrewsbury about six o'clock in the morning, with the resolution of walking as far as we could that day, that we might, if possible, reach our destination on the morrow. But before we proceed any farther, we shall offer a few words in praise of angling; because we well know that there are, even in this enlightened age, individuals so devoid of all taste and feeling as to look upon this delightful art, either as a pastime too trivial and insignificant to merit *their* attention, or too sanguinary, barbarous, and cruel to be practised by Christians.

We will set out with the broad incontrovertible position, that "*all anglers are amiable men.*" This no one can deny. Dear old Izaak Walton, the very pattern of all that was good and gentle in this world, says, "We anglers all love one another:" and how is it possible that any but the most bland and benevolent feelings can animate the bosoms of those whose recreations are so mixed up with the woods and the meadows, the green hills, and the running brooks, the mountain, the lake, and the river; and whose pastime, moreover, is so full of pleasure, that they need not, as Izaak saith, "borrow the

thoughts of others to think themselves happy?"

Angling has been derided as an unprofitable and a tiresome pastime; as one, also, unworthy the attention of the wise and the great—it is such a "heavy, dull, contemptible recreation." A dull recreation truly! What saith its chivalrous advocate and disciple (PISCATOR) to this? Hear him, ye scoffers, and blush for your error! "And for you, that have heard many grave serious men pity anglers, let me tell you, Sir, there be many men, that by others are taken to be serious and grave men, whom *we* condemn and pity: men, that are taken to be grave, because nature hath made them of a sour complexion; money-getting men; men, that spend all their time first in getting it, and next in anxious care to keep it; men, that are condemned to be rich, and then always busy and discontented. For these poor rich men we anglers pity them perfectly, and stand in no need to borrow their thoughts to think ourselves so happy. No, no, Sir! we enjoy a contentedness above the reach of such dispositions."

As to the contemptible character of the sport, none but a downright heretic can dare to deem it so. Angling is an art, and one "worthy the knowledge and learning of a wise man" too. "Is it not an art to deceive a trout with an artificial fly? a trout! that is more sharp-sighted than any hawk, and more watchful and timorous than the high mettled Merlin is bold!" The question is, as its darling champion has observed, "Whether you be capable of learning it? for angling is somewhat like poetry—men are to be born so: I mean, with inclinations

to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice. But he that hopes to be a good angler must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself; but having once got and practised it, then doubt not but angling will prove to be so pleasant, that it will prove to be like virtue—a reward to itself.”

It is not difficult to see why angling has been despised by some, because the requisite combination of good qualifications is so rare. Thus, the dull, the indolent, or the avaricious, have readily embraced an opinion, which excuses their hatred or contempt of superior endowments; and they regard the angler as an idler, whose occupations are not good, because they are not profitable. Yet, we will confess, that, enthusiastic admirers as we are of angling, we have no great love for any species of it beside fly-fishing. Angling, properly so called, should be divested of every thing like frippery and formality; and its success should depend, in great measure, upon the skill and abilities of the artist; for in proportion to this will be the excitement of the sport. What can be more abominable, than to behold the man of merchandise and money, with tackle in the primest order imaginable—well-polished reel, brilliantly painted floats, lob-worms, brandlings, meal-worms, and every other worm which filth can furnish—having, moreover, every portion of his apparatus so neat and trim that it pains one’s heart to see it soiled? what, we ask, can be more absurd, than to see such an angler hieing him forth to Kentish Town or

Hampstead, or, if he be a bold man, even unto the Lea River, where he will bob away for perch till his eyes ache with watching his float; his heart panting all the time with prolonged expectation, and his whole frame worked up into a fever with the “sickening pang of hope deferred?” If he get but a nibble, mercy on us, what an ecstasy he is in! And then, just as he is expecting to land a fine fish, up comes a sorry weed, which, floating along with the current, becomes impeded by the wormless hook of our piscator, and is safely landed on the green margin of the pool.

In good truth, ground-fishing is a sorry pastime—the drega, as it were, of one of the noblest of human arts. “A rod and a line, with a fool at one end, and a worm at the other,” is hardly too exaggerated a description of this class of anglers. And then, the very idea of squatting for half a dozen hours in a thing called a punt, and being becalmed on a square piece of water, with boundaries of hewn stone and little gratings at either end to let in and let out the water! such pastime is fit only for elderly ladies and gentlemen who wear woollen stockings and patent water-proof shoes, and who would as soon think of jumping down the crater of Mount Etna, as of wetting their tender feet with fresh water. Yet, let us except from this sweeping sarcasm the truly noble and manly art of trolling, which, although classed by some with ground-fishing, is totally distinct from it; inasmuch as it can only be prosecuted in rivers, or in some of those splendid mountain-lakes in Wales and in the North, which spread out their pellucid surface under the blue sky, in

silent and lonely magnificence. Besides, consider the strength and science necessary to land a pike of eighteen or twenty pounds; and think upon his fearful rushing through the troubled waters the moment he takes your bait, and feels the sharp steel pierce his jaws. Why the glance of his flashing eye, and the furious flapping of his mighty tail, would frighten into fits him who dares only to dabble for perch and dace, "and such small deer." This is a species of sport fit only for the true and enthusiastic fisherman—he, as Izaak saith, "who is *born* to it;" and may be considered almost upon a par with salmon-fishing.

For this digression we are sure that we shall readily obtain the pardon of every brother of the angle. At present I bid adieu, and shall proceed on our journey in your next.

TOM SEBRIGHT AND JOHN CROW—THE OAKLEY HOUNDS.

SIR,

I Am fully disposed to join most of the readers of your Magazine in acknowledging the amusement and instruction generally conveyed by NIMROD's contributions on the leading sporting pursuits of this country; viz. hunting and driving. Permit me, however, to remark, without the slightest unkindly feeling towards NIMROD—whose acquaintance and even whose person are totally unknown to me—that there is an apparent want of candour, of curiosity, or of discrimination, in his omitting so long to see, or notice, two such excellences—indeed one may almost say *positive* *perfections* in their way—as the celebrated TOM SEBRIGHT in the hunting de-

partment, and as JOHN CROW, of the *Bedford Times*, in the driving department. In travelling lately from the North, I had an opportunity of witnessing the unequalled science and unaffected skill of the two men, who, I venture to say, have reached the known summit of their art: and as every thing is but good or bad by comparison, it is singular that in all NIMROD's tours and tales of hunting and driving he should never have seen these two first-rate persons; each of whom is so eminently distinguished in his way as to claim the notice and criticism of so scientific and experienced a judge as NIMROD is allowed to be in these matters.

Let me ask, if a renowned sculptor would come to England without seeing Chantry and his busts, or a painter without seeking Lawrence and his pictures? Upon this principle, I am sure, would all those who have a taste for hunting or driving derive much pleasure and satisfaction in seeing such adepts as SEBRIGHT and CROW. The coach of the *Bedford Times* appears to be the perfection of these, now almost perfect, conveyances: it has Collins's axletrees, plate glass windows, a rug instead of dirty straw, and a lining of Morocco leather. These little matters of luxury add, of course, to its chief merit, which is in going from Bedford to London, *fifty miles in five hours*; and this it does all the year through, never varying more than ten minutes in the worst winter weather. The speed, the *steadiness*, the regularity, and the civility of the establishment, surpass all I have seen on the Southampton, Bath, or Brighton roads.

Tom Sebright's renowned merits as a huntsman, I shall resign

to Nimrod's notice; for I must tell him, that till he has seen Sebright he has seen nobody.

The high character of the Oakley hounds induced me to stay at Bedford, for the purpose of seeing them. Being but badly mounted, I should not have seen the good run they would have had, if there had been a tolerable scent, for with a good scent all hounds will go well. The bad scenting day, therefore, afforded me a better opportunity of estimating the merits of this pack, which appears to be distinguished for their great steadiness from hare, and their being most excellent hunting hounds. They have been managed many years by Lord Tavistock, who is said to have paid great attention to, and to have acquired considerable knowledge of, the science of hunting. Upon the whole, the establishment may be pronounced to be like its Marquis Master—the hounds highly disciplined, the servants well behaved, and the whole conducted in the most gentleman-like style.

I remain, Sir, your most obedient servant,

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

December 1827.

ORNITHOLOGY.

SIR,

BY inserting the following in your valuable Magazine you will greatly oblige many of your subscribers in this part of the kingdom, who hope through that medium to learn the name of the bird alluded to.

Yours respectfully, J. P.
Wisbech, Cambridgeshire, Dec. 30, 1827.

A bird, unknown in these parts, was shot at Whittlesea Wash on Friday, December 28, 1827, apparently of the goose species. Its

colour is dark grey; bill about four inches long, straight and sharp pointed; weight between 9lbs. and 10lbs. From the formation of the legs it is peculiarly adapted to rapidity in swimming, and from the same circumstance appears to be unable to stand on land. It was sent by Mr. Oldman, of the White Lion in this town, to Mr. Thomas Belcher, Castle Tavern, Holborn, in whose possession it now is.

AN EXTRAORDINARY LARGE PHEASANT.

SIR—In compliance with a wish expressed in your Magazine for October, that your sporting friends would communicate their practical observations on shooting, I beg to state that I believe I have killed this season the largest pheasant yet on record.

Mr. Daniel, in the Supplement to his valuable work on Rural Sports, gives an account of a pheasant killed in January 1810, on the estate of E. L. Ireton, Esq. near Whitehaven, which weighed fifty-six ounces, and measured, from the bill to the extremity of the tail, one yard and five inches. The bird I killed weighed three pounds nine ounces and a quarter, and measured, from one extremity to the other, three feet ten inches. It was, without exception, the most beautiful of the species I ever beheld (and I have been some years a keen sportsman), and was killed on the estate of John Fleming, Esq. M. P. for this county (Hants), whose keeper also remarked that it was the finest and heaviest bird he had ever handled. If you think this worth inserting, do so.

Yours, &c. RICH. MISSING.

Titchfield, December 12, 1827.

P. S. This bird was killed on the 23d of November.

ON COURSING, AND BREED OF GREYHOUNDS.

SIR,

AN old coachman loves the crack of a whip," says the adage; and so does the anxious courser hail the return of the coursing season. Although not altogether unused to the Road, the bearing reins, and its other appendages—not forgetting the host of edifying cant terms with which your excellent correspondent Nimrod amuses us in your Magazine—yet I must beg permission to remove from the coach-box to the field for the long dogs, and should be happy if he would accompany me. He is not, he says, at home on coursing ground; which is a matter of regret, as he would be a valuable acquisition, and would enliven the subject from fox-hunting. The Game Laws, a dragsman, and an excellent judge of that noble animal the horse, and the manner of treating him to the best advantage—surely he would not be far out of his road with the long dogs, in which there is as good a scope for that science which he so eminently possesses as in the others!

I conceive that in coursing there is a *very pretty* science (if I may be allowed to apply that term to a sporting subject), if pursued as a science, and if coursers would keep the thermometer of their dispositions in a temperate heat, and not allow it to rise so turbulently high as is sometimes the case, to the interference of all fair and impartial competition: for, where some coursers cannot win by the superiority of their dogs, they must win by clamour—a mode very much to be deprecated, but which will never be extinguished as long

as human nature remains what it is. Yet in selecting a good breed of greyhounds to begin with; exercising your judgment in crossing them to the best advantage; the care of rearing the puppies, and training them when they arrive at maturity; studying *well* the principles on which a course ought to be decided; to ascertain which is the best dog; and winning, *if you can*; if not, to find out the defect, and then to remedy it:—to pursue this till you are successful, is a meritorious and gratifying perseverance, and productive of a rational, healthy, and agreeable amusement. Nor ought we to forget the sociable and jovial company frequently drawn together by it; the merry jokes, wit, and repartee common on such occasions, together with the different anecdotes which are occasionally related. One of these having just occurred to me, I stop to relate it.

A party was out coursing in Nottinghamshire, and in a very severe course the hare ran into an adjoining manor, and there took a short sough under a gate place. Two of the party, who had rode well to the course, saw where she went; and not caring, or perhaps not knowing, that they were got into a preserved manor, immediately set about getting her out again. Being thus anxiously engaged, they did not observe the game-keeper, who stood not far off watching their motions. Whilst one of them was drawing a rail out of the fence to poke the hare out of the sough, the other drew his *pocket pistol*, and gave to each greyhound a portion of brandy as a restorative. The keeper, on seeing this, called out, "I say, maister, if yah ~~man~~ sarve the poor hare sich a trick as run hur again, now

hur's fairly beaten ye, yah should give *hur* some *brandy* as well as your *dogs*." Their temporary surprise was soon turned to mirth by the waggishness of the game-keeper's remark, and his good humour restored by the remaining contents of the *pocket pistol*. They got the hare out of the sough, and a famous *parson's* course they had with her—i. e. a hare at the end of it.

This brandy, as a restorative to greyhounds, leads me to the subject of training them, about which I have heard a good deal said as to the different modes, and they are many and various. But I must stop by the way for a short digression, to relate another anecdote:—A gentleman, wishing to improve his breed of greyhounds, purchased a brace of a well-known good breed from another gentleman, who is universally esteemed an excellent trainer. After he had made his bargain, and paid his money, he said, "Now, Sir, you would oblige me very much if you would inform me how you train your greyhounds?" The other considered, that, though he had sold his greyhounds, he had *not* sold the knowledge of his system of training them; yet, with the cash for them in his casket, he could not handsomely refuse to give him some information on that score: he therefore told his customer what food he gave them, and the general routine of his kennel, as well as exercise, both gentle and strong: "but," says he, "if you want to win a cup, you must mind what I am going to tell you—it is a trifling matter, but you must on no account omit it." His customer stood, paying the most eager attention, with "mouth wide ope," as if quite sure of being on the eve

of coming to the knowledge of a most invaluable secret. The other continued, "When I am going to run for a cup, I always put some gunpowder in a bit of paper, twist it up, and put it in my waistcoat pocket, as being the most handy to come at it in the most important moment. Then, when my dog is put into the slips to run for the cup, I contrive, taking care not to let any one see me, to *stick it under his tail*, so that when a hare starts I apply the cigar (which I always keep blowing for that purpose) to the gunpowder, and off he goes like shot. If you do so, you will be sure to win—the Skyrocket breed will not have a chance with you."

Without entering into all the various modes of training, I shall take leave here to allude to the mode adopted by a very eminent courser, and which, by the knowing ones whom I have heard canvass the subject, is very generally condemned as a bad one. The mode alluded to is, being confined too much in the kennel, or, as they term it, being tied by the neck from one week's end to another. Though they are taken out to exercise most days, more or less, yet they think that there is not liberty enough allowed them in the kennel, or in running about the premises. How far this will operate upon their physical powers to their disadvantage, or why it should do so, and which way, it is not my purpose here to discuss; but it has fallen to my lot to differ from the knowing ones on this subject; and for this reason: it is generally admitted that in running, these greyhounds go off well; and, bearing in mind what is complained of about their being tied by the neck, I have taken particular no-

tice to see if there is any falling off in the latter part of their courses, more than with their opponents; and though I have seen them run a great number of times, the instances are very *few indeed* where that falling off has been discoverable. On the other hand, I have many times seen them beat their adversary more decisively at the latter part of the course than the first part; and some few instances of their running the hare a considerable distance after the other dog has laid himself down with the hare in view. Once, where the other dog died on the ground, this gentleman's dog ran the hare from half a mile to a mile afterwards.

It however happens, curiously enough, that another eminent courser is deemed, and by the *same knowing ones* too, a very *superior* trainer of his greyhounds, and from whom the others sometimes borrow or buy greyhounds; so that he has them for a considerable time in *his* training before running them at the different public coursing meetings; and as they are of the same breed, it has occurred to me that a comparative statement of that breed's winnings and losings in a given period of time, in the separate hands of each of them, would form something like a fair criterion of which of the two is the best mode.

As both these gentlemen are very eminent and respectable candidates for fame with the coursing public, and the items for drawing the parallel betwixt the two modes are taken from the public prints, and consequently a fair subject for discussion in your publication, I hope to stand excused with them for introducing their names in this article. I allude to Mr. Hoskins and Mr. Hassall. My own obser-

vation as to the running of the former gentleman's dogs being as good at the latter end of the course as at the beginning, may be said to be a matter of opinion; but the comparative statement from the printed lists is a matter of fact. To satisfy my own mind upon that subject, I have had the curiosity, at no little trouble, to draw that statement out, and it confirms my previous opinion.

I by no means mean the slightest disparagement to the training of the latter gentleman, as I am quite satisfied that the whole routine of his kennel system is under the best of management.

It commences February 1822, and continues till February 1827—a period of five years, distinguishing the breed of Mr. Hassall's celebrated bitch Madam in his training, and her breed in Mr. Hoskins's training, as well as in some others; the number of courses won and lost by each; then the number of courses won and lost by each of their greyhounds in the same period of time of *other breeds*.

Should you think this will be either useful or amusing to your coursing readers, it is at your service to insert it in your valuable publication; it will also serve another purpose—that of shewing the performances of Madam's breed from the commencement of their running at public coursing meetings to the present time. The whole of their performances I think well worthy of being known to the Coursing World. There may be breeds of greyhounds that have distinguished themselves equally with her, or more so; and if so, an account of their performances in your Magazine would be very acceptable to many of your readers.

In looking at the goodness of a breed of greyhounds, it makes some difference whether there is only an odd one or two of a litter that are good, or whether the whole litter are good, and so on from one litter after another, something of which is shewn in this article.

There was, I find, in your Number for November 1825, page 10, an inquiry into the breed of Mr. Hassall's celebrated greyhound bitch *Madam*, with an account of the performances of three of her puppies—Claret, Bergami, and Vengeance, of one litter; also of Hercules, by Bergami—which it would be superfluous here to repeat, and also dry and uninteresting to your readers to wade through the whole detail of their subsequent performances, as well as of those of their descendants. Nevertheless, should any of your readers wish for the detail, or doubt the correctness of the substance of it as here given, I pledge myself to produce it, as its correctness may be investigated.

It appears, then, that from February 1822, the commencement of *Madam's* breed running at the annual meetings of established coursing societies, to Feb. 1827, they have in that period of five years, in the training of Mr. Hassall, Mr. Hoskins, and other Gentlemen, altogether won one hundred and eighty-seven courses, and lost fifty-eight.

	Won.	Lost.
In which, out of twenty-five entries for Cups, they have won eight Cups and four Goblets—four Cups and two Goblets in Mr. Hassall's training, and the same number in Mr. Hoskins's and other Gentlemen's.		
The number of courses ...	61	15
Out of thirty-four entries for Sweepstakes, they have won fifteen sets, and divided se-		

ven, making twenty-two sets—fifteen in Mr. Hassall's, and seven in other Gentlemen's, training	63	16
Matches in his and other Gentlemen's training	63	28
	<hr/> 187	<hr/> 58

The number of courses in each training is—

	Won.	Lost.
In Mr. Hoskins's	39	11
In other Gentlemen's	28	10
In Mr. Hassall's	120	37
	<hr/> 187	<hr/> 58

In the same period, Mr. Hassall has, with greyhounds *not* of *Madam's* breed, won one Cup and one Goblet out of nine entries for Cups:—

	Won.	Lost.
Number of courses	11	7
One set of Stakes, and divided another, out of eight entries for Stakes	10	6
Matches	12	16
	<hr/> 33	<hr/> 29

All in his training.

Mr. Hoskins has, in the same period, with greyhounds *not* of *Madam's* blood, won one hundred and forty-three and lost eighty-five courses.

The first item of the account, I conceive, shews in a pretty strong light the breed to be of a superior sort; but the proportion in each party's hands being so nearly the same, shews more strongly that superiority; at the same time that it shews nothing inferior in Mr. Hoskins's mode of training; his proportion of winnings with *Madam's* breed being greater than even in Mr. Hassall's hands, as well as the others. Also his proportion of winnings and losings in number of courses with other greyhounds *not* of *Madam's* breed, compared with the like in Mr. Hassall's hands, shews a superiority in his mode of training, if winning be

a criterion, and I presume such to be the case.

With reference to the younger branches of the *family*, it is worthy of note that four puppies, by Hercules out of Marcia, of one litter, for the Louth Cup 1825, in four different gentlemen's training, all won their first ties, and were only beat by each other, except one, and ultimately by Mr. Hassall's Hippogriff.

Four puppies, by Bergami out of Wildfire, of one litter, at Newmarket 1826, in Mr. Hoskins's training, won seven matches out of eight; the other, no course.

Three puppies, by Bergami out of Nettle, of one litter, at Burton 1826—one won the Cup, another the Anglesea Stakes, and the other divided the Burton Stakes with Atalanta, Mr. Hoskins's.

Six puppies, by Spring out of Hurricane, daughter of Madam, of one litter, won fifteen matches out of sixteen.

At Louth 1823, Madam's breed ran eleven courses, and won them all, including the Cup and two sets of Stakes.

At Louth 1824, the two dogs in the last tie for the second Cup, the two in the last tie for the Stakes, and the like for the Puppy Stakes, were all Mr. Hassall's—four of them of Madam's breed, and two of them not of her breed.

The Chatsworth Stakes, February 1824, were divided by Hercules and Hamlet, *own brothers*.

At Burton 1825, four of Mr. Hassall's dogs were entered for the Cup, and were only beat by each other—all of Madam's breed except one.

Bergami and his immediate produce have won five Cups, three Goblets, twelve sets of Stakes, and divided six more sets.

Hercules continued running a winner for four seasons, in which he won three Cups, one Goblet, two sets of Stakes, and divided another set; he won twenty-eight courses out of thirty-three that he ran, and one undecided.

The only three Cups that have been run for at Burton were won by three Bergami puppies—two of them puppies at the time of winning them.

The present season has also added one Cup and three sets of Stakes to Madam's breed:—the Puppy Cup at Drayton, Leicestershire, won by Mr. Smith's Intruder by Vengeance out of —; the Puppy Stakes at Chatsworth, by Mr. Rowland's Major by Hercules, out of Mr. Rowland's Cutter; the Withiall Stakes at Louth, by Mr. Hassall's Hyacinth, by Bergami out of Quill; and the Bye Puppy Stakes, by Mr. Hassall's Hotspur, by Hercules out of Nettle.

Madam died in the Earl of Chesterfield's possession, whose property she was when she bred Claret, Bergami, and Vengeance. Claret, I believe, *died without issue*; he killed himself at a fence, running with all the fire imaginable. Bergami also killed himself in the same manner; and Vengeance twice nearly killed himself running with *like vengeance* to the others: he is now dead. Hercules, I find, is soon to be offered for sale, and I am surprised at it—his produce are very promising, and if I mistake not will be found awkward customers to deal with. Hotspur, by Hercules, that won the Louth Bye Puppy Stakes, was only sixteen months old at the time, and in three weeks after was only cut out for the Drayton Puppy Cup by his cousin, Intruder, as cousins will

intrude upon each other, their owners being cousins german also. But I must leave off making farther remarks upon this breed of greyhounds, or your readers will fancy I am *too far* over head and ears in love with them; so one word more on the training question, and I have done.

This matter-of-fact winning and losing account is the only chance I have of stemming the strong current of opinion that prevails against Mr. Hoskins's mode; but I must at the same time admit that Mr. Hassall has one disadvantage—he is badly off for training ground, *except the high road*, without going a good distance from home for that purpose, and which may make some little difference.

It would be an interesting subject to have a trial of puppies of this breed and some other celebrated breed of greyhounds—the Skyrocket breed for instance. If I recollect right, a Mr. Burgess and a Mr. Chamberlain once did make a match with a litter of Bergami puppies against a litter of Skyrocket puppies, but there happened to be only one of the Bergami puppies survive the *distemper*, and he won the match. It seems reasonable to suppose that the best of the other litter would be selected to run against him; but of this I have no certain knowledge.

I have some reason to believe, if an offer was made to run a main of five, seven, or nine puppies of *any* one breed, against the like number of Bergami and Hercules puppies, that it would be accepted, and for a tolerable large stake; but I have no authority, except my own conjecture, for saying this: at the same time I should like to see the soundness of that conjecture put to the test by a challenge

of that nature being inserted in your valuable and amusing publication, time enough to be accepted, and run this season.

I remain, Sir, your most obedient,

A COURSING AMATEUR.

December 26, 1827.

ANECDOTE OF MR. SHAFTO.

SIR,

I Have read, with infinite pleasure, the continuation of NIMROD's entertaining Tour in your Number for October.

He describes the sports of the field with so much animation and vivacity, and throws such an intellectual mantle over the manly and truly British amusement of fox-hunting, that he has even imparted a spark of his electric fire to the writer of this letter—a sober citizen, who, from the perusal of his lucubrations, has even become emulous to partake in the glories of the chase.

In the anecdotes with which he enlivens his narrative, he must naturally be frequently at the mercy of the relator; and should the latter occasionally mistake his imagination for his memory, the consequences will be sufficiently obvious in the narration of NIMROD. This appears in the history of the voyage of Captains Johnson and Shafto. I had the happiness of knowing the former gentleman intimately for many years, and I have heard him relate the story a hundred times over. The Christian name of Captain Johnson was Henry, but he generally answered to the familiar appellation of Pat amongst his friends, and not *Bob*, as stated in your Magazine. Captain Johnson was a man of the

kindest feelings, and of the most gentlemanlike demeanour. Beloved and courted by his friends (and he had not an enemy), he could not resist the blandishments of Northern hospitality in the town and neighbourhood where he lived. No social table was complete without him; his presence graced and adorned the festive board; and his sparkling wit was seldom at *fault* in the quick reply and rapid rejoinder; and few men excelled him in telling a good story. He died in 1825; but his memory is cherished, and his loss is lamented.

I fear, that in the recollection of the virtues of a friend, I am forgetting the purport of this letter. The story, as told by Captain Johnson, was, that in their passage across the Irish Channel, the storm was dreadful—the wind blew a hurricane, and waves broke repeatedly over the vessel—the *dead lights* were closed, and they never expected to see the face of day. At last the Captain came below, and to their anxious inquiries he said, the ship *never would weather the storm*. Shafto's instant exclamation was, "Then there's an end of my hunting, by G—d!" This is certainly a strong and striking illustration of the influence of the ruling passion, and is well worthy of being recorded in the *Sporting Magazine*.

It may appear an idle waste of your valuable pages to notice this involuntary error of your excellent Correspondent NIMROD; yet I am very sure, from his *straight-forward* and candid manner, that he will be the first to thank me for rectifying an error, to the circulation of which he was an unoffending party.

CIVIS.

Durham, Dec. 11, 1827.

SKURRY IN A PEWY COUNTRY.

SIR,

I Was looking over some hunting prints the other day, one of which was intitled a "Skurry in a Pewy Country," with which phrase I am totally unacquainted, though by the print I conclude it to be a Leicestershire one. I thought that "Pewy" might be applied to a country where the fields were very small, and, of course, the fences very close to each other; but looking at the print again I saw that the country was quite open, so that my conjecture must be wrong. I therefore send this to you in hopes that some one of your correspondents will be kind enough to explain it; I can only say that I never heard either of the words in any country that I ever hunted.

Now I am writing, I must mention that I think you ought to favour us with a print of Captain Douglas on Radical, as you have of Captain Ross on Clinker; for though Captain Ross won the match, still it must be allowed, from all accounts, that Captain Douglas had a great disadvantage when they both fell at the gate, and that Captain Ross had so much the most friends to help him through: and I think that your Magazine ought not to confine itself to one out of the two "performers" in that celebrated steeple chase. I hope before long to see Captain Douglas on Radical adorning your Magazine, and the more so because I know several friends who look forward to it with the same pleasure.

I have now only to regret that your LATE MEMBER OF CHRIST CHURCH has finished his "Passages," and to hope that some Member of the University of Cam-

bridge may take up his pen and afford us as much pleasure.

I am, &c. B. R. B.

“We shall feel infinite pleasure in presenting our readers with a print of Captain Douglas on Radical, if any friend will favour us with a picture from which we can set our best engraver at the task.”
—EDITOR.

CAPPED HOCKS.

SIR,

SEEING in your Magazine for November last a letter signed “V.S.” intended as an answer to the inquiries respecting *capped hocks*, I am induced (having formed a different opinion on that subject to your former Correspondent) to offer the following remarks if you think them worthy insertion.

The disease I consider to be a morbid collection of fluid between the skin (which somewhat resembles cartilage at this part) and the tendon of the gastrocnemius internus muscle, passing over and partially inserted into the sides of the *os calcis*. The cause is evidently external violence: the consequent contusion destroys the connecting medium between the skin and the tendon; an extravasation ensues, and ultimately a circumscribed cavity or cyst is formed, containing a fluid (the skin not uniting again in consequence of the motion going on in the part): That it is not an enlarged *bursa mucosa* is evident; for these reasons: first, it comes on too suddenly; secondly, not producing lameness, as *bursal enlargements* do; thirdly, the fluctuation being felt most in the centre—this would be impossible if the fluid was below the tendon; and lastly, your Correspondent, in a former Number, mentions it as a loose substance, which would not be the case if the *bursa* was affected, as the tendon is firmly

bound down to the *os calcis* on each side.

And now, Mr. Editor, having stated my opinions, in which (I beg leave to say) I am fully borne out in those cases of dissection which have come under my own observation, I venture to lay them before you, to do as it seemeth good in thy sight.

I am, Sir, &c.

V. S. of Norfolk.

December 12, 1827.

“We have to acknowledge the receipt of a communication from Mr. JOHN LAWRENCE on this subject, whose opinions in a great measure coincide with the above.—ED.”

EARLY APPEARANCE OF WOODCOCKS, AND PRODIGIOUS INCREASE OF GAME.

SIR,

I Have long been an admirer of the *Sporting Magazine*, but more particularly so the last two or three years. If you think the following will contribute to the amusement of a few of your readers, it is at your service.

I have read several remarks on the early appearance of woodcocks this season; but no account that I have met with speaks of their arrival so early as they were seen in this neighbourhood (Warwickshire)—on the 29th of August last. Two young sportsmen, thinking the fox-hounds too wide for them sometimes, determined to make a little sport for themselves at intervals. They mustered eight or nine couples of harriers, nearly all young ones; and while exercising them on the Lammas lands, on the day abovementioned, they started a hare: she led them about a mile and a half to a small wood, belonging to Mr. G. Lant, into which they dashed; and before they could get them out, they flushed

nine woodcocks: eight of them got up together.

When I was first informed of the circumstance, I thought my informant must have laboured under an optical illusion; but having an opportunity, I made farther inquiries of others, who informed me they had also seen them; and of their veracity I cannot doubt. I never knew them arrive so early before.

I have known three instances of their breeding in this neighbourhood; the last was five years since. One was taken to Mr. Carter's (Covebtry), the beginning of July; a man had that morning caught it with his hat; it could only fly about twenty yards—a fine young bird, very plump, and would soon have been in full feather. I think we have had as many this year as for many years past.

Pheasants have bred very thin; partridges never so numerous; hares scarcely one to be met with, except on strictly preserved manors; but there have been plenty for silver shot, the rascals of the net and wire having had a rare harvest on the estate of one Gentleman in this neighbourhood of large landed property, who, to the surprise of every neighbouring sportsman, parted with his game-keeper in October last: and no

sooner was it known, than the pot-hunters, as well as the night gentry, were in upon the estate in all directions. The keeper's name had been a bug-bear to them. I join with others, whom I think much better qualified to give an opinion upon the subject than myself, that he was the best qualified, by his firmness, activity, and general knowledge of his business, of any one they ever had upon the estate.

One thing, Mr. Editor, leads to another. When I began, I little thought of rambling to this subject; but having so far conquered my laziness, I thought I might render this somewhat more amusing to some of your readers if I could gain some information from the above keeper, upon a point on which I feel much interested. I knew that he had killed several otters last year by traps; accordingly I sent my man over with a very civil inquiry into the means he had employed to trap them. He declined giving me the desired information, but said it was by the most simple contrivance imaginable; but to make amends, he sent me a list of the game killed by him for his employer during the time he was employed upon the estate, of which the following is a copy:—

	Pheasants	Partridges	Hares	Rabbits	Woodcocks	Wild Fowl
From Sept. 1, 1819, to March 1820.....	3	228	83	63	32	49
From ditto 1820, to ditto 1821...	2	253	92	210	33	21
From ditto 1821, to ditto 1822...	69	335	172	1080	109	21
From ditto 1822, to ditto 1823...	193	359	325	724	52	45
From ditto 1823, to ditto 1824...	289	479	388	380	33	15
From ditto 1824, to ditto 1825..	367	535	505	357	53	17
From ditto 1825, to ditto 1826...	342	577	453	853	53	46
From ditto 1826, to ditto 1827...	616	531	392	841	43	26
From ditto 1827, to Oct. 21, 1827.	213	494	131	808	1	...

And ten Otters last year.

This list shews that game may be very soon increased by proper care and attention, allowing at the same time a liberal supply to the proprietor, and likewise to the sporting friends of the proprietor, and others who have had permission to sport, which of course are not included in the above list. I perceive he killed but five pheasants the two first years; and I almost wonder where he found them.

I much regret I cannot inform my brothers of the angle by what means he takes the otters. I may very possibly yet gain that information. Should I do so, I shall feel a pleasure in communicating the same through the medium of your pages; and, if permitted, I have a few scraps in my note book, made during my rambles with my gun or rod, with which, I scarcely need add, I feel much more at home than while torturing a goose quill.

My paper forbids my saying more than, I am your most obedient servant,
BOB RAMBLE.

LETTER FROM "A RURALIST," ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

SIR,
I HAVE heard it said that my remarks on the yatching system, in my last letter in your Magazine, were too severe. I did not intend them to be so, and if they were I am sorry for it: that they are not exaggerated, many, who have seen the thing, can witness. The owners of such yachts have a right, of course, to enjoy their *mania* in the way they like best; and, if it pleases them, what does it concern me? All men, even the wisest, in all ages, have had their

hobbies; and, as Sterne says, "so long as a man rides his hobby-horse peaceably and quietly along the King's highway, and neither compels me or you to get up behind him, pray, Sir, what have either you or I to do with it?"

Several correspondents in your late Numbers have given the *battue* system some hard hits, and wish to encourage others to do the same. My feeble pen has been so often and apparently so ineffectually exerted towards the same purpose, that I give it up in despair. I am quite and entirely sick of the subject. The best plan, I begin to think, is to let the gentlemen sportsmen alone; and when they are tired, and the novelty of the system has worn off, it will die away quietly. "Give them rope," as the old proverb has it, "and they will hang themselves." I hope there may be some truth in the following paragraph, which I lately read in the *Morning Herald*:—"Foxes are found to be more than usually plentiful in most of the favorite coverts this year, owing, in some measure, to the *absurd rigour* in the preservation of game being much on the wane." To give you a proof of this "absurd rigour," I will here just mention what occurred to myself a short time back. Shooting one day over a friend's property in Hampshire, bordering on a Noble Lord's manor, and which I had heard was strictly preserved, I wounded a partridge; it dropped in the next field, which happened to be just within the bounds of this Noble Lord. I, of course, naturally enough thought there could be no great trespass in following to get my bird. I had scarcely, however, cleared the hedge, and was in the act of picking it up, when I saw three stout

fellows bearing down upon me in full sail, each with a bludgeon in his hand, as if in chase of a thief or a murderer; and as if, from the gleeful expression of their countenances, they had caught the felon in me. I waited patiently till they came up, which they soon did, panting and out of breath, and, as soon as they could speak, all opened upon me at once, with "what business I had there? Did I know whose grounds I was sporting over," &c.? I mentioned plainly what induced me to transgress the bounds, which seemed to pose them, as it gave them no opportunity of shewing their power, and was walking quietly away, when I was asked my name. I gave it; and was told they did not believe it was my name. A second and a third time I received the same answer. My temper, which, when provoked, is none of the mildest, was on fire; and, had there been but one instead of three, I might perhaps have done that which afterwards I should have repented. And these are the scoundrels in whose power this game-preserving system in a certain degree places you. To the "little brief authority" with which the law unfortunately invests them, they almost invariably add insolence and insult; and their greatest delight seems to be to exert that authority as unpleasantly as possible.

"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—

My country! and while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may
be found,

Shall be constrained to love thee."

Such, from my earliest childhood, have been the dearest sentiments of my heart; and in my children's breasts have I endeavored to implant the same patriot love; but, when I feel my amusements, I my

say my liberty, encroached upon, my feelings, as a man and a gentleman, trampled on and insulted, to gratify the selfish pride of some haughty overbearing aristocrat,

"Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;"

and, in spite of all England's boasted blessings and comforts, in despair I turn to that land where I may see

"No contiguous mansion rears its head
To shame the manners of my humble shed;

No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,

To make me loath my vegetable meal."

Enough, enough of this sickening, unthankful subject! Ill health had prevented my seeing much of hounds, till I heard of the levee Mr. T. A. Smith was to hold at Weyhill, on his commencing hunting this season; and then, in spite of lumbago and head-ache, I ordered my horse early the next morning to attend it. As for sport there was none; and, if there had been, the crowd of horsemen of all descriptions would have entirely destroyed all chance of enjoying it. As it turned out, it was lucky for me there was no severe running; as I found my horse, after the long rest and high feeding he had had, was not equal to a quarter of an hour's sharp burst. And here let me observe the mistaken idea some people entertain on this subject, that the more rest a horse has the better he is fit for work; indeed, I have heard several clever sportsmen, whose opinions I should generally value much, and whose experience has been considerable, very positive, nay obstinate, on this point. "I like my horses," say they, "to be always *above* their work; so that, if we have a long run, they may be able to carry me through

it without failing; and for this reason I never by any chance hunt them (as I have plenty of horses) more than once a week each, and, indeed, sometimes they have a whole week's rest; it stands to reason they should be fresher and fitter for work when I do take them out." Now, with due deference to these Gentlemen, and a proper diffidence in giving my own opinion, I think reason would argue just on the contrary side. Surely a horse, high-fed as hunters are, cannot gain any advantage in laying by a whole week between work! He grows fat in the stable; he is restless and fretful going to covert, whereby half a day's work is taken out of him before he gets there; and, if you have a pretty sharp run, especially over heavy ground, you will soon find his wind begin to fail, and he will puff, puff, puff, like Sir W. C—, on drinking a glass of punch after his last plate of turtle at a Civic feast. If I may give an opinion, I think every hunter, if he is a hunter, ought to be able to work twice a week, provided he has had nothing extraordinary to do on his last day.

My friend from Southampton writes me a better account of the Forest Hounds lately: that they have been pretty successful in killing their foxes, and generally with good runs; and that their appearance in the kennel has not belied their actions in the field; that the young hounds are very steady from deer; and the forest lameness has not as yet made its appearance in the kennel. I long to be again galloping over the heath with them, regardless of the bogs which at the next step may receive me and my horse in their soft embraces—not quite so pleasant as when "beau-

ty's arms are twined around me." He adds, also, that in addition to the fox-hounds, there are dogs kept to run down the red stags, which go out about once a week, and generally afford a good gallop. I should suppose this is to amuse the forest keepers and their friends, for I cannot well conceive any enjoyment *real* sportsmen can derive in following a great calf, when there are opportunities three times a week of *hunting*. However, *de gustibus non est disputandum*.

I wish I could give so good an account of Mr. Villebois's success this season. In a letter to you last winter, I mentioned the scarcity of foxes in his country: this season it is beyond all precedent; in parts he can hardly find a fox, where, if no unfair means were used to get rid of them, they ought to swarm. He was annoyed at this last year; he is now disgusted, as well he might, and talks seriously of giving up the country altogether. He has as fine a pack of hounds as a sportsman need wish to see; his stable is stocked with as good a stud of horses as any rural country can boast or want; and his servants are civil and clever in their departments, well mounted, and altogether well appointed. Who will hunt the Hampshire country, I would ask, if Mr. Villebois gives it up? Who will do it in the style he does it, and without any subscription? He does not want swarms of foxes; he does not wish the game-preservers around him to sacrifice all their sport for his pleasure; he requires only a sufficient number of foxes to amuse himself, and to afford amusement to those gentlemen who hunt with him. This is not asking much; and, surely, the liberal and handsome manner in which Mr.

Villebois endeavours to gratify the love of fox-hunting in all who enjoy it, might claim this little from them. But no; all is centred in self; self is the idol they worship; and to self what matters it to them how largely they sacrifice?

It has been whispered, I know not with how much truth, that not to the trap alone is to be ascribed the scarcity of foxes in Hampshire. Rumour has gone abroad that the coverts, not a hundred miles from Weyhill, were baited in the summer, not with carrion, or even with pheasants, but with little pieces of metal in the shape of crowns and half-sovereigns; and most of your readers know, or ought to know, what extraordinary power of attraction silver and gold possess for foxes: they will travel many miles from the neighbouring counties if they do but wind it. Some of your readers may here think I wish to insinuate that the foxes were bought. I am sure I have not said so, and I am even almost ashamed to suffer the thought to enter my head; for I do not for a moment suppose that any gentleman, especially a sportsman, would so far injure his neighbours, or insult his own feelings, as to engage in, or wink at, such a disgraceful species of traffic.

With the exception of NIMROD, few of your correspondents now write on hunting subjects, or I would ask some of them to lay down in your Magazine the laws and regulations with regard to fox-hunting; which, I hope, would teach gentlemen from Leicestershire that they are not to come and take a rural country, and, encroaching on the coverts of the neighbouring hunts, think to gain their point by bullying, as if the laws of fox-hunting were to be reversed for

them alone. NIMROD, perhaps, if he has any leisure time, will take the trouble to comply with my request, for he is most competent to do it.

I will now go a little farther south, and take a peep at Sir John Cope's hounds. When I say I have seen, to my poor judgment, better packs in the field, I beg to be understood as not meaning to undervalue them, or to depreciate their merits; as it would be unfair to compare them with packs who have better countries to hunt. Than Sir J. Cope's I can scarcely conceive one more unfavorable for sport; and I think his hounds are too good for it. I was out a few times with them in their Oxfordshire country, and saw two foxes killed after long tiring runs; and I must do the hounds the justice to say they persevered and hunted up to them both well. I was prevented going out with them in the Berkshire country, where I heard they found the foxes very scarce. It is difficult for a stranger, and a novice like myself, to select any particular hound of a pack as superior to the rest; but there are two or three litters got by a Whipster dog, which caught my eye, and a dog called Druid, by whom bred I forget at this moment, but I think by the Duke of Beaufort. I recognized also two or three hounds of Mr. Warde's breeding, and indeed in almost every kennel that, once-seen, never-to-be-forgotten breed is sure to meet your eye; and I hope it will remain as long as there is an English fox-hound; for I never see one of them but they always remind me of their founder; they are, as it were, identified together.

I hear it is intended in good earnest to start a steam-coach from

London to Southampton, a representation and description of which I have seen in one of the weekly papers. I quite agree with NIMROD in his remarks on the injury the use of this kind of machinery will be to the country in general; not only as it will throw coachmen, stable-keepers, &c. out of work; but what are the farmers to do in the decrease it will cause in the consumption of corn? What is to be done with the land which, by this means, will be thrown out of cultivation? and how are the poor people who cultivated this land to be employed to keep them from idleness, and consequently vice or starvation? I am not one of those croakers who unnecessarily torment themselves and others by constantly living in dread of what may *possibly* happen; nor do I lose all enjoyment of present good in

gloomy anticipation of evil that may come: but I think it is not difficult to foresee that the adoption of steam-coaches, if they do answer, (and, if suffered, that they should not answer I see no reason to doubt,) will be the cause of great and serious evil to this country. My opinions on this subject are quite disinterested; for neither one way nor the other can they injure me, but rather be of advantage in enabling me to travel cheaper. I am no land-owner, not burthened with even a single "dirty acre;" my "morning and noon song" is still,

"Contented I am, and contented I'll be,
For what can this world more afford
Than a girl that will sociably sit on my
knee,
And a cellar as sociably stor'd?"

I am, &c.

A RURALIST.

Near Abingdon, December 13, 1837.

NIMROD'S YORKSHIRE TOUR.

(Continued from last Number, page 204.)

MARCH 20th.—Nothing particular occurred on this day. I found the Marquis and his family in good health and spirits; a small select party as his guests; and every thing as I expected to find it at Raby Castle: but, amidst the glitter of affluence which is so conspicuous here, there is nothing to chill into awe those who move in a lower sphere of life. If rank and wealth were his boast, the Marquis of Cleveland—like Nebuchadnezzar the King—could bask in the sunshine on the battlements of his palace, and look down, in his prosperity, on nine-tenths of the world. But nothing is less like the Noble owner of Raby. No; there is in this favored son of Fortune—and

indeed on all who bear his name—a praiseworthy affability, that sets perfectly at their ease all those who are in his presence; and it may be asserted of him, as was said of a great character of antiquity, that "no man can be great with so much ease; none familiar with so much dignity;" and herein consists one of the greatest ornaments to rank. Believe me, reader, I am not offering my Noble friend the base incense of flattery; for

—"Nothing misbecomes
The man that would be thought a friend
like flattery;"

But I have spoken the truth, and I appeal to those who have the pleasure of his acquaintance to confirm my report. But, brother

sportsmen, you may also believe me, fox-hunting has something to do with this. We have the experience of ages to satisfy us of the fact, that nothing makes a man so popular as contributing to, and mixing with, the sports of the people. Was not Milo* in his Tribune a memorable example of this?

Authors are generally poor; and thus perhaps it is that so many of them have a slap at those that are rich, and who occupy the foremost stations in life. They would have us believe that our feeble frame is utterly incapable of too much indulgence, and that Knowledge and Virtue sicken and die in all luxuriant soils. If they are to be believed, these hardy plants will only flourish on some barren spot; nor will they rear their heads but amidst the toils of industry or the asperities of misfortune. Horace, indeed, calls Poverty the Sister of Knowledge, and makes one of his heroes insinuate broadly that Wealth is the birthright of Fools; but neither his experience nor our own establishes the fact. It may be so far true, that the fascinations of worldly greatness may be inimical to the severer studies of the Schools, and the test of virtue not so often demanded amidst all the bounty of the universe, as in poverty and rags: but farther we have no authority for going; and I like to take a fairer view of my own kind. The sharp air of Necessity may bring to maturity all the good qualities of our nature, and so may the wealth of Croesus; and among the nobility of England we have many splendid examples. I abhor servility; but I will ne-

ver lift my hand to crush even the fabric of Pride, that Lowliness may triumph on its ruins.

I have already observed that private character is not within the pale of my critical synod; or at least I may say, I never maliciously violate that hallowed sanctuary: but in describing to the Sporting World—and which description will be read in all quarters of the globe—such a top-sawyer in our line as the Marquis of Cleveland has proved himself for so many revolving years, it would be unjust to the cause of fox-hunting—a cause I so warmly espouse—were I not to exhibit him in his several characters of an accomplished English gentleman, and a first-rate English sportsman. In the one, perhaps, his merit may be but lightly appreciated; for to say he is the best bred man in England would be but saying little. Those who, like himself, are placed in the first class of the community, acquire, as it were naturally, that easy deportment which their situation confers on them, and the *savoir vivre*, and the *savoir faire*, become their second nature. As a British sportsman—taking all things into the account—I fearlessly assert, *he has not his fellow*. Lord Cleveland is a sportsman, in the real acceptance of that comprehensive term; not one of your battue gentlemen, crawling out when the day is far spent with umbrellas and goloshes; not a speculative, but a down-right *practical* sportsman of the Old as well as the New School; not afraid of a shower of rain; but ready to face all winds and all weathers with his hounds in the morning, and as

* He was accused of bribery, for his splendid entertainments to the people, and Cicero defended him.

been a companion over a bottle of wine in the evening as ever Bacchus smiled upon.

To be serious. When we think of Lord Cleveland's possessions, and the stake he holds in life; when we look, I say, at his rank and station, and then recollect that he has gone through all the labour in the field, and a great part of that in the kennel which is attached to the situation of huntsman to so large a pack of fox-hounds as his own, for "thirty-eight seasons uninterruptedly, and with high reputation to himself, and satisfaction to the sportsmen who hunted with him*;" when we consider also the great personal hazard to which he must have of necessity been exposed in this long servitude to his hounds; we can scarcely reconcile ourselves to the fact. But so it is; and although it is difficult to make parallels of men who shine in the same sphere, I have good reason to believe his Lordship is as scientific in his calling as any other huntsman of his day. To appreciate a man's merits we must look to his works; and I assert, without fear of contradiction, that at the present moment there is as fine, and indeed as grand a kennel of fox-hounds at Raby Castle, as any reasonable man would either wish for or expect.

True it is, a pleasing recreation is no task. The ministering passion stirs us up, and excites us to deeds we should otherwise shrink from. Such is the case here. *The Marquis of Cleveland is passionately fond of hunting, and every thing appertaining to "the noble science;"* so that he rarely feels fatigue in the pursuit. Even in

his dress, we see how he honours fox-hunting. His straight-cut coat and leathern belt bespeak the huntsman as clearly as Ovid says the air and habit of Germanicus bespoke the orator:—

"Ere yet he speaks, the orator is seen,
In all the elegance of garb and mien!"

I was going to observe—Were the Marquis of Cleveland an illiterate man, with only a second-rate understanding—something about the cut of the Squire Westerns of their day; had Nature been less sparing of her endowments, all this would be far less remarkable than it now appears; but the contrary is the real fact. His Lordship is not only a man of very considerable natural talent, but of highly-cultivated acquirements; an adept in almost all languages; and possessing perhaps what, in the lingo of the world, is called, *as good a head* as any man in England or any other country can boast of. He has travelled a great deal, and now spends his summers on the Continent; has a turn for the polite arts, as well as the lesser elegances of life; and never forgets what he hears or sees. If, then, we combine these several advantages with his great knowledge of the world, we may safely conclude that he has never gone a hunting, like Gallus of old, from the want of something better to amuse himself with. Exclusive of all this, he looks most minutely into his private affairs, and business may be said to be the pastime of his leisure hours.

Previous to my various visits to my Noble friend, I had heard so much of him, not only as a sportsman, but as possessing other qualities and accomplishments so con-

* See Colonel Cooke's *Observations on Fox-hunting*, published 1826.

genial with my ideas of making this life agreeable, that I had a great desire to become acquainted with him.

"Congenial passions souls together bind,
And every calling mingles with its kind;
Soldier unites with soldier, swain with swain;
The mariner with him that roves the plain."

Now were I to be asked for an epitome of the Marquis of Cleveland's character, I should put it into a very small compass. I should apply to him the two remarkable words that signalized a conspicuous one of antiquity, and say, he is a man, "*omnium horarum*," which express more than my own language can convey. When Lord Byron gives the English of three Greek words to his readers, I remember the remark that accompanies it. "I may affront the gentlemen," said his Lordship, "but I shall please the ladies;" and such is my apology here. The ladies must be informed then, that, in the literal acceptation of this term, I am only making the Marquis of Cleveland "a man of all hours," and that is not saying much for him; but in a more enlarged sense, these words imply a rare assemblage of qualities of the useful and agreeable kind, which are not often found in one and the same person; for, whether as a man of business or of pleasure; in the dining room or the drawing room; in the morning or evening; with pen and ink and accounts; in the field or in his kennel; when finding his fox, or when killing him; he is equally at home; and, to climax all, as I have before said, one of the best bred men in existence.

Now when I pronounce the Marquis of Cleveland to be a well bred man, it may be said, *of course*

he is. I may be told that all men of his rank in life are well bred and polite; but this my experience denies. True it is, the maxims of the Schools will never make a gentleman, and true politeness can only be learnt in the company of the polite; but many can never catch it even there. Admitting, however, good manners to be a science, the power of pleasing must be conferred by Nature; for that can neither be delivered by precept, nor acquired by art. Here, however, my Noble host is conspicuous; for he has a rich store of anecdote, and they gain much by his manner of relating them. Being a perfect master then, as I said before, of the *savoir faire*, it is almost needless to add he is a very agreeable companion.

Particular nations had their appropriate deities, but the empire of the Graces was universal. The Stoics reckoned politeness among the social virtues, and I do not wonder at it; for it is the very ornament and delight of society. It gives a relish to conversation; it is better than argument; it goes even for demonstration; for, as an abler pen than mine has told us, "whilst the petulant reproach is retorted with disgust, *the still voice of reason* is heard with complacency and respect."

The month of March, and particularly this advanced period of it, affords but few opportunities of detailing sport with hounds. On *Wednesday the twentieth* we did nothing worth speaking of with the Raby pack. We were unfortunate in chopping our first fox; and our sport with our second—which we ran for an hour—was destroyed by his being coursed by a dog, in the first place, and no scent in the second. His Lordship rode Bergami and Moses this day—both very clever

horses, and the former a splendid fencer.

We had a considerable addition to our party this day at the Castle, amongst whom I was happy to find some of my Durham friends—namely, all the family of the Shaf-tos, Mr. Harland, &c.—and we assembled in the state drawing room. “Two thirds of the manufacturers of England,” says Paley, “are employed on articles of luxury, ornament, and splendour;” and when I looked around this elegant apartment the effect of which is not only rich, but in the best taste, I could not help thinking how many skilful hands must have contributed to its ornament. Philosophers may declaim from this time till doomsday against the vanities and follies of all human grandeur; but my opinion is, that it is possible for money to make human life very agreeable, if not quite divine.

No hunting on *Thursday*, so it was only a day of lounge. I accompanied Mr. Milbanke to the village of Staindrop, which is just without the park-wall, and where the horses of all the visitors to Raby stand. As Mr. Milbanke and Lady Augusta always take up their abode at the Castle during the residence of the Marquis in the winter, he has built for himself some excellent stables and coach houses for his own private use; but my horses stood at the sign of the Fox and Hounds, kept by the noted Bob Williams, for many years head whipper-in to the Raby pack. I believe I have already spoken of this said Bob Williams; first, as having lived with a brother-in-law of mine; and, secondly, as having found out a specific for the cure of all complaints of his fellow servants—both male and female; which specific consisted

in a fourth part of a cordial ball dissolved in a pint of hot Welch ale. I must not, however, thus lightly pass over this celebrated whipper-in, but give a little history of his sporting career.

Bob Williams came to the Marquis of Cleveland with a capital lot of hounds, which his Lordship purchased from Sir Richard Puleston in 1806 or 1807, but which I am not now able to say; and he arrived with them at Raby on a little mare, also purchased from Sir Richard, which went by the name of *The Puleston Mare*; and which, as well as himself, cut a conspicuous figure in the “Operations of the Raby Pack” for several succeeding seasons. She was got by Young Snap, son of the Old Hundred-House Snap, which I believe my Lord Forester allows to have been the best *krut-ing blood* England was ever possessed of; and there is no doubting his authority.

In whatever capacity we view them, all men receive a turn and character from the several occupations and professions they have followed in life; and I think I never saw a more complete cut of a whipper-in than my old acquaintance Bob. He was also—which is not always the case—quite as good as he looked to be; and I really believe—which is a great deal to say, and more than I can say of myself—he *had but one fault*; but this fault was fatal to him in his capacity of head whipper-in to such a pack of hounds as were often entrusted to his care:—*he would get a drop too much*, and the morning and the evening were all the same to him.

Now the fact is, Bob, being a Welchman, never paid divine honours to water; but, unfortunately for him, he was brought up

in the servants' halls of three great Welch Esquires, where ale was dealt out with a very liberal hand; and we all know what a catching sin it is, and how perfectly irresistible it becomes at last. His late Noble master relinquished his services with the greatest reluctance; but what was to be done? Bob's complaint was incurable; and I much fear, that, like a King of Navarre, he is destined to perish in strong waters. He is much shook; and if he had kept the Saracen's Head, instead of the Fox and Hounds, I should have exclaimed on seeing him,

At the Saracen's Head Bob turns in ale
and wine,
Until his face does represent the sign.

As it is, however, we may read thus:—

Bob Williams keeps the Fox and Hounds,
A house of much resort;
And where, should hail or rain abound,
He's sure to have his sport.

For though he now no longer rides
To Fox and Hounds in chase,
Yet on the sign-post at his door
He sees them go the pace.

New Fame will tell how well he went,
On chesnut, bay, or black,
How like a workman, in his place,
Bob rode to the Raby pack:

How well they knew his cheering voice;
How much they feared his smack:
"Have a care! hounds," or "gently
there!"

Was enough for the Raby pack.

But now he takes his morning glass;
And here he's no wise slack—
Looks at his sign—a bad sign this!
And drinks to the Raby pack!"

The lamented fate of this excellent whipper-in reminds me of an anecdote of that celebrated old Cheshire Squire, the late William Leech, of Carden, and his whipper-in, which I believe I have already given in these pages; but, as it is so very applicable to my present subject, and so many persons read this work now who

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did not read it then, I hope I may be excused for repeating it.

Like the Noble Marquis, Mr. Leech hunted his own bounds; but the comparison with his Lordship in the field must stop here. However, it so happened, that Mr. Leech's whipper-in "liked a drop of drink," as they call it in that country, as well as my old acquaintance Bob, and was in the habit of stopping at public houses with his hounds after his master had left them, which he (his master) latterly never failed to do, to enable him to be at home by his dinner hour. At last, however, he told Sam he could "stand it no longer," and that he should get a new whipper-in. "Very well, Sir," replied Sam; "and if you was to get a new huntsman at the same time, it would be quite as well for the hounds!" Mr. Leech being a man of infinite humour was so pleased with Sam's honest rebuke, that they laboured together in their calling for two more years, and a pretty pair they made.

I have before mentioned the two present whippers-in to the Raby Hounds: I do not know of two better; and it is delightful to see how devoted they are to the sport. Dick's fondness for his hounds is, I should think, quite unequalled, and the language he uses when speaking of them amused me much. "I like some of your young hounds very much indeed," said I one day to him, "particularly Carmelite and Baby."—"Why, yes, Sir," replied Dick, "I always thought them two *very gen-teel hounds*." Dick has whipped in to his Noble master about fifteen or sixteen years.

After looking at my horses, I took a survey of Bob Williams's house, and had a little chat with

M m

him about old times. "Bob," said I, "we began hunting about the same period of our lives, and have been pretty well tumbled about; but I know you have had rather more than your share of hard blows. Tell me how you have escaped." "Why, Sir," replied Bob, "I have been very roughly handled. I have broke three ribs a one side, and two a t'other; both collar bones; one thigh; *and been scalped*. You remember, Sir Watkin's Valentine*?"—"To be sure," interrupted I; "as vicious a brute as ever had a saddle on."—"Well, Sir, continued he, "he tumbled me down just as we were coming away with a fox from March-wiel gorse, and kicked me on the head till the skin hung down all over my eyes and face; *and do you know, Sir*, (laying an emphasis on those words as if they were intended to convey something more than was expected,) *when I gets to Wrexham, I faints for loss of blood*."—Now after all this, who can wonder that this gallant horseman, and certainly first-rate artist in his line, should like to sit under the shade of his laurels for the rest of his life, and make it a merry one if he cannot make it a long one. Who knows also that he may not have read Tom Moore?

"Friend of my soul! this goblet sip,
 'Twill chase that pensive tear;
 'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,
 But, oh! 'tis more sincere."

Although all conditions of life are equal in the sight of God, "and of a wise man too," says a philosopher; yet there is a wide difference in the treatment of servants by their Lords. Some are peremptory in every command, inexorable to every failing, and use

their domestics as brutes; whilst others treat them with great kindness, and for the most part receive kindness in return. In the private relations of life, nothing tells more to a man's credit, or ensures him a better name in the country, than the reputation of being a good master to his servants. When Shakspeare's *Lear* asks old Kent, *Why he wished to be in his service?* I think he answers, "Because you have that in your face which I should like to call master." The old boy was no bad judge; for we have heard from very high authority, "how good and pleasant a thing it is to live together in unity." In the language of metaphor, it has been compared to the precious ointment poured upon the head of Aaron, that ran down to the very skirts of his garment; by which we are to understand, that it extends from the highest to the lowest ranks of life; and, indeed, without it this world is nothing. I have tried most things; but I am inclined to think that perfect tranquillity of mind is the *ne plus ultra* here.

The Marquis of Cleveland's servants must have been of old Kent's opinion—that a kind master is a great recommendation; for many of them are remarkable for their long services. As I am ignorant of a great part of the establishment, I can only speak of a few. Tommy Hodgson I have mentioned as having lived *more than half a century* in the family. Storey, the butler, *as long*, having entered it when a boy, and he and his Lord are growing old together. It was to this excellent servant that I before alluded when speaking of the diary of sport kept by the Marquis,

* Bob Williams commenced as whipper-in to Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart. with whom he lived several years.

and published for a long series of years for his profit. Cicero was not kinder to Tiro than Storey's master is to him; and has honored him by calling one of his favorite whin coverts after him—namely, Storey's Whin. I like to see this. A gentleman should be social in his spirit, unassuming in his manners, and kind to all who approach him.

The coachman has lived with Lord Cleveland between forty and fifty years; and, by the size of his waistcoat, I should imagine he has been on pretty good terms with the cook and butler. Thomas Sayer, who was kennel huntsman, and afterwards porter, the same length of time; and now alive in his retirement; and Mr. Barnes, the house steward, twenty-two years.

Wheatley, his Lordship's private trainer, and cousin to the jockey of that name, has been thirty-five years in his place, and no doubt will complete his half century, if not called away sooner by one whose commands he must obey, even in preference to his present master. In his younger days he used to ride our present good King's light weights—Mother Bunch, Mademoiselle, &c.; as also Lord Cleveland's match with Pedlar against Hippopotamus; and was the first to jockey over Newmarket heath a horse that I had for many years in my stable, called Traganth, by Revenge, out of a High-flyer mare, but this was when I was a young one.

Thank Heaven! amidst all the display of wealth and magnificence at Raby Castle and Newton House, there is none of that over-strained and sickly refinement,

“So dull, so vapid, so genteel;”

* List of Hunters, which his Lordship has every day presented to him, noting such horses as are fit for work.

that I have too often met with in my walks through life; and on the evening previous to hunting days, the groom frequently makes his appearance in Lord Cleveland's drawing room, to receive his orders from his master's lips. I now want the aid of the pencil; for a Hogarth or a Bunbury would not have desired a better subject for their fancy than Tommy Hodgson would have afforded on these occasions. I will endeavour to describe the scene as I witnessed it.

The door opened with a footman's announcement of “Mr. Hodgson, my Lord;” and in walked Tommy Hodgson, presenting a full front to his master. No soldier on parade could present a better; no gate-post was ever straighter; no Shakspeare's apothecary was leaner; and the succession of lines from the forehead to the chin too plainly shewed that age had traced his cruel way over Tommy's honest face. Not a word escaped him until the Marquis took his card* out of his pocket, and then the dialogue began. It was a rare specimen of the laconic:—

Is *Moses* sound?

Yes, my Lord.

I shall ride him.

Yes, my Lord.

Also *Bergami*.

Yes, my Lord.

Dick, *Swing*.

Yes, my Lord.

Will, *Salopian*.

Yes, my Lord.

Lady Cleveland, *Raby*.

Yes, my Lord.

Edward, *The Parson*.

Yes, my Lord.

Lady Arabella, *The Duchess*.

Yes, my Lord.

George, *Obadiah*.

Yes, my Lord.

That's all!

Yes, my Lord.—[*Exit Tommy*.

I should here add that all these "Yes-my-Lords" were accompanied with a respectful bob of the head, a partial shutting of the eyes, and the thumbs revolving with the uniform motion of a wind-mill impelled by the gentle breezes of a spring morning.

I recollect nothing particular occurring in the course of this evening—at least within my province to relate—until we were all amusing ourselves in different ways in the fine drawing-room I have been describing, somewhat about the hour of midnight. I was engaged in a rubber of shorts, and so were many besides. The Marquis had been writing the fixtures for his hounds, and, what is somewhat extraordinary, was in the very act of enclosing thirty pounds in a letter, to pay for damage done by foxes, when the door opened, and a servant approached him with rather a hasty stride, and, I could perceive, informed him of something that alarmed him. "Hilton Whin is on fire!" exclaimed his Lordship; "the flames are visible from the windows of the Castle! This is the covert at which we are to meet to-morrow." Fortunately the wind set the right way; a broad ride cut through the gorse arrested the flames; only a small corner of it was burnt, and we found three foxes in it the following morning. A reward of fifty pounds was offered with the hope of finding out the incendiaries; for the malicious act was supposed to have originated in some poachers

who had lately been prosecuted under the Game Laws.

Lord Cleveland's complement of hunters is thirty, which, after deducting those for the Ladies' use, leaves about ten for his Lordship, and six a piece for the two whippers-in. There are, of course, some splendid horses in the stud, and I observed they all possess power much more than equal to the weights they have to carry, which is the grand secret after all in keeping a stable together. Moses (a very fine animal), Bergami, Panegyric, and Sir Hedworth Williamson's mare, appeared the greatest favorites with the Marquis, and they certainly possess an excellent property for his close country. They are very quiet at their leaps; will poke and creep into them, in any way their rider likes; but, when roused, are equal to clearing very great fences.

Raby, Lady Cleveland's favorite horse, must not pass unnoticed. He is a beautiful animal—fifteen hands three inches high; bright bay, with black legs; and, if he had been bespoke for the purpose he has been put to, could not be more complete. Her Ladyship has ridden him seven seasons, without, I believe, having ever given her a fall; and she rewards him for his care of her, by visiting him almost every day in the winter, and giving him some plum bread. Strange to say, he is particularly fond of it, always expressing his delight by a neigh, when his fair mistress appears at the door of his box. Her Ladyship is a good judge, and does not let Raby go to grass in the summer, which adds more to the elegance of his appearance.

Considering the "means and pliances to boot," I did not think much of the condition of Lord

Cleveland's hunting stable. I could not help thinking, that if a man could have just slipped on a pair of three-leagued boots, and stepped from his Lordship's stable into a few that I could name at Melton Mowbray, whether the old chalk and cheese simile would not have presented itself on the occasion. The Marquis, however, has always been a grass man in the summer; and Tommy Hodgson told me the stud had suffered much in their legs and feet, as well as in their general condition, by having been exposed to the drought and heat of the two last summers.

Exclusive of grass, allowance must also be made for the Marquis of Cleveland's stable, when it is made known that Tommy Hodgson has long exceeded the "age of man;" and it does not require me to say, that the care of such a stud is a very serious charge even to a young man. His Noble master has been long talking of getting a new groom; but I have good reason to know it was with no small reluctance that he put Tommy on the shelf. At my recommendation, however, he, at the end of last season, hired Thomas Morris, Mr. Hay's late groom, who left his place on that gentleman giving up Warwickshire; and, I am certain, I relieved his Lordship of a painful feeling, when I informed him I had heard Tommy say he should be happy to resign his charge. No doubt, he is well provided for, and he may also sit under the shade of his laurels for the remainder of his life; for he has been a good and faithful servant for more than half a century. As a groom of the Old School, I dare say he may have his merits; but although horses that belong to

hounds have in some respects a better chance than others, yet it is not in human power to get a horse into condition in the short time allowed them on the grazing plan. With regard to Tommy Hodgson, however, it is no trifle to say of him, that no farrier has ever been employed in his stables, he being considered competent to perform the veterinarian's duties.

By a letter I have lately had from Yorkshire, I hear Thomas Morris gives great satisfaction, and that his horses are looking particularly well. He has been well brought up to his calling, having lived in Mr. Lechmere Charlton's service in his hard-riding days, and afterwards with the Worcestershire (in Mr. Horneyhold's time) and Warwickshire studs; both which countries, his experience will teach him, take as much out of a horse in two good runs, as those parts of Yorkshire and Durham which Lord Cleveland hunts will do in three.

The stables at Raby for hunters and coach horses are on a grand and very extensive scale; and there is a most spacious riding-school attached, for exercise in bad weather. There is also a separate yard for race-horses, of which, at the period I am speaking of, there was no great show. Barefoot and Serab were walking about the park, and taking a gentle canter after their water; as also were two two-year-olds—one by Comus, and the other by Jonathan, both slapping colts. Serab is one of the finest horses, I should imagine, that this country ever produced. He had been unwell—"all belly and bones," as Wheatley said; but active measures had been taken with him, and he was, when I saw him, in beautiful feather, consider-

ing the work he was doing. Wheatley told me he had given him, more than once, four and a half drachms of calomel before his physician; and on my asking him if danger did not attend so large a portion of that subtile drug, he assured me there was none, provided great care was taken of him at the time, *and for some months afterwards.* The Marquis was at this period very anxious to purchase Tatler, and would have given two thousand guineas for him. This sum sounds largely; but to his Lordship it is a trifle, and not much to my old friend Tom Giffard.

Friday, 23d.—Notwithstanding the fire, we found a leash of foxes in Hilton Whin, and had a beautiful half hour with one of them over a very good country, and quite the ultra pace. Found again: ran into rather a wild country, and whipped off, having no scent. We all went with the hounds to covert in the morning, accompanied by Lady Augusta Milbanke and Lady Arabella Vane, and made rather a grand show as we rode down the park. The Marquis rode his favorite grey horse Panegyric, and an elegant hunter he is. I saw him ride him over one of the V stiles which are met with in this country, and a more awkward description of fence cannot well be imagined.

Major St. Paul—brother to the gentleman of that name who formerly was conspicuous in Leicestershire—was out on this day. He rode a clever young horse of his own breeding, and I liked his method of putting him at his fences. "But," said the Marquis, "did you see a gentleman with the hounds this morning by the name of Trotter?" On my answering in the affirmative—"Then," said his

Lordship, "*you have seen the best horseman I ever saw in my experience in the field.*" Mr. Trotter has been all his life, not only a most superior rider over a country, but he has ridden with admirable temper and judgment, and never pressed upon hounds." I do not recollect to have heard so high a character given of one sportsman by another, as the Marquis of Cleveland gave me of his old friend Mr. Trotter, who, I should think, must ride at least fifteen stone. He resides at the Deanry, at Staindrop; and, it will be recollected, I mentioned having seen his son (a physician at Newcastle), go very well with the Lambton Hounds from Greenhill Whin. "Like begets like," says the proverb.

Saturday, 24th.—The Raby pack met at Crag Wood, a wild place to look at, but likely to hold a good wild fox. We found immediately, and a beautiful find it was; but our fox was headed by the foot people, and our chance here was lost. We found again in Etherley Wood, and lost on the banks of the Wear.—A bad day's sport for the hard riders, but a deal of good hunting.

The turn-out from the castle this morning was good—in all, I think, nearly twenty red coats and scarlet habits composed the group; and the Marchioness was mounted on her favorite horse Raby. Mrs. Wilkinson also joined us at the covert's side, and I had seen this lady once in the field before. Lady Augusta Milbanke rode a thoroughbred horse, formerly in Mr. Maxse's stable, and one which but few women would have nerve for. He likes to go quick at his fences; but her Ladyship's hand was quite a match for him, and I saw him very well piloted over two or three

awkward places. The Marquis rode the bay mare he purchased of Sir Hedworth Williamson previous to his going abroad, and rode her over a very dangerous place towards the end of the second run. She had to spring at a bank faced with stone, having her footing on large flag stones in a water-course, which had been rendered slippery by the current. A slip might have been awkward to legs and thighs; but his Lordship will get to his hounds if possible, and that mare is particularly careful and steady.

The celebrated Billy Wilkinson, brother to Sir Hedworth, of whom I have spoken as going so like a clipper with the Lambton, was out this day; and, I am sorry to add, met with a very serious accident. He rode at a small fence into a road, when his horse fell, and threw him with much violence to the ground. Being close behind him, I was immediately aware that mischief had ensued; for, on his horse and himself recovering their legs, one ran to the left and the other to the right. There was something frightful in the motions of Mr. Williamson. He ran wildly down the road, rubbing his head hardly with his hand, for the space of fifty yards, and then fell to the ground. Mr. Harland and myself instantly approached him, when we found all the front teeth of his upper jaw were gone, his mouth full of blood, and he complained much of his head. I understand he is all right again now, with a fresh set of ivory; but it is rather a cruel trick for the old Dame to play so good-looking a young man as he is, and just in the heyday of youth. I like, however, the way he spoke of the accident afterwards. "I would not," said he, "have taken a thou-

sand pounds for my teeth; but I should not have cared so much for the loss of them, had the accident happened at the finish of a d—d fine run."

There was a gentleman out on this day of whom I must make mention, for he is one of the very best riders in this part of the world. I allude to Major Healey, of whom honorable notice has been taken in this work (vol. xiii., p. 90), on the occasion of a brilliant run with Sir Tatton Sykes's hounds, when only himself on Hardbargain, and the huntsman on a famous Whitelock mare, saw the finish. The Major is a workman; but on this day he was, like myself, suffering from an injury in his back, and not able to ride over a fence. The Major's brother, Captain Healey, goes well, considering he has lost an arm, and his performance did not escape the keen eye of that prime young artist, Godfrey Graham. "I say, papa," said he to Sir Bellingham, as he trotted by him on his pony, in the true Harrow-school lingo, "*how devilishly that one-armed fellow rides!*"

In early days, the fickle jade Fortune was thought to have so great a share in all human affairs, that it is no wonder she was deified by the ancients. However, fickle as she may be, she one day paid a visit to Major Healey with both hands full. Before he was out of bed in the morning, his servant went to inform him that a very favorite pointer bitch, which had been some time lost, was returned home. On his breakfast table he found a letter with a very considerable sum contained in it, which he had long given up for lost. Speaking classically, however, the old lady's cornucopia was not yet exhausted. In one hour

afterwards he received a letter from the Marquis of Cleveland to say that a lottery ticket which had been purchased between them had come up a prize of twenty thousand pounds! I fear her godship does not know where I reside, for she has never paid me so agreeable a visit.

I have but little more to record of the proceedings of this day. We were all alive at the Castle in the evening—the usual consequence of good company and good fare; but the word *fare* reminds me of one little event. The Marquis always speaks French to his faithful servant, Storey; and when his Lordship, Mr. Milbanke, and myself slipped into his pantry for a glass of Sherry after our ride, I could hear the question put, *Quels vins adjourdhui, Milord?*—Anglicè—What wines to-day, my Lord? *Je vous en laisse le choix*, replied his Lordship. I shall ever esteem Mr. Storey for his choice; for, among various other samples, he produced some red Hermitage that had never seen daylight for thirty-one years. By Heavens! said I, but this is the King of wines.

I have stated that the Marchioness of Cleveland was out on this day. It is true, as John Burrell observed, she does not ride as she used to do, but not for the reason he gave me—namely, that she was got rather jolly; for her Ladyship only possesses that desirable *embonpoint* which I so much admired in the nymph at Castle Howard, but because the nerves are not so strong as they were. She is a most graceful horse-woman; and, when her favorite hunter, Brighton, was in his prime, cut a prominent figure in “The Operations of the Raby Pack,” towards

the close of some of his Lordship's fine runs, which are so enthusiastically described in that book. When her Ladyship is out, the men belonging to the hounds are always regaled with something comfortable in the evening to recruit them after the fatigues of the day.

The horse I rode this day afforded me another lesson on bridles. When I was with the Holderness hounds, Lord Mountsandsford took a fancy to one of my stud, and having offered me a very handsome sum, together with a horse for which he had given Lord Howth two hundred and fifty guineas in the preceding October (the celebrated Irish Slug, who had particularly distinguished himself in Leicestershire with his Lordship), we dealt. On my asking Lord Mountsandsford, after our deal, why he wished to part with so good a horse, he told me he could not ride him with any pleasure, as he pulled and snatched at his hand in a very disagreeable manner. Well knowing that I was at that time in no condition to contend with a horse of his description, I ordered a snaffle bridle to be put on him, and I never rode a more temperate hunter. The moment he attempted to rush at a fence, or snatch his head, as it is termed, I dropped my hand; and finding his head at liberty, he instantly desisted. He is now the property of Lord Garlies, and, go whither he will, he will distinguish himself, with a workman on his back.

The Ladies Augusta Milbanke and Arabella Vane are constant attendants on the Raby pack three times a fortnight, which is pretty good work for the softer sex; but there is nothing like horse exercise for the human economy. As old Juvenal says, it

keeps the body sound and the understanding clear.

The condition of women is one of the most remarkable in the manners of all nations, and a decisive criterion of the stage of society at which they have actually arrived. Cleopatra hunted with Antony, and drank with him afterwards—quite in character with that dissolute age; but, in more modern times, such is the refinement of manners and language, the exercise of riding, and riding after hounds, have not been considered incompatible with the highest pitch of female delicacy. It is quite evident the Marquis of Cleveland was of this opinion, for Lady Augusta Milbanke and Lady Arabella Vane (his Lordship's only daughters) have been well entered to hounds from their very infancy; yet it would be difficult to produce two more amiable or accomplished persons. As for Lady Augusta, she is not only a fine rider, but she is nothing less than a sportswoman. She is as attentive to hounds in their work as her Noble father himself, and he never

enjoyed a fine run more. Then look at the elegant and delicate Lady Arabella Vane, of whom it may be said, a hundred years hence,

“Non illa loco, neque origine gentis Clara, sed arte fuit.”

And who will say that fox-hunting abates woman's softness? As for myself, when I have seen her Ladyship at her harp, and contrasted her appearance then with the description given of her in her father's book, where he represents “the two sisters *vying with each other over a deep and strong country*, in one of his best runs,” I could not help thinking she must have had the assistance of some super-human power. “Diana must have befriended her, by Heaven,” said I; and fancying myself poetically inspired by “the King of Wines” old Storey had looked out for us, I made myself believe I had composed a Hymn to her protectress, and that I heard her Ladyship singing it to her harp. It was, methought, something like this:—

TO DIANA.

Come, bring the harp, and let me raise
My voice to great Diana's praise!
Come, let me touch the loudest string,
And make her spacious temples ring!
To her—the Goddess of the chase—
All, but the Graces, *here* give place.
To her protecting care we owe
Our favourite pastime here below;
We feel no sickness, care, nor pain,
So long as she attends our train;
So long as Raby's towers resound
With twang of horn, and cry of hound.
No wonder, then—as we are told—
Endymion † never could grow old,
While she descended from above,
And shared with him her hours of love.

* Not more conspicuous by her birth than her accomplishments.

† A beautiful shepherd, much admired by Diana, who condescended to visit him on one of the Carian mountains. He solicited permission to retain perpetual youth.

One of her train, let me, this night
 My feeble aid to hers unite.
 And, when I touch the trembling lyre,
 My warbling breath would fain inspire
 All British youths to take the field,
 And not to sloth their prowess yield.
 Nor to one sex will I confine
 That sport which ever was divine:
 For, did not Venus quit the skies,
 And in her Tyrian robe surprise
 The Trojan hero in the chase,
Who only knew her by her grace ?*

Oh, go then, sportive Echo, go ;
 Let the sporting Goddess know,
 That we invite her to partake
 The pastime she alone can make :
 And, if 'twill please his mighty Sire
 To spare him from the Heav'nly choir,
 We also ask the bright Apollo † !
 He'd like to hear my Sire's view-halloo.
 John Burrell ‡ says 'tis quite divine,
 And that among the Heav'nly Nine §,
 There's nothing like it to inspire
 Declining years with youthful fire.

Go, tell her, then, to bring him with her ;
 He's sure to find a welcome hither.
 Storey shall be his staunch protector,
 And give him *what shall beat his nectar*.
 Although I must my harp resign,
 (We can't contend with powers divine!)
 Yet, skill'd in wisdom's deepest lore,
 He may these ancient towers explore ;
 O'er Cleveland's lord his mantle spread,
 And beam a glory 'round his head ;
 With Nature's beauties feast his eyes—
 Fancy he's still in Paradise—
 And, when our hunter-train appear,
 May find a fair, Cyrene || here.

NIMROD.

* According to one of the finest passages in all Virgil, Venus appeared to Æneas in the character of a huntress ; but her divinity was betrayed by her elegant dress and graceful carriage.

† Apollo, son to Jupiter, brother to Diana, and said to be leader of the Heavenly choir. Also inventor of the harp ; and, in his character of *Apollo Venator*, presides over the chase.

‡ A celebrated Durham yeoman, and a conspicuous character in the Raby and Lambton Hunts.

§ The Nine Muses, the chief companions of Apollo.

|| A beautiful nymph, passionately fond of hunting, and celebrated in the Loves of Apollo :—

“ Say, shall I lead her to the nuptial bower,
 And grace my bosom with so fair a flower ?”

Apollo to Chiron.

THE BERKLEY HUNT.—A SONG.

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE HUNT DINNER, DEC. 17, 1827.

Tune—"O believe me if all those endearing young charms,"

I will give you a song, if that's all that you crave,
 May I die if I don't do my best ;
 But, believe me, no notion have I of a stave,
 Nor am I with melody blest :
 Yet, among jolly stag-hunters, I'll never be
 The first to make merriment flag :
 So, while I have breath, and you call upon me,
 I'll sing "Hurra ! for hunting the stag!"

And of all the fine stag-hounds of which I could sing,
 The Berkley's the pack for the sport ;
 They are not "The King's," but they're fit for a King,
 And they often run nearer to Court.
 See foremost, in yellow, bright, brighter than gold,
 Rides Gr—tl—y, the pride of his race !
 With M—t—n, and fifty fine fellows as bold,
 As e'er knew the joys of the chase.

When the hounds are laid on, oh ! ye gods, what a crash,
 What bruising and pounding is here !
 See L—e, for a start, like a meteor dash,
 Or a Heaven-shot star from its sphere ;
 Lord Br—d—ll, John L—r, and Ch—ch—r's Earl,
 Go charging the Yedden amain.
 Bold John gets a ducking, the Peer gets a purl,
 But they're up, on, and at it again.

Next W—b—ll, and P—k—r, and all the light weights,
 Thro' the deep go the deuce of a pace ;
 But where'er the stag's taken, you'll see Major B—n
 Is sure to be found in his place.
 Hold hard ! give 'em time ! now again you may ride,
 Each resolving alike to be first ;
 Tho' sixty score seconds your mettle have tried,
 Without any check to the burst.

Now away on to Harrow they fly like the wind,
 Hark ! Gr—tl—y, he cheers them along ;
 How the out-of-condition are lagging behind ;
 To the road the M'Adamites throng.
 But the few, chosen few, of the genuine sort
 Are enjoying the best of it all :
 Tho' the fences are stiff, they but add to the sport,
 For who cares a d—n for a fall !

Sure he cannot hold long—he's beginning to fail—
 They are close at his haunches—'tis o'er ;
 No, he swims the canal, and he tops the park pale,
 He will run for this half hour or more ;
 And the pack, pressing on, are pursuing him still,
 With such desperate bottom and pluck,
 That Gr—tl—y rides harder, from fear they should kill,
 Ere he rescues, this wonderful buck.

When he's taken, they cry (in their ecstasy mad),
 "Why should we to Leicestershire roam,
 "When from Cranford a run such as this can be had,
 "Without going farther from home?"
 Long, long of such runs may the Berkley Hunt boast!
 Of such sport may they long live to brag!
 So I'll fill up a bumper, and give you a toast—
 "The Berkleys," and "Hunting the Stag!"

A FRENCH TOUR—BY PETER PRY.

SIR,

THERE is no path so sure for a man of common genius in which to gain celebrity, nor any one so certain of giving satisfaction to his own mind, as that of following good example. Possessing, as I do, an inherent love of curiosity—born with my life's blood—and having a constant fever of restlessness, I fly about in search of matter and interest, to prevent the heat destroying my corporeal system. From the moment I first introduced myself to your notice, many springs of the stream have been fathomed and brought to flow, and, thank my stars! many more, I trust, have yet to sparkle.

Your great WELL-KNOWN has touched me with his magic wand on this occasion, inspiring an inclination to risk one more effort for fame—by that of taking a Tour; and, like him, tracing its varieties. Fortunately my peregrinations were destined to move over a different soil; casting me into a view of human nature in a different garb, and possessing a world of singularities. I call this good fortune; otherwise I think the skilful hand that awakened the impulse would have as quickly arrested ambition's grasp, and would, beyond all doubt, have alarmed even the daring front of a PIR.

It will be naturally expected,

after this preamble, that I should provide a novel dish for the repast; but it is to be feared it will only be dressed up with fresh sauce, simply a little more *piquant*; for, whatever point of the compass I may talk of, or however out-landish my scenes may appear, they can only be, after all, what many men know, and many have seen—with this possibility, that many do not know.

A run of six hundred miles through France must have given the former, as well as myself, plenty of matter to laugh at, plenty of matter for the Journal, and plenty of matter for the Album. Both of mine are full of incidents and pictures; and I hope an exhibition of a few of them by the pen will add another knot to our intimacy. As to the latter, of the class of ignoramuses, there are hundreds—such, for instance, as Bogtrotters, Ruralists, Rough and Ready's, North-Countrymen, Breeders of Cock-tails, &c. &c., and even the God of Hunters himself, who, perhaps, have never put a foot on a steamer; never travelled a hundred and thirty miles in twelve hours, without whip or spur; never had their stomachs turned inside out with fire and water; never heard of one *commissaire* for your coat, and another for your breeches; of gar-

gone sixty years old; *Alles de chambres* to clean your horses and black your boots; or lanky fellows with pig-tails to make your beds and sweep the rooms; and, last of all, *maîtres d'hôtels* to shew the ladies up stairs:—of a stage coach, with wheels as if borrowed of a bathing-machine, worked by four horses à l'Anglaise; wheelers and leaders in harness of hemp, without a rein to keep their heads up, although a double breeching for their bottoms; one cross-bar lashed to the pole in lieu of a set, and withal only one pair of ribbons, tied to the iron-cheek in the mouths of the leaders, with a branch coupling to their partners; and this rein hanging on a hook by the side of the coacher, who, with a huge flogger in either hand, and a *sacre* and *crack* to help, contrives to keep all straight, in the marvelous speed of twenty-six miles in six hours from Calais to St. Omer's:—of a vehicle termed *diligence*—whether from its activity or from its capaciousness, must be guessed at—cramming and jamming twenty companions; Counts and Marquises in front; *mar-chands*, with *mesdames* and *petites*, in the middle; vagabonds, *militaire* and civil, in the rear; *conducteur* on the top, looking out as a pilot; and a *portier* behind to take up penniless runaways:—of a postilion, with striped linen trousers, in jack cases or jack-boots for the legs, wanting only a jump to get into; jacket, Lancer-like, blue body, red facings, and *fleur-de-lis* buttons in bright brass not scarce; a glazed hat over a white night-cap, just touching the head of a club *bien poudré*; a short pipe in his mouth, and a devilish long whip in the hand—one to compose the mind and relish the

eau de vie every six miles; and the other to work at the three stallions before him, all in a row, with a sly back-hander at the *lady* in hand, besides cracking a tune to make them merry!

Such monstrosities as these the friends I have mentioned may not have seen. To continue this strain would not only too soon fill up your columns, but deprive me of the original thought—to tell you of my adventures. Therefore I shall no farther presume upon the barrenness of my readers, but, like other sportsmen when brought to a check, hark back, and hunt the scent with greater steadiness.

I left home, a few miles west of Hyde Park, in mind willing to be pleased, and tempered to meet the rough and smooth with equal humour. We soon (for I had a companion) reached the River, when the black columns of steam appeared in view; and quickly encountered the perils of a Custom House wherry in the hands of a fellow more anxious for sixpence than safety of life, escaping in wonder to the deck of the Lord Melville. The clock struck eight; and, extraordinary to relate, the sympathetic strokes at night hailed us in Calais harbour, with a safe deposit in the arms of Hotel sharks and *doux-nier* thieves.

There is more than common interest in the run to Calais across the Channel—surrounded by sands, surrounded by lights: the Goodwin with open jaws, the Margate's gaping for prey; you are in ecstasies at the latter, and in awe of the first. The South Light, the North, the Gull, the Goodwin, and, though last not least, the circling symbol on the city tower, create an indescribable astonishment; and having entered the harbour, wel-

comed by the lamp for tide, you step on mother earth again with a grateful heart.

It has some time been a matter of cogitation and surprise with me, what could have given birth to such a novel and general taste for sailing with all our great fox-hunters of late: but when I sat in contemplative mood on the stern of the packet, and beheld the nice judgment and accurate observation of the helmsman; when I heard philosophical remarks upon winds and weather; the most perfect acquaintance with signals on shore, and finger-posts on the water; the utmost patience and perseverance in his anxious avocation; I began to compare these qualifications to those of a sportsman: and when I added to such impressions those arising from the trimming of main sails, studding sails, flying jibs, and sky-scrapers, I became satisfied that a real fox-hunter is a man whose mind is for ever so much alive to acute discrimination in his delightful pursuit, that my surprise vanished; and I felt my heart swell at the thought of the "true bred ones" having turned sailors, and sea-captains having turned Nimrods.

Instead of pursuing the trodden path of modern journalists, in giving a daily record of events, I shall take a bold skip over the country, presenting myself at once on the quay at Bordeaux, after a good rumble of forty-seven hours in the *malle-poste*, leaving Parisian oddities and travelling novel-ties till my return. My sporting readers will not quarrel with me for this dislocated way of recital, because it is for their especial tastes it is adopted. No *Sporting Magazine* lover can live without a page or two of hunting; so I won't

break the charm, but endeavour to raise a laugh at a little of it in France.

The British Consul (too well known to name), his Deputy, and a few more of England's natives, have got a pack of hounds, a hunting lodge, a country, and amongst other appendages a whipper-in, of a breed somewhat peculiar—his sire must have been Dicky Gossip, dam Handy, by Jack-of-all-Work—who talks Gascoigne to the hounds, feeds them when he feeds himself, stews the beef, roasts the *poulet*, lays the cloth, cleans the plate, makes the beds, brushes the hunters, and rubs them down with soft soap to make them shine, but never combs the manes; *sacres* to make them gentle; and puts the bits and irons into water to keep them rusty; carries a bag to put the fox in, *when he dies*; a little tobacco to smoke him out, when he goes to ground; a two-inch pipe, to keep himself warm; and a pocket glass of *eau de vie*, to keep him cool; faces the hounds at full stretch, to turn them to his master, flogging their heads instead of their sterns; cries to *Hemili* for Emily, *Valivanti* for Valiant, and *Vangen* for Vengeance; sets up a *howl* that no letters can spell when he views away, and a devil of a *growl* in lieu of who-hoop; runs mad when they find, cracking a tune with his whip, and singing *too-le-roo, too-le-roo* to the music. A pair of jacks over linen trousers, a *verd* jacket, a *noir* neckcloth, and a hairy face under a traveller's cap, mark him for your own; and on a black naggy, with a tail much longer than his height, and a whip as long as the tail, he scampers away, bringing his friends to the brink of the grave with laughing at him. He is an odd fellow, if

may be truly said ; but an extraordinary clever one. He has a quick eye, as quick an ear, and an intuitive knowledge of a country ; knows where to find *renard* ; can get to hounds when his betters cannot ; to be sure he rides faster than his horse can go—but that's French custom—however, *you cannot lose him* ; dearly loves the front rank ; and when he is master of a few lessons I gave him, will be a *chef-d'œuvre* of whippers.

The establishment is youthful, owing its birth to the taste of a Leicestershire exotic, and brought to life by the aid of the far-famed (may I say ?) Tom Smith—a supply of ten couples of his old hounds changing the place of a few *southern devils*, which my worthy friend and capital sportsman used to amuse himself and his son with upon the wilds of the *Landes*. A view of a fox, in a tempting country first set him a longing ; Smith caught the disorder, and in kind fellowship provided the remedy.

About six miles south-east from the city, the district of the *Landes* commences, running parallel with the ocean to the borders of Spain. It is an immense forest, broken with intermediate plains of great extent : on the edge of the woods there are a few scattered villages, closing the country of vines, the inhabitants subsisting by the management of large flocks of sheep and goats. In one of these, an old chateau has been taken for a hunting barrack, where a kennel has been erected, a stable built, and a kitchen made wholesome. Every Sunday the Club dine here and pass the night, making ready next morning for the field. I spent three of these days there ; and what with the imposing charm of novelty, the winning graces of kind hospitality,

the sporting chat with a true fox-hunter, and the wildness of the situation, being seven hundred miles from home, I was turned quite topsy turvy ; changed my age from sixty to sixteen ; got upon a thoroughbred hunter, *and went first*. An old soldier, an old traveller, a young Cantab, and a few choice spirits with Hibernian buoyancy, could not fail of pricking out a good bill of fare. *Too-le-roo*, the whipper, giving his aid, *tout à fait cap à pie* with bonnet and apron, mixed the herbs for soup St. Julien, watched the *bœuf* for *bouillie*, marked the moment for the *roti*, and basked the crust for the *vol au vent*. The Vice, master of his art, purveyed the vintage ; and we had Margaux and Lafitte in a different dress than when shining in Regent-street or Lincoln's Inn Fields. A bed room, five beds full of guests, with one washing-stand for all, and a cracked mirror, gave no grace to the toilet, and *but very little sleep*. Still the case had its merits ; and, as such a one should do, kicked up plenty of fun. We generally had from five to ten miles to covert ; and as the weather was in *fac-simile* July, we started by break of day, and began to draw as the sun began to shine.

The country is full of foxes, therefore no failure on that head. This district is so singular in its character, and has so many attractive qualities to the eye of a sportsman, that I wonder not at my friend's zeal ; but I fear, to obtain a run of sport, he has a task more burthened than he expects ; his force is weak, the foxes are strong, and there's no end to the space. In comparison, I should say the New Forest bears the nearest resemblance ; but here there are no

bogs, no ruts, no pit-holes, no parks, and no preserves!

We went one day about ten miles across a plain to a wood, I may say, of fifty acres, situate at a much farther distance from any point than our own. The hounds feathered over the heath, and the moment we threw in, found their fox. He took one ring, with every hound close at him, as no doubt it was the first enemy in that shape he ever flew from; and it was rather droll to view him popping over the fern only twenty yards ahead. At length he made a sudden turn, and went away, facing a plain that appeared endless, covered with stunted gorse and broom, but free from any impediment. He took a beautiful circle of nearly six miles, as if it were merely to give us a taste of what one day may happen, a tremendous run; returned home, and went to ground in a head of earths large enough for fifty foxes. The heat was perfectly Oriental, but we had a fair scent, given, I think, entirely by the effects of the brushy ground.

If Mr. Smith should ever read this, he will be pleased to know that Vengeance, Hasty, Emily, and Wanton told a story that did him honour. We wanted twenty couples of hounds instead of ten—and then I think pug would have either died or gone to ground in the Pyrenees.

Imagine, even ye Knights of the Coplow or Shankton Holt, an immense plain, with an intersection of *fine natural* woods from fifty to a hundred acres in extent, with the finest lying, not too strong for either hounds or horses; with sound ground to go over, and at a distance from five to fifteen miles apart; conceive a burst over this, and say not to yourselves, give us

ridge and furrow, ox-fences, deep brooks, and quick bull-finches. I own it would be a greater demand on patience; because I fear no scent over a sandy soil would allow hounds to settle and run before you over-rode them; and then, instead of d—ning one another, which would be justly your due, you would double-shot the oath and fire it at the country.

There is much peculiarity in the *Landes*: they breed no game; they feed but very few birds; a singular stillness reigns throughout their region; herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep and goats, watched by shepherds *on stilts*, are almost the only objects of sight; with here and there a large earth-shed to secure the sheep from wolves. These are natives, and are the chief companions of THE FOXES. *Ladies and gentlemen*—old and young, where inhabitants exist, all move on *stilts*, stumping along with fearless rapidity. In dry weather, the sand is deep; in wet, like hasty pudding. The facility is therefore great for communication with such an aid.

When Bonaparte came through the country from one of his kind visits to Spain, a large party of the peasants attended him as guides or protectors, as well as from curiosity and *affection*, and kept pace with the carriage for a great distance.

The shepherds are mounted very high in this way, having thereby a wider scope over their flocks; and it is said they can more readily see the approach of a wolf.

I enjoyed the most beautiful weather; but I think in the rainy season, with gales of wind, or with sleet and fog, it would require a bold heart to face these wilds, and a sagacious noddle to find your

way over them. Even with an atmosphere clear, you must have a good eye to points, and set the pocket compass when you make the morning start. If my readers should wish to know more of these forests and plains, let them read a story in "*High Ways and Bye Ways*," written by a gentleman long resident in their neighbourhood, and whose powerful pen has admirably described their characteristics.

On our way home we heard of a spot that formed the head of the only rivulet in the country, hid from the view by a clutch of beautiful tall pines. The spring formed a bed of deep rushes, and held a tempting cool kennel for a fox. I hailed the spot in ecstasy, rose in my stirrups, with hat off, and gave an English cheer: a feathering stern, and a whimper were enough. "Wanton! Wanton!" and in an instant more, "Tally ho! Tally ho!" We had a beautiful find. It was then almost mid-day, and the air at sixty—but we had a smart rally down the valley a mile or so, when our fox took the sandy open. He faced a fine distance, but the scent failed; and we had then only to leave the chase to the skill of young Handy, who padded pug to the edge of the forest.

We then turned our heads to the westward, and soon reached the table, where cool claret and delicate ragouts refreshed our toils.

I have endeavored to draw an outline for the observation of sportsmen. It is so remarkable and so inviting, in light and shade, that I boldly invite all travellers of a taste like mine to stretch away

to Bordeaux, get introduced to the hospitality of the Consul, and take a sight of the *Landes*.

The party was a chosen few, but with much variety: not badly mounted; I should rather say well. My kind friend, with whom I domiciled, had three good ones, and I rode a Polish, a French, and an English hunter. The latter failed, and I was driven to seek another. A *fiacre* merchant in the city had an Arabian grey that daily toddled over Bordeaux pavement; I heard of his merits—having been driven only a month before to the races, taken from the coach, entered at the post, beat six others, put again to the pole, and worked home. I found him a fine shaped creature, and that was enough; hired, and rode him twice. Plenty of warning was given to the surgeons to attend a sudden call, but I persevered; and though I found his mouth something like the pole he had left, I ventured to loose him; and if it had so happened that we had been blessed with a burst, he would to a certainty have placed PETER PRY in the records of fame at Tallien*.

Of my little *Warsaw* friend, who looks so hard in my face and neighs so winningly for notice, I must say a word and a half. Fourteen hands high, with body as long as the plains, and back bone as strong as the oaks; pliant pasterns, and short legs, about sixteen inches long, as if laughing at stilts; a taper head on a very thin neck, with sides any thing but round; deep in the brisket, and lever-like in *gaskins*, he skips over furze, twists round the trees, and flies over turf. Had there been a comb

* This is not the first French hackney coach producing an Arabian wonder—the Godolphin was purchased out of one at Paris, for, I believe, about twelve pounds English—the sire of our present best racing blood,

for the tail, and water-brush for the mane, his beauty would have been more glaring; but such as he is, he is unique, and all worthy his celebrated jockey—neither too long, nor too short, with full grown thighs, and rosy health calves, under boots tight at the top, and not too big in the feet, giving air to the knee. The ardour of his mind and the spirit of his nag go hand in hand; and nothing but a bite from a fox or a hound could have given such spunk to both, such as to defy caution or “hold hard.” A cross of blood from the hand now running this race is not likely to check his taste; and though his body and legs be not quite graceful in the field, he has a head, a heart, and a temper that put such deformities aside.

I dare not indulge myself in a description of the field in general; lest from its confined numbers it should become too personal; but I cannot refrain from saying, that I should have been more pleased had English tailors been employed for the hunting dresses of some of the party; then I should not have seen *whites* not reaching the boots, nor the buttons under the hams, a green coat too tight to button, nor flagree buttons upon it.

I was much amused in my first ride to the chateau at the sight of an ingenious curiosity—a very clever method of catching small-birds; one which would make the Spital-fields sportsmen blush, if they had a complexion to shew the hue. About two acres of ground on an old green sward, or heath, is cut into squares by transversed lines, about three inches wide and two deep: in these runs numberless springes are set, either of wire or pack-thread stiffened: the call-birds are placed in small

boughs in different parts of the plant, four or five in a bush; these never fail having plenty of visitors; and in the approach to the inviting chirp they are certain to be caught by the neck or the leg. Thus every bird that alights is sure to be taken, and the catcher of *larks*, as he is called in English, has not to wait for a flight to pitch within range of the folding net, as in *Angleterre*. Hundreds are to be seen fluttering in the toils; and you may purchase as many dozen as you want for the *plate*, always described as larks, though they consist of all characters and sizes, from tom-tit to speckled thrush. However, they all eat well when served with brown gravy and crisp crumbs.

My fingers now begin to tingle for a panoramic touch of Bordeaux *la magnifique*, flashing before my face in the bold imagery as viewed from the telegraph tower—but the want of space, with the fear of satiated readers, prevent the indulgence. However, next month, I shall venture to shew them that I love architecture and effect, as well as my Master, taking especial care that his scholar shall not be accused of running riot. P. P.

JOHN SCOTT,

THE CELEBRATED ENGRAVER.

OUR Readers will regret to learn, that the celebrated engraver, JOHN SCOTT, died on Christmas Eve, after a long and severe affliction, brought on by intense application and study. We may fairly say that he sacrificed himself to his profession; for where shall we find another man so devoted to his art—where find that combination of talent, that power

in execution, that delicacy in finish, and that truth to Nature, so manifest in the productions of this great artist?—Whether we look at his horses, his dogs, or his landscapes, we are equally delighted; for there is so much harmony and vigour throughout his works, that he has left us nothing to wish for.

The plates he engraved for our Magazine—the *Rural Sports, History of the Horse, Sportsman's Cabinet*, and those hunting prints, after Reinagle, fully bear us out in these remarks.

During his life his engravings were held in great estimation, and much sought after by collectors; and his death will add considerable value to those inimitable efforts of his burin.

A RUN WITH THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S HOUNDS.

SIR,

ALLOW me, through the medium of your valuable and interesting Magazine, to describe to your readers a good day's sport with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds. On Wednesday the second of December, they met at Haeford, within a short distance of Stow-on-the-Wold: not finding, they drew a small ash coppice near, and found immediately; but reynard, in trying to break covert, was twice headed, and went to ground in a rabbit burrow in the midst of the hounds, otherwise his death must have been inevitable. We then drew another small covert near Haeford; found immediately; and the fox broke at the top of the covert, and went off at a tremendous pace for about four miles, taking a

circuitous route, and we lost him near to the place where we found him. It being then about one o'clock, we drew a small furze covert, about two acres, called Swell Furze, and the hounds were no sooner thrown in, than reynard was out, and went off in gallant style across the open country, for Sir Charles Cockerell's plantations at Scirmcote (crossing the turnpike road leading from Broadway to Stow); and thence leaving Bourton-on-the-Hill to the left, he went direct for Wolford Wood, a covert belonging to the Warwickshire Hunt: but, on coming to a check, the huntsman made an unfortunate cast, and we lost our fox within a short distance of Moreton-in-Marsh; and although we did not kill him, I never remember a more severe thing in the whole course of my life—the distance from the place of finding to the point where the hounds threw up being nine miles, in thirty-two minutes, over a stone wall country.

Out of a well-mounted field of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred horsemen, there were only two up at the first check (which was but for a moment), and those were, that well-known sportsman, the Rev. Mr. Winniatt, of Temple Guiting, on his chestnut mare, and a young gentleman on a dark brown horse, whom I afterwards understood to be Mr. Woodward, from the neighbourhood of Pershore, in Worcestershire, as I am told, quite a first-rate performer across a country.

By inserting this, you will greatly oblige

*A Subscriber and Friend to
your valuable Magazine.*

January 12, 1828.

GEORGE NELSON.

THIS celebrated North-country jockey, whose portrait we now present to the Sporting World, was born at Masham, near Middleham, in Yorkshire, on the 15th October 1793. He is the eldest of five brothers; and though his parents were in most humble circumstances, they were deservedly respected for the true characteristics which justly entitle the peasantry of this country to the admiration of the whole world; viz. honesty, sobriety, and industry. Coming from such a stock, our readers may be assured George was early placed by his parents at school; and, being most unusually diminutive in person, was intended by them for what is designated a light trade; but a right sort of godfather and good friend (who, if we mistake not, now keeps the inn at Harewood), coming in the way, just when George was about to embark on the wide world, tendered his kind offices to procure the youngster a situation under the celebrated Mr. Samuel King, training groom to Sir Thomas Gascoigne, Bart. who was then pretty strong on the turf.

Yorkshire bred, our readers may be assured the thoughts of turf honours were paramount, in George's mind to all the advantages of trade. In 1807, Mr. King took him under his charge, and, though then fourteen years of age, his weight did not exceed four stone. Being a smart-cocking little hearty, Sir Thomas soon took notice of his young jock, and finding him an intelligent lad, gave him the advantage of a little more education, at the same time keeping him always at exercise on the young ones.

George made rapid improvement under both masters; and Mr. King first put him up in public in 1809 at York, on Rover, carrying 5st. 4lb., four-mile heats, when the young one won cleverly, beating Cardinal York, Paul, and Teazle Evitch. Making so good a beginning, George acquired confidence, and naturally became somewhat ambitious of advancement; but he was under able tuition, who did not push him forward too rapidly. Had he been in a public stable, doubtless his powers might have shone earlier than they did; but, all things considered, "whatever is, is right;" and George is hitherto well satisfied with his lot through life.

In 1810 young Nelson made several starts in Cheshire and Lancashire, his weight even then not greatly exceeding four stone: nor, as he states himself, did he get much heavier for two or three years after.

Sir Thomas dying this year (1810), Mr. King became Prime Minister to Lord Scarbrough's stud, who, duly appreciating Nelson's talent, continued him under his watchful superintendence; and George now got his fair share of public employment in riding light weights, though principally for Lord Scarbrough and the employers of Mr. Joseph Acroyd, a trainer of deserved repute.

The unexpected death of Sir Thomas Gascoigne was a great drawback to Nelson's advancement in his profession; as, in addition to the friendship manifested for him by that excellent sportsman in his early career, Sir Thomas, shortly previous to his death, promised his assistance to bring Nelson's talents into more general notice, which



George Nelson

J. R. Scott

GEORGE NELSON.

1870-1871. 1872-1873.

LOMBARD AND
JOURNAL

doubtless he would have fulfilled had he lived another season.

Straight-forward, steady conduct procured George fresh friends every year, and, except on a *few special occasions*, when superseded by Billy Peirse or Ben Smith (which only lasted for a year or so), Nelson in 1816 became the established jockey of Lord Scarbrough. We should also, however, except old Catton's latter performances, when Mr. King invariably officiated himself.

Lord Scarbrough is now PREMIER with Nelson—Mr. Clifton, we believe, holding office second only to his Lordship.

Like all other great men, GEORGE NELSON owes much of his success to a lucky day or two. Being put on such horses as Lottery, Fleur-de-Lis, and Minna, he could not fail to exhibit to the Sporting World that he possessed talents of no ordinary cast as a jockey—on the two former HE never was beat: and eight times during the year 1824 did George's stout heart and nerveless arm bring the fair and beautiful Minna through the troubles she got engaged in.

His winning the Great St. Ledger on Tarrare, decidedly a worse horse than many in the Stakes, justly entitles George, in our estimation, to as much credit as the blood of Catton for the grand achievement, though we own Mulatto is rather a stalking horse to our position.

Suffice it to say, Nelson, we believe, bears an irreproachable character in every respect; is as universally as deservedly esteemed; and gives general satisfaction to all his employers. This, from our acquaintance of him, we can unreservedly pledge ourselves, that

such has at all times been his constant study.

Both to Nelson and his steady old and first friend, Mr. King, do we heartily wish every success on the turf of this world, and happiness in the next!

A WORD TO NIMROD.

SIR,

AS I know a good deal of the coursing fraternity, an observation in NIMROD's article in your December Number (*see page 138*), strikes me either as an anomaly, or a curiosity of rather an unusual cast: at all events, it is what I never before heard of among my Brethren of the Long Dogs, and seems to confirm his former observations—namely, “that he is *not at home on coursing ground*,” or he is running riot with Tom Hodgson's Vengeance in the church pew.

He regrets “that time would not allow him to accept the obliging invitation given him by Mr. F. Best to see his stud of greyhounds, and to have given your readers some account of the apple-pie order in which they are kept;” and adds, “If, however, this gentleman bestows more than usual pains upon the condition of his dogs, it is on the conviction that it turns to good account; and he may be said to be quite the hero of the North, and equally successful in the South, his bitch Minikin having won the Cup in great style at Louth the other day.” But he concludes his remarks on that subject, by saying, “*Mr. Best, however, is satiated with Cups.*” Mercy on us! Why, I have known many coursers satiated with the excitement produced by running for

Cups, and discontinuing it because they *could not win one*: but this cannot be the case with Mr. Best; for his Madge won him the Cup last season at Louth, as well as Minikin this season. How many more he has won I do not know; but it is reasonable to infer, from what he says, that Mr. Best is satiated with winning *so many* Cups. I cannot take upon me positively to deny the fact; but if ever I travel North for the purpose of viewing the wonders, or rather the lions, in that part of the kingdom, I certainly will endeavour to make South Audley in my route, to see a courser that is *satiated* with winning Cups; for I am sure there is nothing in the North of England, or the South either, that would astonish me more—the lions in the Tower are nothing to it!

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A COURSING AMATEUR.

January 15, 1828.

A RUN WITH LORD ANSON.

SIR,

WHEN your Correspondent, CHARNWOOD, last season favored the public with an account of sport with Lord Anson's hounds, the great Champion of fox-hunting (NIMROD) expressed himself gratified, because he knew the country and the men who hunted in it. When I get each Number of your invaluable publication, I always cut away until I get to NIMROD, knowing that, on whatever subject he writes, I shall experience a high treat. I am therefore prompted by gratitude to endeavour to beguile one of his tedious moments (for such he must have in a frost), by attempting to describe a brilliant run with Lord Anson's hounds.

This beautiful pack of bitches,

and a goodly field of sportsmen, met the 6th of December at Sibson. The morning was immoderately stormy; and, as far as human foresight extended, perfectly inimical to scent and sport; but the result proved how fallible is human judgment. We drew Sibson wolds and Welsborough gorse blank. We then proceeded to Sutton Hambion. At this moment another untoward storm presented itself: the hounds, however, had scarcely been in covert a minute before the electric sound of "Tally-ho! gone away!" were audible; and, thanks to the Fates and Dick Fulshaw's Stentorian lungs, his thundering view halloo was evidently a signal for the clouds to disperse, as we had not another storm during the run. The fox broke covert in the most gallant style; and the halloo above described soon brought the hounds. The moment they were laid on the scent, it was evident we were in for a squeezer; and away they went, with heads up and sterns down, for Bosworth, skirting those coverts to Cadeby, where the hounds and a few forward riders viewed reynard. After the ladies had taken a peep at his *fine brush*, it was plain they were bent upon conquest; the hounds threw up their heads only for a few moments, and up to this time the pace had been a *flying* one. He then made his line for Kirkby, leaving the gorse and the house to the left, as if his next point was Burbage Wood; but the hounds pressed him so hard, that he bore to the right by Stapleton Rough, leaving Stoke and Daddleton to the left, and Higham to the right, for Weddington Wood, which he went through like lightning, and made his next point for Lindley, through both those coverts. In the last of them the

scent was worse than it had been in any part of the run, and a circumstance occurred much to the credit of the hounds. At this moment of difficulty there were hares crossing the scent in all directions; but *the ladies* never either spoke or looked at this more ignoble game. His next point was a circuitous line by Shenton to the Hambion, the place where we found him; but he disdained to seek shelter here, and only skirted one corner of the wood; went away exactly in his old line to Bosworth, through the wood like a shot; and to this point every hound was up, when four couple got upon a fresh fox, which, however, produced no check—the body of the hounds making their point for Cadeby close to their fox. It was now clear that he was about to yield to his gallant pursuers, as he was viewed in every field before the hounds; and at Kirkby, just before he reached the Spinney, they run in to as gallant a fox as ever broke covert. The distance was computed by Mr. Smith, of Sutton, an excellent judge and friend to foxes, to be at least twenty-two miles; run in one hour and forty-five minutes; and during this time nothing occurred which merited the name of a check. The country was awfully deep, and the pace throughout fast in the extreme. I have no doubt it is in the recollection of some of your readers, that it was from this same covert that Colonel Cook had his celebrated run of one hour and five minutes, and killed without a check, some fifteen years ago. I had the good fortune to witness both these runs; and I hesitate not to say they were, beyond all comparison, the two best I ever rode to. My object, Mr. Editor, is not so much to eulogise

any particular sportsman who signalled himself on this glorious day, as it is to pay a just tribute of praise to Lord Anson and his establishment; for his Lordship conducts it with the most princely liberality, and spares neither time nor expense to make it perfect. His set-out altogether is magnificent, and his bitch pack are the very acmé of perfection.

His Lordship's riding is beyond praise; and the influence of his example is very perceptible in his field, for his motto is *occupet extremum scabies*. I need only state one fact in proof of my assertion. A certain gallant Colonel, who has hunted in this country at least forty years, and who was never famed as a crack man, did actually charge a gate the other day; and though there are ill-natured wags, who say it was perfectly unintentional on the part of the gallant Colonel, and give the merit of the affair to the nag alone, yet I maintain that the Colonel is entitled to full credit for it.

In adverting to the men who distinguished themselves in this run, I should be sorry to pluck a laurel from any one, or to interfere with the edition each sportsman has given of the affair to his wife, children, or friends; but justice compels me to say, that Lord Chesterfield had by far the best of it, from first to last. He rode *The Pod* as his first horse; a most superb nag he is too; and the pod went as though he was *well lined with beans*. His second horse, a beautiful thorough-bred one, which he got at Lindley, at a time and in a state that did his servant great credit, went gallantly. Lord Anson was, in his usual style, well up with his hounds. Messrs. Forrester, Biddulph, Bamford, Has-

call, the Rev. C. Wright, and Boltbee, were all conspicuous. Messrs. Forester and Bamford rode without their hats for at least seven miles. Mr. Hassall measured his length upon his mother earth four times during the run, but got up each time, nothing dismayed, and saw more of the run than any other man who had only one horse out. That Waterloo hero, Colonel Wyndham, rode to admiration; and I should think, in the great battle where he so much distinguished himself, was scarcely more warmly engaged than on this day. If I may be allowed to indulge a little more in military phraseology, I should say that this inimitable welter weight represented both the *flying* and *heavy* artillery, bearing every thing before him by his *velocity* and *weight of metal*. Mr. C. Boltbee, Mr. Crockett, and Robert the first whip, were all planted in ditches or brooks at the same time, near enough to each other to hoist signals of distress. After this of course they did not come to time.

Veterinary surgeons were in great request the next morning, so much so that if they had been omnipresent it might have been useful. Two horses died in consequence of this run.

I have this moment heard that these hounds had a fine run on Saturday last. Upon the whole, Lord Anson has had excellent sport throughout the season. Fearing, Mr. Editor, that I have already trespassed too much, allow me to subscribe myself your constant reader and admirer,

A SPORTSMAN.

January 7, 1827.

* * We beg to make our acknowledgments to "A Subscriber" for an account

* A celebrated Leicestershire Yeoman, hunting chiefly with Lord Lonsdale.

of another extraordinary run with these hounds on the 13th of December, detailed in *good sporting lingo*; but our pages are so limited that, much as we could wish it, of necessity we are obliged to omit its insertion.—EDITOR.

FEW LINES FROM NIMROD.

SIR,

I Have very little to say of the past month that can be interesting to my brother sportsmen of the chase. Having lately taken a trip to London, I inquired what had been done in that focus of hunting, Leicestershire. I found there had been nothing much to brag of. Lord Southampton, as I stated before, had made a good start, and killed a great many foxes, with a pretty sprinkling of sport; but, as might be expected with a pack of hounds only lately got together, when the crowd increased, they did not stand being pressed upon like those more accustomed to it; and although I had two beautiful runs described to me by an eye-witness, there did not appear to have been what we call a succession of sport. I was sorry to hear that hard and good rider Mr. Thomlin* has had a very severe fall, and that his life has been despaired of.

I also heard something of the late worthy master of Leicestershire, Mr. Osbaldeston. As might be expected with such a pack of hounds as his, in a country where they have room to distinguish themselves, and free from the various interruptions to which those that hunt the Quorn country must always be more or less subject, their sport has been brilliant, and I believe allowed quite to out-do that of any other pack. I was told they had had twenty-

three good runs in succession ; and in all, upwards of forty good days' sport out of fifty ! I was also informed that Mr. O. is much pleased with his country, and says that if it were better furnished with coverts, he would not desire a change. These hounds killed twenty brace of foxes in the woodlands, before hunting in the open began.

Sir Thomas Mestyn's pack have, I hear, had one of those fine runs over their best country which only happens now and then in any—flooring all the horses, save a very select few.

Lord Cleveland's hounds have also had a trimming day in their Bedale country. I understand, from pretty good authority, that his Lordship has had very good sport, which I much rejoice to hear.

I find that accomplished sportsman, Lord Jersey, has been out with the Vine hounds, a pack in my own immediate neighbourhood. I should like to know what his Lordship thought of the gooseberry-bush looking fences about Frefolk wood—which, I understand, was the fixture—after the raspers he has been all his life accustomed to. I was, however, happy to hear Mr. Fellowes say his attention was attracted to one of the young hounds, Villager, and that he had nearly echoed my words to Mr. F. when I first saw him—namely, that he was *the sort of hound fit for any country*, and all countries. He is by Mr. Warde's Vandal, out of (I believe) their Ladybird.

I had the great pleasure of relating this anecdote to Mr. Warde yesterday in London, who has expressed himself gratified by the notice taken of his blood by so

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esteemed a judge as Lord Jersey. This nonpareil sportsman (Mr. Warde—and I am sure my readers will hear it with pleasure) is looking quite fresh and well, and going to hunt in the Craven country. On my telling him I heard there was a probability of a country becoming vacant, he replied, "I know it ; and although I am seventy-eight years old next birthday, I'll give a thousand guineas for half my old pack back again, and hunt it, if they will give me 1500l. a-year towards expenses."

I must not omit stating that Mr. Thomas Asheton Smith has had, what a very good sportsman who hunts with him terms, "splendid sport, killing five times out of seven, and all chase foxes." This shews that even so bad a country as his is no bar to sport with a good pack of hounds, and a sportsman at their head, *ready to correct a fault when he sees it.*

A letter I received the other day informed me of a curious, but fatal accident that happened to a very good mare Mr. Dowbiggin was riding with the Holderness hounds. One of her hinder legs became entangled in a loose bush, which she unfortunately trailed after her ; and kicking at it to release herself, *she forced the point of it into her bowels, and was dead in twenty-four hours.* Had Mr. D. dismounted immediately on finding the bush was fast to the mare's legs, the result would have been avoided ; but who could have foreseen it ? It has happened to us all a hundred times, and I only relate this as a caution.

As if I had not avocations enough, I generally wade through two London papers in the course of the twenty-four hours—one of them the *Morning Herald*, no bad

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day's work for little better than a one-eyed one. I was, however, well paid for my trouble a short time since, by seeing a paragraph in the *Herald* on the subject of steam-coaches, which I think sets that matter at rest. "Who," says the writer, "would like to ride from London to Bath on the apex of a chimney?" No more need be said. Now let it not be thought that I am a friend to monopoly in any way; but I do hope we shall never see vehicles of this description on the road. Steam engines are all very well in Birmingham or Sheffield, or any other manufacturing town; but, for Heaven's sake, let not the fair face of our country be deformed by them, nor let us be meeting Birmingham and Sheffield at every turn!

NIMROD.

January 22, 1828.

THE CLAIMS OF THE SPORTING MAGAZINE TO THE PATRONAGE OF THE SPORTING WORLD.

SIR,

HEAVY as are the calamities we are doomed to suffer in our journey through this life, the sweet is so equally mixed with the bitter, that we have as many calls for thankfulness to a kind Providence, as for submission to its severer decrees. The mournful event announced in the opening article of your January Number could not fail to awaken the sympathy of all your readers: but they must also rejoice in the promises of support so promptly given by the ablest portion of your coadjutors; both from their wishes for the prosperity of the work itself, and the interest they take in the family of a person, who, as its past Editor, contributed so liberally

to their enjoyment. The change which has brought you to the new task of presiding over its details has induced me also to take up my pen for the first time; and I hope my communication will be received with indulgence, as it will not trespass very long on the patience of your readers.

If there is any gentleman, who thinks that the chief use of the *Sporting Magazine* is to while away an idle hour, allow me to tell him, without going beyond the limits of good breeding, that he was never more mistaken. It no doubt embraces within its range a number of objects calculated to please readers of every taste, and to impart the charm of variety throughout its pages; but its leading design has ever been to spread abroad, wherever it went, the best information relative to the horse and the dog, in all their varieties; with the several ways in which they minister to the wants or pleasures of man, on the turf, the road, or the field.

Accordingly, the aim of its late Editor was to make it the vehicle of articles written by individuals experimentally acquainted with all these topics.

It is the best test of the excellence of the system he acted upon, as well as of the means by which he followed it up, that it is decidedly at the head of all works of a similar kind; and, though a different hand be now employed to pursue the object, I doubt not that the same spirit will continue to guide it for the time to come.

Mr. Pittman, in a note to his correspondents, written in 1826, very justly observes, that the communications he was enabled to lay before the world were not to be purchased at any price—alluding

to the scientific information upon all manner of sporting subjects furnished by gentlemen well qualified for the undertaking, and whose rank raised them above any other reward than the applauses of those who enjoyed the benefit of their labours. He could not allude to mere food for curiosity; for that is supplied in profusion by the daily press: nor to elegant literature merely; for we have ample purveyors of that in the tasteful brotherhood of the *New Monthly*: nor to displays of skill in the magic art of composition; for these are to be seen in perfection among the intellectual gladiators of *Blackwood*. No: his ambition was to be in the *Sporting World* what others are in the *Political* or the *World of Letters*; and, while the same embellishments which they lavish upon their themes are equally appropriate to his, he never forgot, that the communication of useful knowledge in his own department was the grand thing needful—reducing to practice the finest maxim ever delivered by the Poet—

“Scribendi recte sapere est principium et fons.”

Let me not be understood, however, as if I meant to insinuate, that in the ornaments of style the *Sporting Magazine*, as hitherto conducted, must yield the palm to the other periodicals of the day.

In the distinguishing features of a well-executed Journal, it need not fear a competition with the best of them; and one advantage it possesses over all—inasmuch as a great portion of it is written with an ease and a delicacy, which point out, as clearly as personal manners can do, the authors to be, in the highest sense of the word, gentlemen.

One example among a hundred

will be found in the account given by SOUTHRON of the last Doncaster races; which could have come only from one accustomed to move in, and, I may add, fitted to adorn, the higher circles of life.

In alluding to those whose valuable aid you rely upon for the future, you have enumerated a list of names, at whose feet the whole body of your readers must be willing to sit for instruction. I could greatly add to it.—Your articles are replete with practical matter, which form the glory of your work, Mr. Editor. Prize them, I beseech you, as the gold of Ophir; for I write not in my own name only, but in that of hundreds of this my present Northern Residence.

In truth, whatever be the topic selected—whether anecdote, description, or narrative; be it a run with hounds, a stroll by the river side, or the adventures of a race course, you convince us there is no lack of opportunity for blending wisdom with wit, and throwing light upon all the subjects that lie within the scope of your publication.

Amusement for the idle can easily be procured from many quarters; but it is only by your columns that we can be taught to follow upon just principles the pursuits that are peculiar to the sportsman.

To this high mark, Mr. Editor, do you lift up your aspirations; and then, your Periodical will furnish a repast, to be looked forward to with new relish every revolving month—teeming with productions, whose interest does not depend on the passing moment, but, like generous wine, will preserve, and even improve in flavour, as time flows along.

DE AYRE.

N. B. January 12, 1828.

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SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Chase.

AN elegant dinner was given at the Crown Hotel, Blandford, on the 9th inst. by the Members of his Hunt, to J. J. Farquharson, Esq. Earl Digby in the chair.—Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which the health of the worthy master of the pack was drunk. In returning thanks, Mr. F. said he had hunted Dorsetshire and the adjoining counties twenty-one years. Ben Jennyns, and the two whippers-in, for whom a handsome dinner was also provided, were introduced to drink their worthy master's health, which they did in Champagne, from a massive silver goblet in the shape of a fox's head, presented to the huntsman (Mr. Jennyns) by J. J. Smith, Esq. son of Sir J. Smith. Nearly sixty of the "white collars" in their new uniforms, and about twenty other visitors, surrounding the festive board, which literally *groaned* beneath turtle and venison, and *reeled* beneath every wine that could be procured, was a splendid, and must have been to Mr. Farquharson a most gratifying sight. We observed, among others of the highest respectability too numerous to name, Earl Digby, Hon. J. Winkfield, E. B. Portman, M.P., W. Wyndham, M.P. Sir G. Baker, Sir W. Medlicott, Colonels Kean, Chatterton, Wallace, Shirley, and Stewart, Capt. Ryves, Major Portman, R. Pleydel, J. Smith, Thomson Jacob, G. Loftus, Kemys Tynte, T. Grove, J. Phelps, W. Hanham, C. Radcliffe, Revs. H. F. Yeatman, J. Bastard, W. Butler, &c. &c. The meeting did not separate till a late hour, the utmost harmony and conviviality prevailing throughout the evening. In popularity Mr. Farquharson stands unrivalled, being beloved and respected by all classes. In whatever point of view his public or private character may be regarded, it will appear equally amiable and meritorious; and happy indeed would it be

for the county of Dorset were there more like him.—*Blandford, Jan. 14.*

During Prince Miguel's recent visit to His Majesty at Windsor, the Royal hounds were ordered out, to give him an opportunity of witnessing an English chase; and it was gratifying to a brilliant field, with Lord Maryborough and his illustrious brother (the Duke of Wellington) at their head, that His Royal Highness shewed himself worthy of sharing the field with British sportsmen. The day (January 1) was excessively unpropitious; notwithstanding which the concourse of spectators, both horse and foot, exceeded in number any former assemblage, except perhaps during the visit of the Allied Sovereigns in 1814. The stag was turned out at Farnham Royal, and was taken below Datchet, after a sharp brush of about forty minutes. His Highness, habited like an English fox-hunter, in scarlet, seemed highly delighted with the day's sport.

We have heard a report that Lord Petre gives up his country at the close of the present season, but sincerely hope it is unfounded, as his Lordship does the thing in first-rate style, and he will be a great loss to Essex.

Sir Clifford Constable is doing the thing in prime style in Staffordshire, where his recently formed, but excellent, stag hounds are having some capital runs. The turn out is admirable—the servants, a huntsman, and two whips, together with their liberal and spirited master, being arrayed, like sportsmen of yore, in "Lincoln green."

The Suffolk hounds, under the able direction of Mr. Mure, have had some capital sport, with large fields. This Gentleman has publicly declared, that he is ready to make ample compensation for any losses that may be sustained through his hounds.

A gentleman of the name of Grove has commenced hunting Cranbourne Chase, with sixteen couple and a half of hounds. A gallant run of two

hours and thirty-five minutes, when every hound was in at the death, is no bad sample of what this pack can do.

Lord Kelburne's hounds have had excellent sport in the Hamilton country.

Earl Ferrers has allowed Mr. Meynell to hunt his coverts. Chartley has afforded some gallant foxes; and the health of the Noble owner has been often drunk with that of the worthy proprietor of the park.

Some gallant and extraordinary runs have occurred since our last publication, a few of which we shall proceed to detail.

On Monday the 21st January, the Quorn hounds had a capital run of eighteen miles from point to point, but, considering the turns, the length of the run may fairly be estimated at thirty-five miles—in two hours and seventeen minutes.—Out of one hundred and fifty sportsmen who started, only twelve saw the end; viz. Messrs. Marr, Maxse, Martin, Dison, and Gilbert, Dick the Huntsman, one whipper-in, Messrs. Clarke, Parr, and Smith, farmers, a gentleman from Leicester, and one from Loughborough. The hounds did their work in grand style, and were ably hunted by Dick.

The Cumberland have had some brilliant runs, and one particularly severe, with as gallant a fox as ever broke covert. Eight-and-twenty miles at a good pace made a long string of red coats, who, though numerous at starting, dwindled to three with the huntsman, who had the satisfaction of getting "to the far end," at five in the evening. Every horse was dead beat.

Mr. Conyers' hounds had a hard day on the 24th December. After trying Broomfield Hall Wood, without a challenge, they proceeded to Screens Wood, where a gallant fox led them to Garnish Hall, Rows Wood, and Leaden Hall Wood. Here reynard is suspected to have shifted the weight from his own shoulders, on to one, however, equally capable of leading the pack. The Aythorp Roothing country was passed through,

and after a variety of twistings and turnings, a select few found themselves at Much Hadham in Hertfordshire. The chase had continued, with but few checks, from twelve o'clock until nearly five, and the light having become somewhat obscure, it was thought best to call off the hounds. Several of those up at the conclusion of this long chase were necessarily obliged to postpone their return home till the morrow.

A large field of sportsmen met the Sinnington on New Year's Day, but many a steed was housed before the end of one of the most severe runs in the annals of hunting. The chase lasted six hours and a half, without ten minutes check the whole time, and the distance was computed at fifty miles. A favored few only saw the end; and they were, Mr. John Abbey, R. Hill, Esq. Mr. C. Dowker, John Booth, and George Brown (the huntsman), who was first up at the death.

The Turf.

The Turf will receive additional lustre this year from the number of His Majesty's horses entered to run at the various Meetings. The two best horses of the Royal stud are entered at Oxford this year for the Gold Cup; viz. Leviathan, and Fleur-de-lis.

Arrangements are making for a racing meeting at Stamford in the spring, as well as in the autumn; and it is believed that the meeting usually held in Exton Park will be transferred to the Stamford course.

The Nominations for the Doncaster St. Leger are as follow:—

Mr. Bower's b. f. Lady Vane, by Reveller, dam by Waxy
Mr. Bradshaw's b. c. Splinter Bar, by Blacklock—Wizard
Mr. Riddell's b. c. Rector, by Dr. Syntax, dam by Ardrossan
Mr. Riddell's br. c. Ben Lomond, by Blacklock, out of Caccia Piatti's dam
Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. Master Burke, by Phantom—Oceana
Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. Harlequin, by Cervantes, out of Flora
Lord Scarbrough's b. c. by Cotton, dam by Sir David

Mr. Dowbiggin's b. c. Navarino, by Whisker, Sister to Shuttle
 Sir W. Wynne's ch. c. Stapely, by Ambo, dam by King Bladud
 Duke of Leeds's br. c. Henry Aselby, by Blacklock, dam by Smolensko
 Lord Kelburne's br. c. by Reveller, out of Hell Cat
 Lord Kennedy's br. c. Broadsword, by Whisker—Castrella
 Mr. Fletcher's br. c. by Blacklock, out of Arabella
 Lord Milton's b. f. Ballad Singer, by Tramp—Clinkerina
 Lord Milton's ch. f. Slut, by Tramp, out of Ursula
 Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. f. Mariqueta, by Cervantes
 Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. c. Commandant, by Amadis, out of Governante
 Mr. Claridge's br. c. Cornaro, by Berlin, dam by Bustard
 Mr. Humphrey's b. c. by Reveller, out of Ashton's dam
 Mr. Petre's ch. c. The Colonel, by Whisker
 Mr. Petre's br. m. Emmelina, by Blacklock, out of Agatha
 Lord Morpeth's b. c. Stapleton, by Magistrate—Matilda's dam
 Mr. Petre's b. f. Delphini, by Whisker
 Mr. J. Scott's ch. f. Emeralds, Sister to Granby
 Mr. G. Peters's gr. c. The Abbot, by Oiscan
 Mr. Foulis's b. c. Philistine, by Filho da Puta
 Mr. Armitage's ch. c. Velocipede, by Blacklock
 Mr. Wormald's b. c. Picturesque, by Doctor Syntax, out of Nonplus's dam
 Mr. W. Scott's b. c. Nimrod, by Phantom, dam by Sir Solomon—Attraction
 Mr. Broadhead's gr. c. by Viscount, dam by Haphazard—Web
 Mr. Darnell's ch. c. Gameboy, by Octavian
 Mr. Darnell's br. c. Billy Messenger, by Waverley
 Mr. Crompton's ch. c. by Whisker, out of Marion
 Mr. Watt's b. c. Coulon, by Whisker, out of Miss Cranfield
 Mr. Watt's b. f. Memphis, Sister to Memnon, by Whisker
 Major Yarrow's br. f. Belinda, own Sister to Laurel
 Mr. Gascoigne's ch. c. by Blacklock, out of Louisa
 Mr. Gascoigne's b. f. by Tramp, out of Cora
 Mr. Gully's b. c. by Sir Walton, dam by Prime Minister
 Mr. F. Lumley's gr. f. by Macduff, out of Merlin's dam
 Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Terror, by Magistrate—Torelli

Mr. Kaye's b. c. by Whisker, dam by Bay Trophonius
 Mr. Clifton's ch. f. Delightful, by Mozart, dam by Leopold
 Mr. Wilson's b. c. Brother to The Juggler
 Mr. Wortley's b. c. by Whisker, out of Calypso
 Sir M. W. Ridley's gr. c. Duncan Grey, by Grey Walton, out of Lucifer's dam
 Col. King's br. f. Bessy Bedlam, by Filho da Puta
 Mr. J. Marson's br. f. Bessy Bedlam, by Filho da Puta
 Mr. Horner's ch. f. Dairy Maid (late Redlock), by Blacklock—Scancataldi
 Mr. Hill's br. c. by Young Filho da Puta, out of Ivica, by St. George
 Mr. Metcalfe's b. c. Economist, by Whisker—Floranthe
 Mr. Peirse's br. f. Sarah, Sister to Swim, by Whisker
 Mr. Hopkinson's b. f. Eliza, by Filho da Puta—Vermin
 Mr. Weatherill's ch. f. by Whisker, out of Sister to Duport
 Mr. Armitage's b. f. The Nun, by Blacklock
 Mr. Gully's ch. c. by Blacklock, dam by Timothy
 Mr. Marson's b. c. by Filho da Puta, dam by Cervantes
 Mr. Nowell's b. c. by Walton, dam by Election, out of Fair Helen
 Mr. Coleman's b. c. Duke Humphrey, by Whalebone, dam by Comus
 Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. Merchant, by Merlin
 Mr. Thornhill's br. c. Mariner, by Merlin, out of Goosander
 Mr. Thornhill's b. c. Magnet, by Merlin, out of Shoveler
 Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. by Blacklock, out of Lunacy's dam
 Mr. Udny's bl. or gr. f. by Reveller, out of Lisette
 Mr. B. Bond's b. c. Mercury, by Merlin, out of Seamew
 Mr. Theakston's b. c. Jour des Noces, by Blacklock, dam by Governor
 Mr. Beardsworth's bl. f. L'Estelle, by Whalebone
 Sir T. Mostyn's ch. c. Ultimatum, by Teniers—Mrs. Suggs
 Sir T. Mostyn's br. c. by Magistrate, out of own Sister to Luss
 Mr. Clifton's br. c. Poor Fellow, by Blacklock, out of Tramp's dam
 Mr. R. Benson's br. c. Alcastor, by Filho da Puta
 Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. Herbert Lacy, by Sir Oliver, dam by Fitzjames, out of Maid of Lorn
 Mr. Heathcote's b. c. Scipio, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Syntax
 Mr. Yates's b. c. Frederick, by Filho da Puta, out of Lady of the Lake

Mr. Payne's ch. c. by Walton, out of Johanna Southcote

Mr. Payne's br. c. by Moses, out of Grammie

Lord Queensberry's b. f. by Orville, out of Canvas

Lord Surrey's ch. c. by Blacklock, out of Finesse

Lord Grosvenor's b. c. Navarino, by Blacklock, out of Mavrocordato's dam

Mr. Wyvill's bl. c. own Brother to Springkell

Lord Anson's b. f. by Filho da Puta, out of Elizabeth

Mr. Mytton's b. c. Halston, by Banker

Colonel King seems determined that his mare Bessy Bedlam shall run for the Leger; for he has not only named her himself, but entered her in his trainer's name—thus incontestably proving his passion for the turf. Should the venerable Colonel go to earth before the race comes off, she will still (if well) be sure to fulfil his positive determination, that no money shall purchase her, and she shall have a shy for the Stakes.

Courseing.

Cardington—Two Silver Cups were run for, and the great stakes, a beautifully chased Cup holding a pint and a half, were won by Mr. Green's blk. d. Sweep beating Mr. Purser's brin. b. Pigeon. For the Puppy Stakes considerable altercation took place; and as the parties could not come to any amicable adjustment of their differences, it was determined that the Cup should be sold, and the proceeds given to the keeper; a decision that seemed to give general satisfaction, from the good conduct he has ever evinced at their meetings. The dispute was briefly this: It lay between Mr. Cotton's Barefoot and Mr. Purser's Pirate, when, after a very long run, the umpires did not agree. Mr. C. was willing to run again the same day; but from the two tremendous runs Mr. P.'s dog had had (it having previously beat Mr. Edward's Hotspur), it would have been not only imprudent, but cruel, to let him have started again. Though it might appear it ought to have been decided at that time, it is but right to remark, that almost all the resolutions had been swerved from; so, if one of them was allowed to be broken, the ques-

tion naturally arose why not break another? Mr. P. offered to run Mr. C. the following week for the value of the Cup, or any other amount he thought proper, which challenge the latter gentleman refused to accept.—The sport throughout this meeting was excellent.

East Ilsley.—On the first day ten courses were run, which came off as follows:—Mr. Cripps's Swift beat Mr. Duckworth's Warrior; Mr. West's Winnifred beat Mr. Burden's Brandy; Mr. W. Ilsley's Wasp beat Mr. J. Burden's Batch; Mr. P. White's Patch beat Mr. Tyrrel's Champion; Mr. Deere's Driver beat Mr. Hammon's Huntingdon; Mr. W. Ilsley's Wasp beat Mr. James's Juno; Mr. Hammon's Huntingdon beat Mr. Deere's Driver; Mr. Cripps's Swift beat Mr. Palmer's Patch; Mr. Burden's Brandy beat Mr. Cowdrey's Caroline; and Mr. Jackson's Jessima beat Mr. Southby's Lynx.—On the second day seven brace of greyhounds contended, with the following results:—Mr. Burden's Baker beat Mr. West's Whipcord; Mr. W. Ilsley's Welsh Harp beat Mr. West's Blewberry; Mr. Cowdrey's Cowslip beat Mr. Burden's Brisk; Mr. Adam's Allright beat Mr. James's Juniper; Mr. West's Why-not beat Mr. Cripps's Careful; Mr. Adams's Harrold beat Mr. Cowdrey's blk. b.; Mr. Cripps's Come-again beat Mr. Burden's Batch. Although the dogs were selected from Berks, Wilts, and Oxon, several of the hares went home without a turn. The weather was bad, and the company thin.

Caistor.—The long-talked-of match between the greyhounds of Messrs. Wells and Wright did not come on on Tuesday, Jan. 15, in consequence of the non-attendance of Mr. Wright. The assembled field received some compensation from an extraordinary course been Captain Cooke's blk. d. and Captain Johnson's brin. d. They caught the hare, but were unable to kill her—the hare and both greyhounds lying panting on the ground when the horsemen came up.

Andoversford.—The Cup was won by Mr. Gearsley's Willing beating Mr. Bult's Beauty; the Sandywell

Stakes, by Mr. Lambert's Lumber beating Mr. Avery's Osman; the Hampen Stakes, by Mr. Bult's Nettle beating Mr. Beckett's Spring; the Andoversford Puppy Stakes, first class, by Mr. Smith's Zuleek; the second class by Mr. Smith's Sylph; the Ship-ton Stakes by Mr. Avery's Jesse. The Southampton Stakes were divided between Mr. Bult's Fly and Mr. Cook's Pigeon; and the Brock-hampton Stakes, by Mr. Bartley's Cornus and Mr. Bamford's Belle.

NATURAL HISTORY.

James Harris, Esq. of Goddington, Kent, lord of the manor, caught last year three young partridges, which were brought up by his daughters. They were turned among the poultry in the farm-yard, when two flew away: the other still remains completely domesticated, and roosts every night with the turkeys.

Sheppard, the Yorkshire pedestrian, for a wager of twenty guineas, undertook, on the 14th January, to run to Rumford and back, from Leadenhall Market, in three hours; which he accomplished in two hours and forty-five minutes, winning the match by a quarter of an hour. On his arrival at Josh Hudson's he was extremely exhausted.

PEDESTRIANISM.

A foot-race extraordinary, of ten

rods (which had been pending some time), took place at Canterbury, on New Year's Day, for a bushel of beer, between — Stubbles, aged 81, and — Dixon, aged 81, which was won by the former, beating his opponent half a rod, to the great amusement of the by-standers. The winner was forty years earth-stopper to Sir Henry Oxenden, Bart., and is now as upright as a dart.

Extraordinary Performance.—On the 21st of January, a gentleman named Coates undertook for a wager of 25l. to row once under, and run twice over, five different bridges, and afterwards proceed to St. James's Park, and run round the new iron railing, the whole within an hour. The pedestrian at about half-past two made his appearance at London Bridge, accompanied by an immense throng, and commenced his work by running twice over it; he then rowed under, and proceeded to Southwark, Blackfriars, Waterloo, and Westminster bridges, running over twice, and rowing under once, each of those bridges. From Westminster Bridge he proceeded to St. James's Park, and concluded his great undertaking by running round the railings in less than seven minutes, and winning the match in eleven seconds within the hour.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To "De Ayre" our best thanks. He must pardon our having so greatly curtailed his flattering communication. The present Editor, with thankful acknowledgments, avows his obligation, and will do his best endeavours, in the future conduct of the Work, to pursue his task with equal zeal to its success, and in the hope of making it acceptable in all Sporting circles.

The letter of "A Friend to Sports," respecting the Connock harriers, is well entitled to a place; but our pages are so limited, we cannot this month give it insertion.

To our old friend, Mr. John Lawrence, we must make the same apology. His article "On Road Accidents, and other Topics," shall appear at no distant day.

To "A Breeder of Stock in all its Branches," our best acknowledgments. If it can be managed to publish his plan of Sheds for Mares and Stock in our Work, it shall be done. The Editor means to adopt it in his own small breeding establishment.

"Tally O" if possible in our next.

"A Ruralist," declines giving Mr. Smith his address—he however trusts that any thing he has written respecting Mr. Smith's hounds has not given offence, as "R." had no intention to hurt the feelings of any gentleman.

"X." begs (through us) to return his best acknowledgments to Peter Pry for his kind communication respecting Wild-fowl shooting.

Want of room obliges us to postpone "List of Stallions" for the ensuing season till our next.

Mr. Knight's second letter on "Cricket"—"A Looker-on"—"The Yeoman"—"Memoranda Cantabrigiensis"—"A Southren in Edinburgh"—"Old Snowball"—and "Hawthorn," shall most certainly appear in our next.

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Embellished with,

- I. BADGER BAITING, from a Painting by MARSHALL, Jun.
II. Portrait of MR. S. CHIFNEY, the Jockey.

BADGER BAITING.

THIS Print is engraved by Woodman, from a painting by the younger Marshall, which certainly does him great credit, as indeed it would to any artist of much older standing. The arrangement of the whole is in good keeping, and the leading figure is very characteristic. We understand he was selected by the young artist, from the notoriety of his character, to give effect to the scene.

OTTER HUNTING.

SIR,
I Have just finished BOB RAMBLE in your last Number, and sit down pen in hand, and in a

terrible hurry, to hope, beg, pray, and beseech that he will not publish any recipe, trap, or other instrument of destruction, that may be employed to destroy or drive away the OTTER. The Otter is a beast of chase, and affords the greatest amusement to those who are fond of that very very violent diversion, called hunting. I will give you a brief description of an otter hunt.

In the month of May we arrive at the river side. The hounds take up a trail and carry it along, merrily dashing over the rocks, and swimming through the deep pools, and oftentimes, particularly if the otter's night ramble has been up stream, going for miles over the dry land at a good pace. Then we

hear a challenge, a sort of fierce baying tone of defiance. The vermin is found, the terriers rush into hisholt under some bank, and battle ensues. After having very freely administered the pepper box to the ears and eyes, and sadly disfigured the countenances of his adversaries, he appears under water like a long black fish. The heugase, heugase (the view screech of the otter-hunter) is heard poured forth with joyful yell; in dash the bipeds; then hounds, terriers—all scrambling together. "There he goes down," or "there he goes up"—"bubble a vent—halloo, halloo, halloo!"—they cry: all are filled with joy; with a joy, alas! too violent for this enlightened age, when fishing and *faisans* is the go. Well, here goes: I left my friends up to their necks in the stream, and over head and ears in pleasure. At last, after royal fun for three hours, the otter swims with his pretty face above water, the terriers seize him, and he dies like a varmint-hardened gladiator, inflicting wounds on his enemies with his last gasp.

We whose dispositions tend to violent diversions prefer this sort of fun to that of the fisher, who stands whipping the water and torturing the beautiful trout, his brain mayhap teeming with lonely thoughts—his soul rapt in prayer, or doing....but enough! I shall never be up to his gossip. Yet, Mr. RAMBLE, if you publish your otter trap, I will tell the good people how to spear a salmon, tickle a trout, halter a jack, and, and, and many other fishing tricks and manœuvres that many would be too happy to know. We have had enough of traps.

PARLE I meant to have gone on with my journal, as you served up to the public my dish of *toujours perdrix*, as he calls it. But

you planted three such terrible fences in the shape of V V V styles at the bottom of that unfortunate paper, that he, poor timid fellow! shut up his stable, and fled; nor have I at present any thing fit to face such whackers: but should any thing brilliant occur, I will have a shy at your three V V V's, and hope to get over them without breaking my neck, or damaging any innocent fisher who may be enjoying his solitary delight under their shade.

I am, Mr. Editor, and mean to be, your mild, meek, and melle-mouthed friend,

WESTERN ALOPEX.

M M M look more like a passable fence than V V V.

Devonshire, February 6.

A DAY'S HUNTING IN THE VALE OF WHITE HORSE.

SIR,

ON Thursday, the 7th of February, I was one of a field of nearly a hundred, who met at Stanford, to enjoy a day's sport with Lord Kintore's hounds, which have hunted the Vale of Wilts and Berks during the present season. The morning seemed propitious, the hounds looked gay, the country a grass vale, and all united to inspire with hope and expectation a lover of the noble science of fox-hunting. I could not help admiring the condition of the pack—light and airy, yet with substance to get over the difficulties of the Vale in which they were placed. They drew their first covert, Kingston Spinney, without finding, and proceeded towards Uffington Wood, but before they reached it a fox jumped out of a small spinney, and, turning his head towards the Vale, seemed determined to give his pursuers a taste of the difficulties of

his native country. He went away by Uffington village over the meadows towards Charlow, and after a ring of fifty minutes, without a check, succeeded in making good his point to Uffington Wood. Here some difficulties arose from the endeavours of the wily animal to baffle the hounds. It was evident he had left the wood, but nothing could be made of him beyond it. At last he jumped up in a ploughed field, went back through the wood, sank into the Vale, through Uffington Common, crossed the canal over the brook to Rosey, by Fearnham, and little Coxwell, and succeeded in gaining the Coxwell Woods. Here he was supposed to be safe; but the gallant pack would not be defeated; and poor reynard was obliged to give up his life, after a second run of an hour and ten minutes over a beautiful but severe country. Of the field of nearly a hundred who began the day, there were present at the death only Lord Kintore, one of his whippers, Messrs. Mills, Barker, and one or two other gentlemen. In conclusion, we may say with Shakespeare,

— "Such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won"
has seldom been witnessed. The number of beaten horses was of course great, and some it is to be feared have seen their last day's sport. In the first run amongst the gentlemen at head, were Lord Kintore, Messrs. Douglas, Bunce, &c. In the second chase, his Lordship, Messrs. Mills, Codrington, Barker, &c. were well carried till nearly the end of the day. One word to the noble huntsman of this pack, and I have done. Let him not try his horse's speed against every puny whipster. His Lordship has the conduct and disposition of his hounds to attend to. It

is not for a General to expose his life against every common trooper: neither in casting, or going from covert to covert, should more be taken out of hounds than can be avoided—upon their pluck and spirit depends the event of a hard day. With a little more consideration for himself and his pack, the Earl of Kintore will rank amongst the first gentlemen huntsmen of the present day.

VENATOR.

ANGLING EXCURSION IN NORTH WALES.

(Continued from p. 253 of last Number.)

ON Sunday morning, at seven o'clock, we set out, accoutred in the manner already described, on our tour into Wales; and as our walk the first day presented but little interest to the sportsman, we shall pass at once to the little village of Llanerfyl, Montgomeryshire, distant from Shrewsbury about thirty-two miles, where we arrived about ten o'clock, and found at the Cross Foxes a warm welcome, and a clean, fragrant, comfortable bed. As one of the objects of this narrative is to afford useful information to such of our readers as may be induced to follow our example, and go thus into Wales, we must mention that our night's lodging, a glass of excellent brandy and water, and a delicious breakfast, at this little hostelry, cost us each half a crown; and this included a shilling to the servant, who had not often received so liberal a douceur. The reader will observe that no charge is ever made for bed in the retired Welsh villages: a shilling to the servant covers the charge of waiter, chambermaid, bed, "boots," and all.

After breakfast we bade adieu to our civil host and hostess, and, hav-

ing arranged our tackle, hied down to the *Verniew*, whose deep waters rolled along through green meadows not a quarter of a mile from the village. How can we describe our feelings and our joy, when we found ourselves by the side of this fine river, after being deprived of such a treat for three long bustling years! It was a beautiful morning too—beautiful, we mean, as regarded our prospect of sport; for there was a fine breeze from the South, and the sun was sufficiently obscured by those light fleecy clouds which so often float along the summer sky. Our angling friends will sympathise in our delight and anxiety, as we watched our flies dancing lightly over the ripples of the *Verniew*; and there is not one who will not readily picture to himself our ecstasy, when we saw a fine yellow-bellied, hog-backed trout, just thrust his nose out of the water, and *suck* in a fly with as much gusto as an epicure sucking in a piece of *green fat*. Then comes the *run*! and away he goes, swift as the wind, till, after a quarter of an hour's idle play, he is securely landed on the green bank of the river; and after a convulsive struggle or two, he is safely consigned to our fishing basket—a fine prize of nearly two pounds! Now this precisely occurred to us. We had placed ourselves near the bridge, where there was a beautiful pool, with the finest ripple possible; and, after about three or four throws, we had just such a *rise* as we have described, with just the same result. Our sport altogether was very exhilarating. After three hours' angling, having in that time fished down the river to an inn called *Can Office*, we had some of our prey broiled for lunch, and leaving the remainder with the people of

the house, trudged on towards Merionethshire.

Besides trout, the *Verniew* contains some very fine chub, several of which we took. The best fly for it is one in imitation of the humble-bee, and the best we could procure are made by Mr. Godwin, of Tottenham Court Road. The most killing flies for trout in the *rivers* are, the cock-a-boudy, the red hackle, and, towards evening, a small fly with a dun body and light wings. But more of this presently, when we come to talk of lake and salmon fishing—a subject which we hope will prove both amusing and instructive to our readers.

We had now about twenty-five miles to walk before we reached Dolgelley, the capital of Merionethshire, and our ultimate destination. However wide and rugged the road may hitherto have been, it becomes now infinitely more so; and we were by no means sorry when we found ourselves upon the brow of the last hill, overlooking our native valley, with the town of Dolgelley in its centre. In less than half an hour we were amongst anxious friends, who welcomed us with all the hearty hospitality for which the Welsh are so renowned.

For a whole week we were constantly occupied in calling upon old friends, in feasting with them, and in regularly running the gauntlet of a most outrageous welcome. My brother and I stood the ordeal bravely; and, early in the morning of the Monday after our arrival, we determined to set out on our first fishing excursion to the Lakes, where we resolved to turn our backs upon the world, and direct our thoughts to all those heavenly delights which attend the angler's recreation. All arrangements as to future visitings were

to give place to the calm and pure pleasures of our angling excursion ; and, full of anticipated delight, we prepared for our journey. Our plan was to go, first to *Tal-y-llyn*, a lake about eight miles from Dolgelley, and then fish down the river which rises from it, and pursues its course through a superb assemblage of mountains towards the vale of Torvyn. Having accomplished this, we could return over the hills to Dolgelley, and take two or three small pools in our route. This would comprise nearly a circle of about forty miles ; and as to the duration of our absence, it was to depend entirely upon circumstances ; for we hold it one of the most bitter dampers upon pleasure of this kind, to be compelled to mete out one's time like a school-boy come home for the holidays. To be happy we must be free—free as the mountain air which we inhaled, and which is subject to no human will, and no human power.

Considering Dolgelley as our head-quarters, we of course left there the bulk of our luggage, taking with us only some clean linen, and such requisites as were necessary for our sport. To complete these requisites, we paid a visit to an old friend and gossip, *Betty the Barber*, a person whom the stranger will find particularly useful to him. Betty is a lady of various accomplishments, and of very great utility. She and her husband, whose name is Griffith Griffiths, carry on their trade of shaving and shearing conjointly, and, if report speaks truth, the lady is the better shaver of the two. Betty, also, dealeth in straw hats, selling for one shilling a very decent article. In summer she selleth fruit, and if business be dull, she will go out on the hills to shear sheep. She is well acquainted with all the pools and rivers round about,

and can give excellent advice on all matters of angling, and the like. In many points Betty beareth a considerable resemblance to her celebrated countrywoman, old Peggy Evans, of Llanberis, who was “a mighty huntress before the Lord ; could play on the harp and the fiddle ; could make shoes, build bonnets and boats, shoe horses, and, at the age of seventy, was the best wrestler on the hill-side !”

The regular public road to *Tal-y-llyn* pursues a very circuitous route round the base of a chain of hills, which, rising to the south of the mountain Cader Idris, stretches towards the North-East, and occupies a considerable portion of the country. To avoid this circum-bendibus we resolved to cross the hills, by which we saved some miles in distance, although the path we followed was rough and rugged enough. After a walk of nearly three hours, we came in view of the Lake, and experienced those emotions of joy which the pilgrim feels as he approaches the shrine of his idolatry. There it lay before us : we had cast away all care and anxiety ; and we could not but participate in the tranquillity and happiness which dwelt among those retired hills.

As we descended towards the Lake, we were anxious to ascertain the state of the wind ; but before we approached sufficiently near to learn this particular, we made a discovery, which is always considered an unerring indication of excellent sport—*there was mist on the red rock*. This rock is a high crag in the mountain at the South-East corner of the Lake, and my brother, who is a more experienced mountaineer than myself, pointed it out to me long before we reached the pool, and I perceived that its highest peak was crowned with a wreath of mist. As we came

nearer, we saw that the surface of the Lake was ruffled by a steady breeze from the South-East, a point which agrees very well with Tal-y-llyn. We next discovered that the boat* belonging to the Lake was disengaged; so, with every prospect of a glorious day before us, we walked briskly on towards the little inn at the farthest extremity of the Lake, where we arrived quite ready for breakfast.

To say that we were received with welcome by William Roberts, "mine host," and Betty his wife, would be but a sorry compliment to that worthy couple: they received us with the unfeigned delight of "auld acquaintance;" and in less than half an hour we had spread before us a breakfast that would have charmed the heart of honest Izaak Walton himself. Every thing was excellent—the tea, the cream, the sugar, the bread, the butter, the ham, and some delicious potted trout; and these, added to the greatest cleanliness and the utmost attention to our most trivial wishes, tended to make our entertainment all that the angler could wish, and infinitely more than he could require. But, delicious as our fare was, we spent but a short time in its discussion. Having, however, appeased our hunger, we ordered our dinner, and, embarking on board the boat, stood out boldly for the middle of the Lake, and were soon involved in all the mysteries and delights of fly-fishing. We were not mistaken in our prognostications: the mist on the red rock proved no false prophet: neither

did the effect of Mr. Bowness's flies detract in the least from the fame of their maker. The fish rose readily, and we were soon amply enough occupied in filling our baskets with some of the choicest productions of the pool.

The Lake of Tal-y-llyn is by no means extensive: its widest diameter is not more than half a mile, and its length does not exceed two miles. Its only piscatory productions are trout and eels: the latter attaining a good size, and finding a safe protection in the deep coat of moss which covers the bottom, and abundance of food in the aquatic insects that inhabit it. Of the trout there are two species—the large lake trout (*salmo lacustris*), and the common river trout (*salmo fario*); the latter finding its way into the Lake by two or three streams which feed it from the hills. These never attain any considerable magnitude; but the others, being indigenous to the pools, grow to a good size. The finest which are caught with the fly vary from a pound to between three and four pounds. One weighing more than twelve pounds was found, a few winters ago, frozen under the ice.

We would strongly recommend to the angler an excursion to North Wales, and particularly to this part of it. In the summer there are always conveyances to be had either from Chester or Shrewsbury, and the expense of a month's wandering amongst the hills is very inconsiderable. At Tal-y-llyn, board, lodging, and attendance, (exclusive of course of wine, ale, or spirits,) may be had for two

* The Lake of Tal-y-llyn is the property of Colonel Vaughan, who purchased it for no other purpose than that of affording his friends the enjoyment of angling therein. The stranger, who has never heard of this generous-hearted Welshman, is equally welcome to participate in the sport, without the trouble and annoyance of begging a day's fishing, or even of intimating his intention to the proprietor. The Colonel has also provided a boat for the use of those who visit the Lake, and it may always be had, if disengaged, by application at the inn.

shillings or half-a-crown a-day; and for this sum very excellent fare may be had. Retired as this beautiful spot is, the tourist might reach it on the evening of the day after he left London by the Wonder, which is no more than a journey to some of the extreme parts of England.

(To be continued.)

THE CONOCK HARRIERS.

SIR,

AT this season, when every country gentleman is engaged in the field, and every sportsman is interested in the performance of his favorite pack, some notice of the unrivalled sport given by the Conock harriers may not be unacceptable to the readers of your widely-circulated Magazine.

I am well aware that most fox-hunters hold in sovereign contempt all the exploits of "thistle-whipping!" but I (who have hunted with some of their crack packs) shall venture to apprise those gentlemen, that if they once witnessed the speed, strength, and endurance of the hares bred upon Salisbury Plain, they would soon find good cause for reversing their opinions. But let facts speak for themselves; and I can now with confidence affirm, that, during the last three months, there rarely has passed a hunting day without brilliant runs of from five to twelve miles—checks "few and far between"—blank days none!

Let it also be added, that the style of sport, owing to the openness of the country, together with the sharpness and frequency of the hills, is rendered by far more killing work for the best of horses than that of any hunting I ever witnessed (stag-hunting *alone* excepted); and in confirmation of

this I have heard many say "they can afford horses for fox-hunting, but not for the Conock harriers"—the principal part of which pack I here beg to mention are thoroughbred fox-hounds, standing twenty inches high; and those who "go along" with them will soon discover *theirs* "is the pace that kills!" These hounds are generally hunted four times a week; they are always brought to the field in good style and excellent condition, well ridden up to by the huntsman, and the whole admirably conducted by Mr. Amyott, who at once unites the urbanity and polish of the finished gentleman, with the knowledge and enthusiasm of the thorough sportsman.

Being an ardent admirer of fox-hunting, none will, I trust, ascribe to me the treasonable charge of not duly appreciating that glorious sport! All I here aim at is, to give merit where merit is due: I therefore repeat, that with Wiltshire Down hares and these harriers the best of horses alone can live.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A FRIEND TO SPORT.

BETTINGS.

SIR,

Tattersall's, Feb. 18, 1828.

THE room was greatly crowded, nearly all the leading speculators and the chief supporters of the Turf being present; but the betting, looking to the attendance, was anything but brisk. At the opening there was an evident disposition to drive Navarino from his leading station, and reinstate The Merchant as first favorite. Towards the close this was completely effected; and one very good judge, a Mr. B., took 1550 to 200 upon him, and he was inclined to go on. Sorcery, Navarino, and The Colo-

nel were uncommonly close together; and whichever of the party came forward with most spirit to back their horse, of course had the call. The Sorcery party was most predominant, and at the finish got their colt up to be second favorite, with the odds freely taken. Giraffe (Amy) was in high request, one gentleman taking 3400 to 200; and before six o'clock something considerable was done upon him. Notwithstanding this, neither him nor Barnardo (in the same stable) are thought much of. Southcote and Druid cannot maintain their ground, several heavy bets being offered against them, and both parties extremely shy. Bugle is a little on the advance; but the betting is not to a great amount, and his partisans are unusually timorous.

The Oaks has again reverted to its former dulness, and very few bets were accepted. Trampoline has regained her leading position; there was, however, nothing worth noticing done upon her to-day. Some trifling bets were taken upon Sarah (Swiss); and if she holds well, nothing will stop her from becoming a still greater favorite.

The ST. LEGER was not in such high favour; and, barring three or four, there was very little stirring. Betsy and Velocipede appear to be immovable, and although a few trivial changes occasionally occur between them; nothing at present appears likely to turn up to cause the least alteration: in fact, they may be styled the pivots on which the speculators direct their principal attention. Herbert Lacy is creeping upwards, and, being in a very lucky stable, many take the odds. In all probability he will be got still higher; but the speculation, looking to the field, is not likely to turn to a good account,

neither is the colt spoken very highly of.

Yours truly,

Z. B.

DERBY.

165 to 20 agst The Merchant (taken).
8 to 1 agst Sorcery.
8 and 9 to 1 agst Navarino (taken).
8 and 9 to 1 agst The Colonel.
17 to 1 agst Giraffe (taken).
17 to 1 agst Druid.
17 and 18 to 1 agst Southcote.
22 to 1 agst Zingane.
24 to 1 agst Bugle.
24 to 1 agst Mariner (taken).
30 to 1 agst Omen.
33 to 1 agst Magnet.
33 to 1 agst Finesse.
40 to 1 agst Lancastrian (taken).
40 to 1 agst Ridicule.
45 to 1 agst Adeliza.
45 to 1 agst Barnardo.
45 to 1 agst Zealot.
45 to 1 agst Ephesus.
65 to 1 agst Fair Helen (taken).

OAKS.

10 and 11 to 1 agst Trampoline (taken).
11 and 12 to 1 agst Rosanne.
12 to 1 agst Sarah (taken).
16 to 1 agst Turquoise.
16 to 1 agst Elizabeth.
16 to 1 agst Lisette.
17 to 1 agst Zoe.
22 to 1 agst Passamaquoddy.
30 to 1 agst f. by Partisan.
30 to 1 agst Emmeline (taken).
30 to 1 agst Delta (taken).
33 to 1 agst Cressida.
60 to 1 agst Merchant and Trampoline both winning.

ST. LEGER.

1125 to 100 agst Bessy Bedlam.
13 and 14 to 1 agst Velocipede.
17 to 1 agst The Colonel.
20 to 1 agst Coulon (taken).
25 to 1 agst Navarino (taken).
25 to 1 agst Merchant
25 to 1 agst Emmelina
25 to 1 agst Louisa
25 to 1 agst Ultimatum } taken together.
35 to 1 agst Herbert Lacy (taken).
35 to 1 agst Ballad Singer.
35 to 1 agst Stapleton.
35 to 1 agst Delphine.
35 to 1 agst Memphis.
40 to 1 agst Southcote.
50 to 1 agst Arabella.
50 to 1 agst Belinda.
50 to 1 c. by Catton, dam by Sir David.
50 to 1 agst The Abbot } taken in one
50 to 1 agst Marion } bet.
7 to 2 the field agst the first four.

RIDDLESWORTH.

3 to 1 agst Ridicule P.P.
7 to 2 agst Magnet P.P.
8 to 1 agst Cressida.

CURE FOR THE DISTEMPER IN DOGS—BATTUE SHOOTING— PROPOSED ALTERATION IN THE GAME LAWS, &c.

SIR,
SEEING in your December Number a history of the treatment of the distemper in dogs, pursued, I doubt not, by one more skilled in medicine than myself, and presented to the public as novel and original; and having a good deal of originality about myself, I beg to intrude into one of your Numbers a system of medicine and diet, as practised by myself on three young dogs (pointers), infected with that disorder.

These three dogs (pups), taking the distemper last spring at one time, and having a medicine chest at hand, I immediately flew to the remedy prescribed in Colonel Hawker's "Instructions to Young Sportsmen," (fifth edition,)—viz. calomel and jalap, which cured one certainly; the other two grew gradually worse. I then tried an old receipt of my father's—viz. tartar emetic; after that I tried calomel and antimonial powder: still the dogs were no better—one much worse. I then flew back to the old vulgar receipt of a table spoonful of salt in half a wine-glass of raw gin; and after administering this, from the effects of some one of these nostrums, another of my puppies was cured; but the third grew worse: it was fifteen months old, and I thought it almost incurable. It had a very violent incessant dry cough, dizziness, with vomiting and fits. I left off all medicine, and gave him up, ordering him to be kept as much from water as possible. However, being myself a bit of a quack, and thinking the complaint had violently attacked his lungs, it enter-

ed my noddle to make trial of *ipecacuanha*; and I gave him about eight grains night and morning, keeping him always from any quantity of water. On the third day after giving this nostrum, his cough was so much softer, and he seemed so much more free from pain, that I had great hopes of him, and continued my system as above, eight grains of *ipecacuanha* night and morning; and, in ten days from the first giving of this medicine, I let him out as cured, or nearly so. Should the above receipt ever save a brother sportsman the offspring of a valuable race, I shall be glad of it. I have not had any opportunity to make farther trial of it, but hope some one will, and, when able to speak to its efficacy, report progress.

On the fashionable shooting of the age we live in, which is by no means sporting, I shall beg to add my opinions, though they may not coincide with many sentimental game-feeders or game-breeders. First, I quite agree with the sentiments contained in the critical remarks of A SUBSCRIBER to your November Number, dated "Sevenoaks," wherein he asserts, and asserts very truly too, "that shooting is not always sporting;" and hope he will still contribute his valuable remarks periodically. Secondly, I hope you will have monthly assistance from that able hand BOGTROTTER. His observations are worthy a man and a true British sportsman; and he is correct in his estimate of sporting with the gun and dog: for really what sport is it to any but a school-

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boy or child to fire at a bird that is made to fly within perhaps three yards of him, and kill it? I say, None. But give me a gun, and let me get only few birds, and see my dogs behave well, work their ground well, and in every respect do their duty, and I am enchanted. I then mark their various perfections, and the strong characteristics of the different breeds; admire the cunning of some, and the staunchness of others. Then it is I can sit down and regard with admiration the kindness of an all-wise and bountiful Providence in the works of nature; and at the same time compare the different qualities of my faithful companions of the animal creation.

Whilst we have this abominable Gallic system of battue-shooting patronized by such men as now practise it, and to whom the deficiency of the rent of one or two estates for the purpose of breeding game is of no moment, we shall always have poaching, and in a few years to a much greater extent than at present, unless something is done to arrest its progress. But the question is, what is to be done? My opinion is, that so long as this battue system continues, the number of poachers may be lessened, *though they cannot be extirpated*, by making game saleable by licensed persons, such licensed persons to be themselves liable for buying of an unqualified person. Game would then become of less value; and some of the great game-breeders would themselves send supplies from their own game yards; and game being of less value, both real and *imaginary*, the poachers would have less temptation, and their gains be so small, when under-selling the regular dealer, that it would in some mea-

sure abate the nuisance. Poaching certainly has *greatly and is daily* increasing. Let the Legislature for one year try the effect of making game saleable; it could not do much harm, and might be productive of good; because I am persuaded there is that wish in the middling ranks of society to lead the lower orders into the correct path, and that for the sake of a little cheaper market they would not countenance the poachers. Let the penalties be so heavy for dealing with unlicensed salesmen, that even the punishment would deter them; and also let the licensed salesman be subject to a very heavy penalty for dealing with poachers. Again—and though last, it would by no means effect the least visible blow to poaching—let the Home-Secretary—(hitherto poaching has been considered too trifling for the notice of Government, but *I think* it is now of sufficient magnitude to attract its attention)—send out in Government pay a few informers or spies, not into the fields by no means, but to the different coach offices in the large and I may say small towns of the kingdom; let these spies be enabled to bribe one or two guards; and I think in a month's tour for ten men, who ought to be well trained (and for this purpose I should treat with one very clever Bow-street officer to provide the troop), there would be nice plunder amongst the clerks and bookkeepers of the various coach offices. The *very large* towns would not do; but the principal thorough-fares pre-ailing thereto, in countries where poaching is most daringly carried on, are the places to watch: and, as it might be calculated, that at least half of the penalties inflicted would be paid by such persons as

book-keepers, guards, and coachmen, Government would be but little out of pocket, and would at the same time be the means of preventing much poaching, by destroying the poachers' receptacles and market.

I will relate a fact, which I can vouch for from the reliance I have in the source from which I obtained it. Two men, one the son of a farmer, under a Clergyman and Justice of Peace, his rent amounting to about 200l. per ann., set off, just before the close of muir-game shooting for a week's cruise (as they called it), and actually went through the whole of the Earl of L——dale's muir-game preserves, and close to the keeper's doors—so close, that the report of one of their guns actually brought the keeper out of the house to look what was the matter. The clear profits of this cruise, besides paying all expenses for dog and man, which are generally no trifle, left each man a clear profit of upwards of five pounds. One man, I am informed, regularly brings in each Saturday his load of game of different kinds, in a sack, to the coach office in this town, and receives each succeeding week the produce of the former week's market. Another poacher (one of a gang of three brothers) actually gave an old double-barrelled gun and fourteen guineas for a new double-barrelled gun, and a guinea and a half for a brace of pistols; and this man has a wife and family, and nothing in the world else to support them all with but what he makes by poaching. He shoots with a flint gun, and is so expert as to be able to throw up two penny pieces with his own hand, both at once, and cock first one barrel, then the other, and regularly hit both pieces,

one with one barrel, the other with the other, before they get to the ground. I was informed of this by a friend who witnessed it out of curiosity, and who can himself throw up two apples in the same way, and hit them with a flint and steel double gun. The merit in the above *chef d'œuvre* is raising the cocks after the objects are thrown into the air, firing one barrel before cocking the other, and then the quickness in getting sight. Neither of the above individuals ever go with their guns at full cock, nor cock till the bird rises. I have witnessed the quickness of one of them in this respect, and it is surprising; but I do not think any one could perform the above exploit with a percussion gun; for this reason—the mainsprings are so much stronger and harder to raise: it would take too much time; and perhaps this last is the reason why the practice of going with the gun cocked, and cocking it before the bird rises, has become so common of late.

In Colonel Hawker's "Instructions" I find this observation, in his treatise on the length of gun barrels (page 20), fifth edition, wherein he shews the superiority length of barrel has in killing long distances. We have therefore been half a century making, as it were, the tour of the world in guns, and and at last come home again to discover, that, in regard to the length of barrels, we are not so near the mark as our grandfathers. Now-a-days it is very fashionable to have wide bores; but, in looking at the sporting guns of our ancestors, it will appear that theirs were never shorter than a yard in length, and seldom exceeded five-eighths of an inch in bore, or seventeen guage, even when four-

feet-five or six in length; and I should be inclined to think we have got greatly into the extreme width of bore for sporting guns. Though I admit percussion guns, both for safety and strength of shooting, ought to be a little wider than flint, and stouter built; yet I should think a double-barrel never need exceed five-eighths and one-sixteenth of an inch, or sixteen guage in bore, under two feet eight inches in length; and a single gun never exceed six-eighths or fourteen guage under four feet long. Notwithstanding Colonel Hawker is high authority, it must be admitted that the sight of the object is much sooner attained with a short gun, which consequently must be best for covert shooting, as the bird can be sooner stopped; but different sportsmen have different fancies in guns: some are most whimsical, others *very, very* easily satisfied. *Upon the whole, I believe it a capital trade, and the profits very great.* I think a sportsman ought to be more particular as regards the breed of his dogs than about his guns; but *they are seldom wanted by the outrè fashionable sportsman of the present day.* It is astonishing the immense prices paid for a first-rate double gun at a London dealer's.

I should think silver an excellent metal for gun-barrels, inasmuch as it would never rust; and calculating that a pair of barrels, generally speaking, weigh about four pounds, and as silver is worked into small articles of domestic use below eight shillings an ounce (at which price the retailer can sell it, and get well remunerated for his trouble, time, and interest of capital), a pair of silver barrels would only cost twenty-two pounds eight shillings. It is

evident, therefore, there would be a good profit on a double gun, with silver barrels, at 30l. For instance; the best pair of iron barrels that can be made only cost at the maker's three pounds six shillings; the stocking and wood (say) thirty shillings; the locks twenty-five shillings the pair; furniture, including trigger-guard, break-off heel plate, tail-pipe, &c. twelve shillings; wood for stock seven shillings; ramrod, and making, two shillings and eight-pence: then fitting, colouring, tempering, stocking, and putting together, say two pounds more—but this last item is nearly double workmen's wages—making the best double gun stands a gunmaker at about seven pounds twelve shillings and eight-pence; double that sum, and you come to about fifteen pounds, as a very good remunerating price for a good double gun.

As to the size of gun for a beginner, I should say as long and crooked a stock as he can conveniently use, and barrels about two feet three. Though he at first might shoot under his bird, I think he would soonest attain the art with this tool; and the crooked stock would be a preventive rather to flinching, as the recoil would not be so great, and the flash from the pan, if he used flint, not be so immediately under his eye. The charge ought not to be too large at first.

As to a foolish notion about dogs being allowed to fetch a bird immediately it drops, let the men who thus train their poodles *à la Française*, spend a season in a country where coveys are scarce; and if they remain of the same opinion after, I submit.

I think the setter is much laid aside; and to a man really fond of

shooting, and who follows the pastime a good deal, unassisted by beaters, &c. (in the true old English fashion of sporting), it must be admitted that the setter is far the more useful dog; and where there is thick covert, and he is able to go, I prefer him to any spaniel I ever saw. Spaniels can never stand a good hard day's work: they begin to tire in half the time a good hardy setter does; and as to the fine fashionable pointer, with freckled ears, having a cross of fox-hound in him, they are most excellent muir-game dogs, and in an open country, for the month of September, very good for partridges: but after this, give me the *hardy* setter, taught to range near. There are many different breeds of setters, but few well broke, and fewer keepers who will take sufficient time and patience in breaking them: so that, since every thing, both the education of man and beast, is completed as it were by a magic touch of harlequin's wand, you can find ten tolerable pointers for one good setter. With regard to this point, I hope the breed of sporting dogs will retrograde to what it was (perhaps rather say regenerate); which can only be accomplished by gentlemen and noblemen ceasing to be the tools of their keepers, and making this class of servants more useful and better working men—not treating them as companions, or the companions of their sons, and allowing them to be the idle, overfed, unprincipled rascals we too frequently see at present. Many of them, when originally engaged, are well known as being the greatest poachers in the parish, and forsooth must be hired as keepers, because they are good marksmen! and sleep in greater

security of their place, because they have their master's ear in the field.

Many sportsmen admit that the present first-rate packs of stag-hounds are too fleet for any horse to keep pace with at all: and so it is with other sorts of sporting dogs. We have got too far into the extreme of almost every thing: and game feeding and poaching have nearly arrived at a crisis, when they must take a different turn.

I must have a word on the “first letter of the series by A NORTH COUNTRYMAN.” I think with him that many preach about the Game Laws without being able to read the text: and perfectly agree that the laws go far enough in favour of the trespasser *on defined limits*; and that no farther enactments ought to be made in his favour. It is my solid opinion, that the unjustified aggressor has no more right to fetch a hare or partridge off his neighbour's stubble, than the beggar a pigeon from a dovecote without leave, or the midnight marauder a chicken from the hen-roost. So much for the laws of *trespass* on inclosed lands. But I dare say we shall widely differ on the feudal part of the Game Laws, when I say, that, with respect to the thousand acres of moor, furze, heath, and waste land, which are always claimed as the *parterre* of some great Nobleman, who as constantly claims ten times more than his just right, (that Nobleman having perhaps only a nominal right or interest in such waste land,) should still retain the sole property of the game, in exclusion to the rest of the freeholders, landowners, and co-proprietors of such waste land or common, I think is feudal, arbitrary, tyrannical, and absurd; and a law which, as the world gets more enlightened, the rest of the

propriators and those who have rights of common will soon see through. This cannot last, notwithstanding the great exertions of one newly sprung baronial mushroom to turn such feudal right to profit by making game saleable.

Hereafter then let the NORTH COUNTRYMAN understand, that it is not against the laws of trespass that the *vox populi* is raised; but against the old feudal absurdities still remaining as rust and dross amongst this class or part of our excellent code, on which the cause of common complaint is with justice grounded. The King has at this day right of sporting in every way upon every subject's land, and all land in his dominions; but this right, generally speaking, he cannot now depute to others, of whatever degree. Formerly (in ancient feudal times) he might have deputed it; but, thanks to our noble and brave forefathers, who wisely obtained for us MAGNA CHARTA and the BILL OF RIGHTS, we are now free-born! Farther, it is against the usurpation of our privileges, and the unjust and arbitrary claims of some few selfish Noblemen, that we country gentlemen complain. True it is, the law is open to all; but to the poor man a law-suit is a *bugbear*; to the Nobleman a *flea-bite*. (Elegant expressions, but true!) Therefore we wait in silent hope to expel the tyrant monster altogether.

I cannot either, after the above, agree with the NORTH COUNTRYMAN "that the Game Laws are quite good enough." He should recollect "the age and body of the times" we live in; and call to mind what the ancient Britons were when these laws were made. We are only a "tight little island." First, we were a warlike nation;

and then the Lords owned all the game on their vassals' lands, by grant from the Crown. Next, we became an agricultural nation; and MAGNA CHARTA and the BILL OF RIGHTS vested the right of shooting mostly in the owners of the soil, or, in other words, defined the rights of the owners of the soil: and hence, where there was no particular vested right, and no Royal grant, some great Nabob or Nobleman in the district laid claim to it. When these laws were first enacted, in order to prevent trespass on one another, it was wisely judged that none should shoot who had not land sufficient of his own to sport upon; which was reckoned by the annual value of one hundred pounds per annum: and those, possessing that quantity, or qualification (it is now called), could shoot, it was deemed, without trespassing on other persons' land. But now we are a commercial nation; and it would be impossible for every one (who could and was willing) to buy a regular qualification. The whole land of the nation that is to be bought could not do it. What then is to be done? Why, to extend the liberty, or (more properly speaking in the technical meaning) the qualification to sport to other sorts of property; and then those who wish for game can always farm the right of shooting over certain districts, as many are obliged to do at present. I think I shall be found correct in saying, "We are now a commercial nation;" for even a great part of many Noblemen's incomes arise from mines, &c. and other places whence coin is dug.

THE YEOMAN.

Kendal, Christmas, 1837.

P.S. Since writing the above I have read the NORTH COUNTRY-

MAN'S second letter; and say, that in almost every word of that letter I agree with him. I can testify to most of the maxims there laid down as grounded in experience; and I rejoice that the topics therein contained have been seized by an abler hand than mine, and one who has done more justice to them than my capacity could have enabled me.

January 1828.

THE PYTCHLEY COUNTRY.

SIR,
SELDOM seeing any notice taken of the Northamptonshire country, I feel half jealous, and therefore take my revenge by sending you a few lines.

When that excellent gentleman-huntsman, Mr. John Musters, left the Pytchley country, all was regret; and we shall "ne'er see his like again" for sport, was uttered by many a "southerly wind and a cloudy sky" man: but all are not true prophets that venture a thought on the future.

We are now guided by that thorough-bred sportsman, Mr. George Osbaldeston, who is too well known to need any comment from me; but he says he has been wasting his early days out of—what he has now reached—"Paradise," the very garden of Eden. He has now found the Pytchley country well sprinkled with foxes and sportsmen.

Mr. Osbaldeston turns out well, a regular stiff one: his men are neat, clean, well mounted, and ride like rattlers, particularly Stephens: the hounds are capital, and lots of them: the bitches have reached the climax for what once was called fox-hunting, but may now more properly be termed fox-

racing. The eleven-stone men may bring their clippers if they will, but all will not do—the *ladies* are too fast for them. There is a slackness for blood in the hounds, owing, probably, to their high breeding, which might I fancy partly be remedied by keeping them baying at their fox, after he is killed, a little longer than Mr. Osbaldeston usually does. This altered, and they are perfect.

Our sport, excepting about four or five days, has been excellent—with many quite tip-topping days, when all have cried out "Enough." The continuance of such sport has collected many strangers here; and, should it hold out to the end, we shall be swarmed with those cream of fox-hunters, the Meltonians, several of whom have turned their heads this way. Our countrymen having offered up prayers for a fast after the feast of runs they have had, "the Squire" has sent his pack into the woods, and himself gone *battueing* into Norfolk for a fortnight; at the end of which we hope to see all in tune again—Mr. Osbaldeston on his black horse, and a few more clippers like the last meeting at Crick, (January 8,) with a sharp three hours, and scarcely a check.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A LOOKER-ON.

Northampton.

DENGIE HUNDRED COURSING MEETING.

PLUMBRO' MARSHES.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1828.

MATCHES.—Mr. C. Hurrell's b. b. Witchcraft agst Mr. Crabb's b. and wh. b. Quibble—undecided; Mr. Parker's r. d. Claret beat Mr. Golding's b. d. Marmion; Mr. Porter's brin. d. General beat Mr. Golding's r. d. Maniac; Mr. Porter's r. and wh. b. Graceful beat Mr. Brightwen's b. b. named by Mr. J. Wright; Mr.

Parker's r. and wh. d. Coxcomb beat Mr. Crabb's b. d. Quick; Mr. Crabb's b. b. Quality beat Mr. Bygrave's b. b. Duck; Mr. Parker's r. d. Cupid agst Mr. Golding's red d. Marksman—undecided; Mr. Moss's brin. b., named by Mr. Porter, beat Mr. Seabrook's b. b. Omen; Mr. Seabrook's r. and wh. b. Olive beat Mr. Porter's bl. d. Gas; Mr. Golding's r. d. Mentor beat Mr. Seabrook's bl. d. Odds; Mr. Crabb's b. d. Quicksilver against Mr. Golding's r. d. Moustache—undecided; Mr. Golding's r. d. Mameluke beat Mr. Crabb's b. d. Queer; Mr. Crabb's b. b. Qui beat Mr. Brightwen's b. b. named by Mr. J. Wright; Mr. Parker's d. d. Castor beat Mr. Hart's b. d. Logic; Mr. Porter's b. d. Grimaldi agst Mr. Parker's d. b. Castle—undecided; Mr. Parker's d. b. Ceres beat Mr. Bygrave's b. b. Dimity; Mr. J. Wright's r. d. Slyboots beat Mr. Porter's bl. d. Grosvenor; Mr. J. Wright's b. d. Sampson beat Mr. Schreiber's d. d. Kangaroo; Mr. Jackson's r. d. Jangler agst Mr. Bailey's r. and wh. b. named by Mr. Porter—undecided; Mr. Bushel's r. d. Union beat Mr. Jackson's b. d. Jumper; Mr. Crabb's b. and wh. b. Quibble beat Mr. Hurrell's b. b. Witchcraft; Mr. Bailey's r. and wh. b., named by Mr. Porter, beat Mr. Jackson's r. d. Jangler.

SHRIEL MARSHES.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1828.

Matches.—Mr. Parker's d. b. Ceres beat Mr. Seabrook's b. b. Omen; Mr. Golding's r. d. Mameluke beat Mr. Seabrook's bl. d. Odds; Mr. Crabb's blk. d. Queer beat Mr. Parker's d. d. Castor; Mr. J. Wright's r. d. Slyboots agst Mr. Porter's bl. d. Grimaldi—undecided; Mr. Golding's r. d. Mentor beat Mr. Parker's r. and wh. d. Coxcomb; Mr. J. Wright's blk. d. Sampson beat Mr. Porter's bl. d. Gas; Mr. Brightwen's b. p. d. Pilot beat Mr. Porter's brin. d. General; Mr. Crabb's blk. d. Quicksilver paid forfeit to Mr. Parker's red d. Claret; Mr. Seabrook's b. and wh. b. Olive beat Mr. Crabb's blk. b. Quality; Mr. Golding's r. d. Moustache beat Mr. Parker's r. d. Cupid; Mr. Crabb's b. and wh. b. Quibble beat Mr. C. Hurrell's blk. b. Witchcraft; Mr. Brightwen's b. p. b. Priestess agst Mr. Porter's r. and wh. b. Graceful—undecided; Mr. Bushel's r. d. Union beat Mr. Golding's b. d. Marksman; Mr. Golding's r. d. Marmion beat Mr. Spurgin's blk. d. named by Mr. Bushel; Mr. Brightwen's b. p. b. Princess beat Mr. Bailey's r. and wh. b. named by Mr. Porter; Mr. Parker's r. d. Claret beat Mr. Whimper's b. d. Tactic; Mr. J. Wright's r. d. Slyboots beat Mr. Porter's bl. d. Grimaldi; Mr. Seabrook's b. b. Omen beat Mr. Jackson's b. b. Jade; Mr. Bright-

wen's b. b. Priestess beat Mr. Porter's r. and wh. b. Graceful; Mr. J. Wright's r. d. Slyboots beat Mr. Porter's bl. d. Gas; Mr. Seabrook's b. and wh. d. Odds beat Mr. Parker's d. d. Castor.

LINLITHGOW AND STIRLINGSHIRE HOUNDS.

SIR,

IT is now about two years since you inserted a short communication of mine respecting the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire fox-hounds, in which I predicted, from the manner and style *the thing was done*, they were likely soon to attain deserved estimation amongst our very first class establishments. Having since had frequent opportunities of observing them in the field, and once in kennel, I think it but due to the manager, as well as to the huntsman, to say, that the anticipations I formed have been more than fulfilled in every respect; and well may such exertions be crowned with success, as no expense or trouble has been spared in any department. Before going farther, I may, however, mention, that the stock to work upon was of the best; for it must be well known to most masters of fox-hounds, that the Earl of Kintore (from whom they were bought by the present manager, Mr. Johnson) procured the best drafts England could produce, as well as old hounds from different quarters, besides taking ten or twelve couple of the best hunting hounds, (as he had a right to do,) from the Fife or Forfar pack. His Lordship commenced hunting in the autumn of 1824, having for his head man Dick Adamson (at present hunting the Vine hounds); and the pack having had their fair share of sport, and being well blooded early in the season, about Christmas came to their present country.

In trying covert, these hounds are especially pre-eminent, scarcely a skulker being seen at the outside of the strongest gorse. In condition they have always been perfect. This is shewn by the manner in which they have always carried a head over the almost universally ploughed country they hunt—at all times, I may almost say, either killing, or satisfactorily accounting for, their fox, which too often escapes by taking to a drain. Drains, no thanks to improved agriculture, are now so numerous as to prove a great detriment to sport, as well as to the hounds, from their being so often disappointed; but in spite of this their dash is unimpaired. The horses rode by the men are equal to those of any hunt in Britain, both in value, goodness, and condition; the whippers-in sometimes riding those for which 200*l.* has been refused. The huntsman, George Knight, is a trust-worthy and good servant; the condition of the hounds and horses shew it: if he has a fault, it is perhaps being not so fast as some people think he should be. But hounds are oftener hurt more by being interfered with than when left to themselves. He would be a treasure to any gentleman, who, hunting his own hounds in general, wished a person fully qualified to do so in his absence, and at the same time to take the entire charge of the kennel and stud. These hounds are now advertised for sale, and I am sorry for it; not only from the popularity of the establishment—which is, I can vouch, quite equal to what it is represented in your last Magazine by SCOTII BRITANNICUS—but from the country being now fully stocked with foxes, the hounds having killed seven (besides running many

more to ground, and leaving as many in the coverts drawn) in the last four days they hunted. The proprietor and manager, however, declines keeping them longer; and it is doubtful whether any other gentleman will be public-spirited enough to purchase them, and continue the establishment. It may be thought that what I have already said is out of partiality for, and from wishing to get into favour with, Mr. Johnson. As to the former it may be so, as I have certainly the pleasure of being acquainted with him in a slight degree, and have at all times received those attentions from him which, as a master of fox-hounds, it is in the power of all so situated to shew to a stranger. As to favour, thank God, I hope I am as independent as any man, and which many in the South, who I think may recognise me in this disguise, can, I hope, vouch for.

I must now conclude by stating that I know Mr. Johnson is, and I trust will remain, ignorant forever of the name of the person who writes this. I hope, however, I may be allowed to express a wish, that as he intends to sell his hounds, he may meet with an offer equal to his expectations; as few packs of hounds, I will say, have ever been offered for sale so good, or with equal advantages as these. I must also add, that no master of fox-hounds ever gave up a country with greater regret to those who have been in the habit of hunting with him; and that he has fulfilled his engagements most creditably to himself, and to the entire satisfaction of the subscribers, proprietors, and farmers within the district of his hunt.

A Southern in Edinburgh.

Edinburgh, Jan. 21, 1828.

S S

MEMORANDA CANTABRIGIENSIA.

SIR,
AMONGST the different notices of fast coaches at work in various parts of the kingdom, which have from time to time appeared in the *Sporting Magazine*, I own I am surprised that the Cambridge road should so long have been neglected. Does no one aspire to the Bench? Is the wool-sack clean forgotten by the present race of gownsmen? Can we say of no one, in the language of Sir Walter—

“ He has doffed the gold tinsel the poodle
 to wear,
 He has placed the white tile o’er his
 bergamot hair?” &c.

It seems so; and although four years have elapsed since my experience of the Cambridge coaching work, a few memoranda of the artists who conducted it, and of the chief occurrences which took place during my residence connected with them and theirs, may perhaps amuse that portion of readers who were cotemporary with the heroes of my tale—and to those who succeeded me, and to those who still remain in the ‘varsity, I may say,

“ Si quid novisti ‘ recentius ’ istis
 Candidus imperti,”

and take up your parable where I shall leave mine: viz. in 1823.

The *Telegraph*, with Elliot over one half of the ground, and Walton over the other (*de Josepho vide infra*), was the fastest coach when I went to Cambridge; and many a luckless Johnian has “lost a week” in the books of the two amiable Deans of that delightful College, by missing Hall, owing to taking a position opposite to the Sun, for the sake of seeing the latter workman tie up his nags

preparatory to pointing his turn into the yard—a feat always executed at the rate of twelve miles an hour; and well worth the incurred jobation of the aforesaid dignitaries was the sight! She (the *Telè*) started at ten, and made the White Horse, Fetter-lane, at four precisely—fifty-two miles, steady travelling. Elliot (father to the young one, George, who is now at work on the same coach) was quite one of the Old School, of a mighty Quaker-like cut, a proprietor, and moreover rather taciturn; consequently not quite the favorite with youngsters, although a good steady coachman. When I left Cambridge this coach was poorly done: the cattle were wretched—over some short pieces of ground unbearable; and this fell hard upon two such excellent coachmen as were then upon her—Reynolds and George Elliot. Reynolds, for a small man and for light work, was one of the prettiest coachmen in England—equal to young Moody. George was then fresh in harness, but I hear has since taken to it very kindly; and when I saw him the other day in the Cross-yard I thought he looked every inch a workman: lengthy, strong, and active, and in “the prime of life,” both as to his age and his hat.

The *Fly*, under Jack Remington and Wilkie, was and is an excellent coach, but came very little under my knowledge. The *Union*, “licensed to carry six inside,” and professing steady travelling in seven hours, was of course *infra dig.* for any thing above an old woman or a Senior Fellow to patronize.

The *Safety* and *Tally-ho* either started, or at least came into note, while I was at Cambridge. Joe Grout handled one, and (I think) one of the Waterhouses the other: the opposition was very severe; but I own, in my opinion, "the old lady"—that venerable name by which we have so long known that most adventurous and indefatigable of coach proprietresses, Ann Nelson—had the call in favour of the *Safety*. The first appearance of an exceeding good coachman (Stevenson), who has lately taken a freak upon the Brighton road, was upon the *Tally-ho*, where he learnt a good deal by daylight, by lamp-light, and by no light at all. By the way, I met his set-out, the *Coronet*, coming into Brighton the other day—a neat drag, cattle well together, and, better than all, a loaded coach. Some of our artists were, as you may suppose, occasionally admitted to our *συμπόσια*, and a few, as was natural in so erudite a society, were rather of the learned order. I remember one night opening my eyes and ears rather wider than usual, upon hearing one of them observe to our host and president, "I think, Mr. E—, this Thurtell business will be rather an *exposé* for several *roué* characters who are at present on the *pavé*."

One great advantage belonging to the *Safety* and *Tally-ho* was, that their time (alternately five and six) allowed us to reach Mr. Hanbury's kennel at Puckeridge in excellent time for breakfast, and to jog over to covert with the hounds; and as they were down again at six in the afternoon, it was equally convenient for the return to Cambridge, topped up with a glass or two of brandy and water, and in a dry pair of boots and

breeches, which were waiting our arrival at the White Hart, Puckeridge, then kept by George Barwick, their present huntsman, and where a good box may be found for a hunter.

I have not room here to enter upon any detailed account of these hounds, which were during the first part of my residence hunted by John Monk, who was whipped in to by G. Barwick and a sub, and assisted by that clever fellow, civil servant, and excellent sportsman, Will Church, Mr. Hanbury's stud groom; but as this hunt, the Oakley, the East Essex, and Sir G. Leeds's, have never yet been handled by HIM, whose descriptions and anecdotes, and opinions, and bon-mots, are nuts to every sportsman, at some future time I may possibly try my hand at them.

I must here take an opportunity of exculpating our Cambridge Dons from the horrid systematic opposition to hunting, which has justly raised so great odium against the Oxford Wigs. We had no extra lectures laid on upon hunting days—no gates locked until morning chapel was over; and even in the strictest College a pink could unmolested walk across the Court (Oxonice "*Quad.*") on his trajet from his rooms to his pack. Indeed, a top boot was at most *day-light* hours excuse sufficient to any Don, "dressed in a little brief authority," for an appearance without "academics." But I find I am leaving the turnpike for a lark across country—a trick which my readers (if I should have any) must occasionally excuse.

"The coach of all coaches that rivalled that road," was the *Times*: "*Tempus fugit*" was painted on

her box—and a most legitimate motto it was. At first starting she was opposed by the *Regulator*, under Alexander, who also ran a coach to Brighton. No expense was spared on either side to do the thing *comme il faut*; but Mitchell and Edwards “the Crown Prince” at one end, and Auger at the other, were not to be denied. A joke occurred during this opposition, which, if new, deserves publishing, and, if millerian, is still not a bad one. “Why do they call the opposition the *Regulator*?” asked Joe Walton’s shoulder-stick one day. “Why,” replied Joe, dropping his hand and letting them out, “because we go by it;” and passed his antagonist.

Much to the credit of the proprietors of the *Times*, the cessation of opposition has made no abatement in their exertions, and their coach continues to be worked in exactly the same tip-top form. Bob Poynter, son of old Poynter, of Sussex notoriety, and Joe Walton, were installed *conducteurs* of this famous coach, which left the Eagle yard as St. Mary’s struck six, and, including a stoppage of twenty minutes for breakfast at Hockerill, made Shoreditch church at a quarter before twelve—fifty-six miles. This was not done for a spurt, and given over in a fortnight; but goes on now (six years from its commencement), without a minute’s variation in time. Poynter was succeeded by Bennett—*cui cognomen erat* “astronomer;” but why I must not divulge; “*cætera desunt*”—I cannot say “decent.” Joe Walton then worked the *Times* up and down (one hundred and sixteen miles) every day, barring Sundays, without assistance. This was certainly

not equalling Thoroughgood’s work from Norwich:

“For Vice Chancellor grave, heads of
houses brave,
Did so in their wisdom ordain,
That no coach should go down on a Sunday to town,
Or on Sunday come back again.”

But I question whether Thoroughgood’s *pace* was quite so quick, and we all know it is “the pace that kills.”

I must pull up a little, and trot this extraordinary coachman out for my reader’s inspection. Joe’s age “is, as I think, some forty, or by’r lady, inclining to five and forty;” of a spare make, nearly six feet high; and I should think would not turn twelve stone in the scale. Tough as wire, long-armed, and as firm on his box as a rock, he seems to bring four horses across a road with as much ease as I could twist a buggy; and in case of cord-physic being required he is very punishing. On a wet or wintry day he was an excellent specimen, although always workmanlike dressed, of the “d—n-all-dandies” school. The *rather* low crown, and *rather* broad leafed hat—the close-made ben, a protection not an incumbrance—the ridge and furrow breeches—the grey stocking drawn high over the knee—and the long black boot; not forgetting the natural requisites for a workmanlike appearance—a good brown muzzle, quick eye, and short black hair—stamped him dragsman all over. Last year I saw Joe Walton in what to a weak or nervous coachman would have been an awkward predicament. I was coming down by the *Star*, on which he is now at work, and we had a remarkably spicy team out of town, and a good many stops made a pretty brown mare, near leader, very *vio-*

lent : at last, in starting, she broke her bar in two, and took to plunging and lashing most infernally. All the others were ripe for mischief, and "steady" was the word; for the broken bar and traces were knocking about in every direction. At last Joe brought them to an anchor, and I was pretty quick at madam's head, with a spare bar, and off we were again *daimonios* ! Joe was rather too busy for much patter just at that time ; but "Well done, Guard," was quite enough of thanks. Walton is, in addition to his other excellences as a coachman, the soberest man that ever sipped Sherry ; and I would trust myself with him in a crowd through the city *at his pace*, rather than most others on a road like a billiard table, and with as few lets or hindrances. Batten, the alternate day-workman, is likewise a powerful and good coachman, and a pleasant fellow either behind his team or his punch. And hark ! methinks I hear the melodious pipe of Jemmy Reynolds warbling "May-day in the morning so fine." But, no ; I wake from my reverie at the entry of the waiter to announce "the fish has been on the table this half hour, Sir." Allons !

New Steyne Hotel, Brighton,
January 10, 1828.

LATE COURSING MATCH AT LOUTH.

SIR,
SOME remarks have, I understand, been made by the South country gentlemen who attended at Louth, respecting the result of the coursing there, when they experienced so signal a defeat, which in my opinion are without any just foundation.

They say, or, at least, the organ

of the party says it for them, that their dogs were not in condition, and that the country, instead of being proper for the decision of such a match, was nothing but "*dells and ravines*." Let it be recollected, Sir, that the offer to make a match *at all* originated with them ; and but for their vain and ineffectual boastings, the question of superiority would have been yet undecided. As the matter has turned out, it surely, to say the least of it, is not a proof either of good sense or good feeling in the attacking party to attribute their defeat to the circumstances above stated. No one, I believe, will be bold enough to accuse them either of folly or inexperience ; but if they wish their statement to be believed, they will substantiate a character for both.

The fact is, Sir, that they were fairly and honorably beaten ; and for the present, at least, the championship must be considered as decided. If they wish for another trial, they have only to make their wishes known through the same channel, and no doubt they will be accommodated. But if they will take the advice of one, who "*vulneribus didicit habere metum*," they will be content with the portion that has already fallen to them, and no more think of taking their journey into a far country. It is said, that one gentleman of the party, but with whose name I am unacquainted, has offered to renew the match, and run for one thousand sovereigns over a *flat* country. But *Yorkshire Flats* are not common ; and they do right, therefore, in suffering the *term* to emanate from *themselves*.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

OLD SNOWBALL.

York, Jan. 26, 1828.

FRENCH SPORTSMEN—SHOOTING IN LORRAINE.

MR. EDITOR,

ONCE more, Sir, I am induced to contribute my mite towards filling the pages of your interesting Magazine. THE OLD FORESTER, in a late Number, honored me by a few words of approbation. The ear of man is always open to the sweet song of praise—

—“nihil est, quod credere de se Non possit, cum laudatur diis æqua potestas.”

My intention in the present letter is to beat up “Lorraine” for game. Even in the neighbourhood of the town whence I write, and where sportsmen (or *nominal* sportsmen at least) are commoner than partridges, fair sport may be had. Nancy contains thirty thousand inhabitants; one thousand *porte d’armes* have been issued by the *Préfet* this year. Of this number, full one-tenth of their holders may be reckoned as able to do the trick; the remainder, as fair shots. The French in general shoot well; in fact, who cannot kill game nowadays, more or less? Thanks to copper-caps and fulminating powder, even the weather cannot prevent death and destruction.

On the 27th of August last, I shot for four hours in the most pelting rain to which I was ever exposed, and killed in that time twenty-seven quails and three partridges, without a miss or a hang-fire—simply taking the precaution of twisting a handkerchief round the locks whilst loading my gun, and that of guarding against a drop of wet when putting on my copper-caps; gun made by Duon of Nancy, who has served me for upwards of four years; he is

himself a good shot, and an *honest man*; and I can recommend his guns (price three hundred francs) as *perfectly* well turned out of hand, and as *killers*.

Notwithstanding all the advantages of detonators in wet weather, for my own part I wish that the man who invented them had never been born. I admit with that king of sportsmen, Colonel Hawker, that “for neat shooting in the field or covert, and also for killing single shots at wild fowl rapidly flying, (*particularly at night*), there is not a question in favour of the detonator;” but I am convinced from my own observation, backed by that of superior judges to myself, that for strength and closeness *united*, and for regularity of shooting, the *flint-gun* has the advantage.

Quails (a great and a very pleasant pastime in many parts of this country) have been unusually abundant this year. From the opening of the *chasse* (the 25th August) up to the end of September, a good shot could kill daily his thirty or forty quails without fatigue—none of your little sparrow-like things, bred in the country, and never having felt a ray of Egyptian sun; but real *cailles de passage*, as fat and as heavy as if they had been fed for the frequenters of *Very*, or *Les Frères Provençaux*. By the way, a hint to amateurs as to the cooking of these delicate *morceaux* may not be amiss. Never allow your cook to roast them—half the flavour is lost in the dripping-pan. Wrap each quail in a vine-leaf, and then bake them expeditiously (without burning) in a *four de campagne*; or serve them *en caisse* with a rich and thick gravy and truffles; or, if you can afford two or three dozen, put

them into a *pâté*. Worthy Mother Glasse says, "before making your hare-soup, catch a hare."—HAWTHORN says, "before making your *pâté de cailles*, learn how to kill these birds." Excuse me, I mean no offence to many who are greater adepts than myself; the hint is meant for those who have had no experience. No bird is easier to *kill* than a quail; but let them be ever so numerous, you must *beat close* to find them. From three o'clock p. m. until sun-set is the best time for getting shots. In the morning they are apt to run before your dogs; and in the heat of the day they lie so close, that unless master and dog are steady goers, you will pass over a hundred.

To prove the necessity of close beating, I will relate the following fact. On the second of September, while on a visit to the Comte de B——, I was shooting with him and two other friends; they all passed over a small track of wheat and oat-stubble before me, without firing six shots. I followed close upon their rear, and in an hour and a half, upon the identical ground, killed twenty-four quails and two brace and a half of partridges.

Notwithstanding the abundance of quails, few land-rails have been seen. Woodcocks also have been very scarce; and snipes, with the exception of a small flight in September, equally so. Grives (thrushes), and all the smaller species of birds of passage, have also been less numerous than usual. Under this head are nightingales, robin-red-breasts, &c. &c.; they are taken in springes, arranged at regular intervals on each side of narrow roads or paths in the woods, portions of which are let to indi-

viduals who choose to have what is here called a *tender*. Many have from ten to twenty thousand of these springes; and as they must all be visited daily, some trouble and expense are attendant upon them. The smaller birds sell from twelve to twenty-four sous the dozen; the grives, three or four sous each. Few, who have not witnessed the fact, will believe how fat and delicate all these birds are in their proper season.

I have heard a great deal of partridges of passage in this part of France, but I believe them to be very rare, having never fallen in with any. I once saw one that had been killed by a friend out of a covey of fifty or sixty (not the same hatch, I presume). This bird was smaller and more compact than the *common* partridge, with a very trifling difference of plumage.

A-propos of partridges—a curious circumstance occurred here a few weeks since. One of the inspectors and a *garde de chasse* of the *forêts royales* flushed and killed five out of a covey of as fine red-legged partridges as I ever saw in the South of France. They are altogether unknown in this and the adjoining *departements*; consequently must have come from afar. This however is, perhaps, less extraordinary than the fact of a gentleman, near Newbury in Berkshire, having some years since killed one red-legged out of a covey of common partridges; and I see by the papers that the same circumstance has occurred in the same neighbourhood this year. In the South the *perdrix de passage*, of which I have spoken above, is very common; they come down from the mountains, whence they are driven by stress of weather. I have also heard there of hares of

passage, that have been met in squads of three or four score upon the turnpike road!!

"*Breeding in all its branches*," is with Englishmen an agricultural toast; "*Sporting in all its branches*," might be given by a Frenchman. I thought so, at least, the other day, on seeing one gravely seated by the side of a muddy pool, fishing for *frogs*—rod, line, and hook all in order; nothing wanting but the reel and the landing net. His hook he baited with either a bit of meat or red rag, changing from time to time, according (I supposed) as the state of the atmosphere altered the taste of the frog. These poor devils jumped greedily after the bait, each one, as he was hooked, uttering a scream like that of a young child. I saw him pull out half a score in about half as many minutes, and left him *très content de sa pêche*, which afforded him sport for the moment, and assured him a cheap *régal* for his family the first maigre day. I own that, for my part, I was struck with the cruelty of the action, and almost wished for a MARTIN in the French Chambers; but tenderness towards the brute creation is not the foible of a Frenchman; i. e. of the lower orders. Daily examples of wanton cruelty strike the commonest observer, many perhaps trifling in themselves; but those *trifles* prove the disposition which *has* shewn itself, and *will* shew itself again, whenever a French mob shall have the mastery. Well may we then, with reason, exclaim with the Poet, "Atq; utinam his potius nugis tota illa dedisset
Tempora sævitæ, claras quibus abstulit urbi
Illustres que animas impune, et vindice nullo."

But excuse me, Mr. Editor; I

am getting out of my line, and perhaps wearying the patience of your readers. I perceive from my windows also symptoms of a fine day, and with it a growing inclination to attack and kill a wild boar if possible; and as the ordinance of *Monsieur le Préfet du Dep. du Pas de Calais* happily does not extend beyond its bounds, I can still enjoy my sport unmolested. I sincerely pity any English amateurs of the trigger, who may be at present sufferers by such an excess (I may say abuse) of power; at the same time I cannot refrain from adding, that I consider the conduct (if true as told in the papers) of those, who at the early part of the season made so war-like a descent upon the coast, to say the least, inconsiderate, and certainly very far from acting up to the principle of doing by others as you would wish others to do by you.

Wishing you and all your readers a happy new year, I remain, Sir, &c.
HAWTHORN.

Nancy, Jan. 8, 1828.

P. S. As many of your readers may be ignorant of the circumstance above alluded to, I will relate the same as it reached me by the papers—if not true, I shall be most happy to see it contradicted. Early in the season, a party of young sportsmen crossed over from the English coast, and landed upon that of the *Pas de Calais*. In the course of the very short time they took up their quarters thereon, they committed such havoc among the young game, that the natives, horrified at seeing their expected sport thus abruptly destroyed, complained to the *Préfet*; who, by way of preventing a recurrence of similar mischief, refused a *porte d'armes* to every Englishman resident in his *département*.

LIST OF STALLIONS FOR 1828.

(Ages at May Day next.)

11. **A BJER**, in the neighbourhood of Nottingham, at 10gs.:—by Truffle, out of Briseis, by Beningbrough.

9. **ACUPUNCTURER**, at Petworth, Sussex, at 5gs.:—by Young Gohanna, out of Young Cypress, by Driver.

16. **ANTICIPATION**, at the Stud Farm, Ludford, near Ludlow, at 10 sovs.:—by Hambletonian, out of Hyale, by Phenomenon.

10. **ALEXANDER**, at Mr. John Richardson's stables, without Micklegate Bar, York, at 5 sovs.; half-bred, 2 sovs.:—by Don Cossack, out of Staveley Lass, by Shuttle.

22. **ASHTON**, at James King's Stables, Chiselden, near Marlborough, Wilts, at 5 sovs.; others, half price:—by Walnut, out of Miss Haworth, by Spadille.

12. **BANKER**, at Appleton Cottage Farm, near Warrington, at 5 sovs.:—by Smolensko, out of Quail (Merchant's dam), by Gohanna.

5. **BEDLAMITE**, at Marble Hill Farm, Twickenham, at 10gs. half-bred mares at 5gs.:—by Welbeck, out of Maniac, by Shuttle.

8. **BEN LEDI**, at Dumfries, North Britain:—by Viscount, out of Mrs. Barnet, by Waxy.

8. **BIZARRE**, at Latimers, at 10gs.:—by Orville, out of Bizarre, by Peruvian; grandam, Violante, by John Bull.

14. **BLACKLOCK**, at Mr. Skelton's, Rose and Crown, Beverley, at 20gs.:—by Whitelock, dam by Coriander.

17. **BLUCHER**, at Carlisle, at 5gs.:—by Waxy, out of Pantina, by Buzzard, grandam Deceiver's dam, by Trentham.

15. **BOBADIL**, at Clearwell

Court, Newland, Gloucestershire, at 10gs.:—by Rubens, out of Brainworm's dam.

7. **BRUTANDORF**, at Mr. T. Kirby's stables, without Walmgate Bar, York, at 7gs. and a half:—by Blacklock, out of Mandane, by Pot80's.

7. **BUZZARD**, at High Powburn, near Whittingham, Northumberland, at 7l.:—by Blacklock, out of Miss Newton, by Delpini.

7. **GANTEEN**, at Craigmillar Castle, near Edinburgh, at 10 sovs.:—by Waxy Pope, out of Castanea, by Gohanna.

19. **CANNON BALL**, at Mr. Fryatt's, Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire, at 12 sovs.:—by Sancho, dam by Weathercock.

19. **CATTON**, at Mr. Chapman's, the Salutation Inn, Doncaster, at 15 sovs.:—by Golumpus, out of Lucy Gray, by Timothy.

10. **CENTAUR**, at Mr. R. Stevenson's, Newmarket, at 10gs.:—by Canopus, dam by Orville, grandam by Alexander.

22. **CERVANTES**, at Wentworth Lodge, near Rotherham, at 10gs.:—by Don Quixote, out of Evelina, by Highflyer.

16. **CHAMPION**, at Eaton Stud House, near Chester, at 10 sovs.:—by Selim, out of Podagra, by Gouty.

19. **COMUS**, at Ledston Hall Farm, near Ferrybridge, at 10 sovs.:—by Sorcerer, out of Houghton Lass, by Sir Peter.

7. **CONFEDERATE**, at the same place and price as Cervantes, by Comus, out of Maritornes.

10. **CORONATION**, at Mr. R. Lancaster's, Hambleton, near Thirsk, at 5gs.:—by Catton, dam by Paynator.

8. **CRICKETER**, at Rose's Veterinary Infirmary, Warwick, at 7

sova. ; half-bred mares, 3 sova.:—by Octavius, dam by Gobanna.

7. CYDNUS, at Mr. Theobald's, Stockwell, Surrey, at 5gs.:—by Quiz, out of Persepolis, by Alexander.

12. CHAMPIGNON, at Prestbury, near Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, at 10gs.:—by Truffle, out of Maria, by Highflyer.

17. DOCTOR SYNTAX, at Mr. W. Arrowsmith's, Brompton-upon-Swale, near Catterick, at 11 sovs.; half-bred mares half price:—by Paynator, dam by Benningbrough.

8. EMILIUS, at Riddlesworth, near Thetford, Norfolk, at 12gs.:—by Orville, out of Emily, by Stamford.

11. ERYX, at Smitham Bottom, near Croydon, at 5gs. (winners and dams of winners gratis):—by Milo, dam by Buzzard.

FAIRPLAY, at Haynes's livery stables, Langham Place, a grey Arabian of the Nidjeeder cast, at 7gs. (winners and dams of winners gratis).

9. FIGARO, at Mr. W. Crum-mack's, Wind Mill, without Micklegate Bar, York, at 10gs.:—by Haphazard, dam by Selim, out of Young Camilla, by Woodpecker.

16. FILHO DA PUTA, at Farnsfield, near Southwell, Notts, at 15gs.:—by Haphazard, out of Mrs. Barnet, by Waxy.

6. FLEXIBLE, at Bromfield, near Ludlow, at 7 sovs.:—by Whalebone, out of Themis.

11. FUNGUS, at Morton's hunting stables, Croydon, at 5gs.:—by Truffle, out of a Sir Peter mare (Sister to Rival).

25. FYLDENER, at Croft's Farm, near Stratford-on-Avon, at 10gs., others at 3gs.:—by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Fanny, by Diomed.

4. GREY HORSE, at Turnham Green, Middlesex, at 3gs.:—by Hankey Smith's Arabian; dam by

Musician, out of a Sister to Partisan.

15. GREY ORVILLE, at Mr. S. Reed's, Bay Malton Inn, York, at 5gs.:—by Orville, out of Vesta, by Delpini.

9. GULLIVER, at Hoar Cross, Staffordshire, at 10 sovs.:—by Orville, out of Canidia, by Sorcerer.

6. HUMPHREY CLINKER, at the same place and price as Confederate:—by Comus, out of Clinkerina.

7. HYDRA, at the same place as Fungus, at 3gs.:—by Young Whiskey, out of a King Fergus Mare.

7. JERRY, at Mr. Wood's, the Grantham Arms, Boroughbridge, Yorkshire, at 10 sovs.:—by Smolensko, out of Louisa, by Orville.

5. LAPDOG, at Day's stables, Haughton Down, near Stockbridge, at 7 sovs.:—by Whalebone, dam by Canopus.

12. LITTLE JOHN, at Petworth, at 10gs.:—by Octavius, out of Grey Skim.

8. LOTTERY, at Dowthorpe Hall, near Hull, at 16gs.:—by Tramp, out of Mandane, by Pot80's.

MANEC JUNIOR, at Sandwell, near Birmingham, at 10 sovs.:—by the Arabian Manec, out of Mockbird.

14. MANFRED, at the same place and price as Anticipation:—by Election, out of Miss Wasp, by Waxy.

13. MASTER HENRY, at the same place and price as Anticipation:—by Orville, out of Miss Sophia, by Stamford.

13. MERLIN, at the same place as Emilius, at 20gs.:—by Castrel, out of Miss Newton, by Delpini.

6. MIDDLETON, at Shirley, near Croydon, Surrey, at 10 sovs.:—by Phantom, out of Web, by Waxy.

9. **MOSES**, at Goodwood, near Chichester, at 12gs. :—by Whalebone, dam by Gohanna, out of Grey Skim.

10. **MONREITH**, at Dalkeith North Britain (Own Brother to Filho da Puta) :—by Haphazard, out of Mrs. Barnet, by Waxy.

4. **MOPSUS**, at M'Carty's hunting stables, Croydon, at 2gs. :—by Soothsayer, out of Folly, by Young Drone.

20. **MOUNTEBANK**, at Burghley, near Stamford, at 6 sovs. ; half-bred mares, 2gs. :—by Gohanna, dam by Sir Peter.

11. **MR. LOWE**, at the same place as Phantom, at 10gs. :—by Walton, out of Pledge, by Waxy.

NAPOLEAN ARABIAN, twenty mares only, at 10gs.—(Mr. Weatherby has farther particulars.)

NIMROD, at Mr. Moiser's, Topcliffe, near Thirsk, at 5gs. :—by Whalebone, out of Thalestris, by Alexander.

7. **NICOLO**, at Smallholm, near Kelso, North Britain, at 7gs. :—by Selim, dam by Walton.

6. **NIGEL**, at Coleman's, St. Alban's, at 5gs. ; other mares, half price :—by Election, out of Rowena, by Haphazard.

NORFOLK PHÆNOMENON (the superior trotting stallion), at the same place as Cydnus, at 5 sovs. : by Young Fireaway, out of a Shales mare.

19. **OCTAVIUS**, at Petworth, at 10gs. :—by Orville, out of Marianne.

8. **ORVILLE JUNIOR**, at King's Arms Yard, Pimlico, at 3 sovs. :—by Orville, out of Mistake, by Waxy.

5. **OUTLAW**, at Goodwood, near Chichester, at 5gs. ; half-bred mares, 3gs. :—by Muley, out of Medora.

17. **PARTISAN**, at Oxcroft (by

Subscription), twenty mares at 14gs. each :—by Walton, out of Parasol.—(The subscription is full.)

15. **PAULOWITZ**, at Bonehill Farm, Tamworth, Staffordshire, at 15gs. :—by Sir Paul, out of Evelina, by Highflyer.

9. **PETER LELY**, at Huntington, near York, at 7 sovs. and a half :—by Rubens, out of Stella, by Sir Oliver.

20. **PHANTOM**, at the King's Arms Yard Livery Stables, Pimlico, at 10gs. :—by Walton, out of Julia, by Whiskey.

9. **PICTON**, at Harrison's stables, Epsom, at 10 sovs. ; half-bred mares, 5 sovs. :—by Smolensko, dam by Dick Andrews, out of Eleanor.

10. **POLYGAR**, at Mr. W. Gell's, East Hardwick, near Pontefract, at 10gs. :—Brother to Partisan.

9. **POTSHEEN**, at Step Farm, Farringdon, Berks, at 5gs. ; others at 2gs. :—by Usquebaugh, out of Mistake, by Waxy.

17. **PYRAMUS**, at Barton Court, near Newbury, Berks, at 2gs. :—by Meteor (Son of Eclipse), out of Passion Flower, by Sir Peter.

12. **RANTER**, at Dysart, N. B. at 5gs. :—by Comus, out of Sister to Rosette, by Benningbrough.

10. **REIN DEER**, at Medbourn, Leicestershire, at 5gs. :—by Smolensko, dam by Shuttle.

13. **REVELLER**, at Hedgerley Park, Gerrard's Cross, Bucks, at 10gs. :—by Comus, out of Rosette, by Benningbrough.

10. **RICHARD**, at Knight's Hill Cottage, Dulwich, Surrey, at 10gs. :—Brother to Master Henry, by Orville.

16. **ROBIN ADAIR**, at the same place as Pyramus, at 2gs. :—by Walton, out of Canidia, by Sorcerer.

23. **RUBENS**, at Chadlington,

near Chipping Norton, Oxfordshire, at 10gs.:—by Buzzard, dam by Alexander.

11. RUBENS JUNIOR, at the same place as Phantom, at 3l. 10s.:—by Rubens, out of Web, by Waxy.

6. RUFUS, at Howe's stables, Newmarket, at 10gs.:—by Election, out of Prudence.

6. SALADIN, at Newby-wiske, near Northallerton, at 10 sovs.:—by Selim, out of Juliana (Matilda's dam).

5. SARACEN, at the Park stables, Euston, near Thetford, at 3gs.:—by Selim, dam by Trumpator.

11. ST. PATRICK, at Thornton Watlas, at 19gs.:—by Walton, dam by Dick Andrews, grandam by Highflyer.

11. SAM, at the same place as Merlin, at 5gs.:—by Scud, out of Hyale, by Phenomenon.

8. SHERWOOD, at Mr. Gaman's, Churton Hall, near Chester, at 7gs. and a half:—by Filho da Puta, out of Lampedosa.

5. SIR GRAY, at Brown's stables, Warwick, at 10 sovs.; half-bred mares, 5 sovs.:—by Rubens, dam by Benningbrough.

15. SHIM, at Petworth, at 10gs.:—by Young Gohanna, out of Grey Skim.

7. SILKWORM, at Ashby de-la-Zouch, at 5gs.:—by Castrel, out of Corinne, by Waxy.

7. SLIGO, at Mr. Crockford's stables, Newmarket, at 10gs.:—by Waxy Pope, out of Cora, by Master Bagot.

17. SMOLENSKO, at the same place as Cydnus, at 10gs.:—by Sorcerer, out of Wowski, by Mentor.

14. STAINBOROUGH, at Bildeston, Suffolk, at 10gs.:—by Dick Andrews, out of Hornpipe, by Trumpator.

8. STRATHERNE, at the same place and price as Fungus; half-bred mares, 3gs.:—by Whisker, dam by Shuttle.

6. STRYMON, at the same place as Smolensko, at 2gs.:—Own Brother to Euphrates.

9. SWAP, at the same place as Paulowitz, at 10gs.; half-bred mares at 3gs.:—by Catton, dam by Hambletonian.

12. SULTAN, at Burghley, near Stamford, at 20 sovs. by Selim, out of Bacchante, by W.'s Ditto.

12. TENIERS, at Mostyn, near Holywell, at 5gs.; half-bred mares 2gs.:—by Rubens, out of Snowdrop.

12. TIRESIAS, at Norton, near Ollerton, at 10gs.:—by Soothsayer, out of Pledge, by Waxy.

18. TRAMP, at Tickhill Castle Farm, near Bawtry, at 15gs.:—by Dick Andrews, dam by Gohanna.

8. TROY, at Farrall's stables, Epsom, at 2gs.:—by Filho da Puta, out of Briseis.

20. TRUFFLE, at Chippenham, near Newmarket, at 15gs.:—by Sorcerer, out of Hornby Lass.—(This horse has recently returned from France.)

6. THESEUS, at the same place as Fungus, at 3gs.:—by Quiz, dam by Alexander.

11. THE DUKE, at the same place as Waxy Pope, at 5gs.:—by Comus, dam by Delpini.

9. THEODORE, at Castle Howard, Yorkshire, at 5gs. and a half:—by Woful, out of Blacklock's dam.

11. VAMPYRE, at Wakefield Lodge, near Stoney Stratford, at 3gs.:—by Waxy, out of Vestal.

11. VANLOO, at Upper Cottage, Broomsgrove Lickey, Worcestershire, at 6gs.; other mares half-price:—by Rubens, out of Louisa, by Pegasus.

18. **VISCOUNT**, at Monteith, N.B.:—by Stamford, dam by Bordeaux.

9. **WANTON**, at Catterick, at 7gs.:—by Woful, dam by Shuttle.

11. **WAVERLEY**, at Roal, near Ferrybridge, at 10gs.:—by Whalebone, out of Margarett, by Sir Peter, grandam by Highflyer.

16. **WHISKER**, at Mr. James Fletcher's, Brompton upon-Swale, near Catterick, at 20gs.:—by Waxy, out of Penelope.

5. **WAMBA**, at the same place and price as Manfred:—by Merlin, out of Penelope.

22. **WAXY POPE**, at Porkington, near Oswestry, at 10gs.:—by Waxy, out of Prunella.

12. **WRANGLER**, at the same place and price as Stainborough:—by Walton, out of Lisette, by Hambletonian.

8. **WISEACRE**, at Mr. Islip's, Melchburne Park Farm, near Kimbolton, at 5 sovs.; half-bred mares 2 sovs.; by Rubens, out of a Skyscraper mare (Bobadil's dam).

19. **WOFUL**, at Elden Hall, near Thetford, at 15gs.:—by Waxy, out of Penelope.

14. **WATERLOO**, at Bushy Park paddocks, Hampton Court (fifteen mares only), at 15 sovs.:—by Walton, out of Penelope.

17. **WANDERER**, at Petworth, at 10gs.:—by Gohanna, out of Catherine, by Woodpecker.

23. **YORK**, at Biggleswade, Beds, at 5 sovs.; half-bred mares, 2 sovs.:—by Hambletonian, out of Totterella, by Dungannon.

8. **YOUNG CORRECTOR**, at Watch Field, near Kendal, Westmoreland, at 5gs.:—out of Lady Abbess, by Cardinal York.

6. **YOUNG PHANTOM**, at the Dog and Duck Inn, Beverley, at 8gs.:—by Phantom, out of Emmeline, by Waxy.

DEFENCE OF BATTUEING.

SIR,

I Allow what is stated in the 231st page of your last Magazine, "that pheasants must always be well fed if you wish them to remain with you; and, if they are, you may drive them, to almost any number, into a very small covert from the surrounding ones." Of course every one knows they must be fed to keep them there; and also that you may drive them where you like. I would ask, why should this be deprecated? Perhaps the owner of the estate may be an infirm man, or may not be fond of hunting; and why should not he enjoy his sport as well as other people theirs; particularly where the land and property around are his own? A man pleases himself; and it is not for an independent gentleman or yeoman to ask of the neighbourhood whether he may have a battue day, and supply his friends in London or elsewhere with game, *off his own land*. It never was, and I will venture to say, never will be.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

MARK.

P. S. Pheasants are expensive to rear, but those that like to preserve them pay for them; and I don't see why shooters should not have whims as well as hunters.

IMAGINARY DAMAGE DONE BY RIDING OVER WHEAT.

SIR,

I Take the liberty of offering a few observations upon trespass, a subject affecting the sportsman and the farmer—two parties naturally so dependent upon each other, that, setting aside the good-will

which every man is or ought to be desirous of maintaining amongst his neighbours, a variance between the sportsmen and farmers of any county must prove equally injurious to the interests of both. *Wilful* trespass is not, nor ever will be, the attribute of a true sportsman; and I must confess that it is with astonishment I perceive so many farmers in profound ignorance as to this important point. Many there are, it is true, in Leicestershire and in some of the provincials, of the more enlightened: but will it be believed, that no later than November last, while hunting in the Hambleton country, I had what was termed "a row" with a purse-proud curmudgeon*—a disgrace to the name of agriculturist—who abused me in no measured terms, merely upon the supposition of my having ridden across his wheat? It so happened that to my certain knowledge, as I could also prove, I had not been upon his or any other man's wheat: hounds were not running; and had I at such a time, by riding over his wheat, given him cause in his ignorance to imagine an injury, which would have haunted him till next harvest, in the vision of so many ears less to market, it would in my mind have amounted to wilful trespass.

But, trusting that there are but few of his class in the kingdom, permit me to quote for the benefit of sporting farmers at large, many of whom read the *Sporting Magazine* (as also may possibly my pugnacious old friend, if he *can* read), two striking instances relative to the imaginary injury of riding over wheat. My apology for trespass-

ing upon your columns is, that I flatter myself they apply to the subject, and are what the lawyers would call "cases in point."

I am informed, upon the indisputable authority of an intimate friend, who was well acquainted with the late Lord Y—b—h, that his Lordship was in the constant habit of making compensation to all the farmers of the country over which he hunted, who could lay claim for any injury done to their crops. After a very wet season, he sent for one farmer in particular, the proprietor of a field by the side of a favorite covert, to which, owing to the scarcity of foxes in other parts of the hunt, they had been obliged to have constant recourse. At the end of the season this field was literally destroyed, to all appearance—not a vestige of the blade of wheat being visible, and the soil in every part resembling that of a muddy lane.—"I have sent for you," said Lord Y—b—h to the farmer, "to offer you the fair value of the wheat field, which was so trampled upon last season, that I fear you must have been wholly disappointed of your harvest."—"On no account, my Lord (replied this true specimen of an English farmer)—upon no account can I consent to take a farthing of remuneration. So far from the disappointment, for which I was prepared, never in any previous year have I had so good a crop as has been reaped this harvest in that very field, which, at the close of hunting, looked truly unpromising enough."

To this I shall add but one more, from the numberless instances which I could quote from my own

* Dr. Johnson was at much pains to find the derivation of this word, "Curmudgeon"—it is from the French, "*Cicur-méchant*."

observation. I was expressing my opinion upon this topic very lately to Lord G—e, and was rejoiced to find one so competent to judge of agricultural matters thoroughly agreeing with me. He assured me that on his estate in Sussex he had a field last season sown with a peculiar sort of wheat remarkable for its tenderness, and on that account he had endeavored to preserve it. Owing, however, to chance, he found this impossible. The hounds ran frequently over it, and upon one occasion killed their fox in the centre (near a bush which enabled him to mark the spot), followed of course by every horse within reach of the scene. To his surprise the crop very much exceeded his utmost expectations, and was thicker and finer on and around the spot where, by the death of the fox, it had been more trampled upon than in any other part.

This and the preceding anecdote I call "confirmation strong as proof of holy writ;" and with all this before me, I cannot but call querulous farmers in general an infatuated race, blind alike to common sense and their own interests.

I should not have been thus prolix upon the subject—all that I have said tending only farther to establish a fact already notorious—but that I am quite sick of the cry, "Ware wheat!" which is dinned into the ears of all who have not the good fortune to hunt in a grazing county. I am too apt upon these occasions to exclaim with the favorite Poet of the most classical of your correspondents—

"O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,
Agrícolas."

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
A SPORTSMAN.

PROPOSAL OF A NEW LAW FOR BOWLING AT CRICKET.

SIR,

IN the first part of my Treatise upon Bowling, published in your last Number, I left off with the following sentence: "Since, however, a better definition is required, I will attempt to give one." I now proceed with the subject.

Let us examine the value of the one we have. The ultimate object of defining a law of cricket is to leave as little as possible to the arbitrary decision of the umpire: the effect of our present definition is to leave every thing in his power. The whimsical caprice of umpires, arising from the faulty definition which now regulates the bowling, is so notorious to all cricketers as to need little illustration. Suffice it to say, that at Marylebone itself the same bowler is allowed in one match and disallowed in another. A bowler goes through the game from one wicket without any objection being made to him, well knowing that, if he bowled at the other, "No ball" would be called every time. The two best slow bowlers in England, as they are called, are never objected to, although it is notorious that they frequently, if not always, deliver the ball over-handed, and consequently unfairly according to the present law: and what is remarkable enough, they are not only good, and evade the law, but their merit is in exact proportion to their evasion of it. They are never stopped. But if a new man were to spring up in the country, having exactly their style, nobody could tell whether his bowling would be allowed at Lord's, or not. The answer must be, "We cannot

tell. There is no definition by which a correct judgment can be formed. Every thing is in the breast of the umpire; if he fancies you, he will let you bowl; if not, he will stop you."

Such in practice is our present definition; but it scarcely needed practice to foretel its failure: for what can be more difficult than for an umpire, with his eye at the same moment on the crease, to determine the exact uppermost part of so small an object as the hand in the hurry of delivery? The entire hand, for instance, may not be turned, but a part may; and thus the whole object of an over-hand delivery is gained, and the law effectually evaded, as is constantly the case. Umpires are aware of this infringement, and are anxious to stop it; but the action is so quick, the object so small, with no point of comparison, no other part of the body to compare its position with, and the transgression frequently so slight, that they find it impossible to notice the offence as it occurs; and, therefore, their mode is, as has been again and again apparent, to settle the matter at once, either by stopping some bowlers altogether, and, as a set off, allowing others, or by calling "no ball" as it were periodically, without regarding the hand at all.

Such is the effect of the definition which some gentlemen are so unwilling to part with, because they think it does its duty so well. Whether that which I offer in its place will afford greater facility to the decision of the umpire, can, after the experience of last season, scarcely admit of a doubt. The Sussex and England matches were played on an understanding that the bowling should be kept within bounds; and the two Kent and

Sussex matches were played according to the very law, word for word, which I now propose, having been made with that express condition, and chiefly for the purpose of trying its efficacy. Other matches, played in like manner, might be mentioned; but as in none of these there occurred the slightest difficulty in distinguishing what was fair and what was not, any farther comment would be useless. It was, indeed, quite a holiday for the umpires, who are, I believe, unanimous in declaring, that the one rule is as clear and decisive as the other is dark and confused.

But its superiority, in another point of view, is even more apparent; and that is, in the consequences of infringement. If the old definition is infringed by the back of the hand, or any part of it, being uppermost at the moment of delivery, the whole character of the bowling is immediately and totally changed; the spirit of the New School is then introduced, and the tameness of the old *chuck-halfpenny* system is instantaneously lost and destroyed: it then becomes virtually straight-armed bowling, having both quickness and twist in the bound; neither of which ever can be obtained in a considerable degree, unless the ball is at its highest elevation the instant it leaves the hand. But if the new definition is infringed, the consequences are absolutely nothing at all. The shoulder is taken as a point; not because a ball delivered with the hand above it would assume a different character; but because some point must be named; and that appears to afford as good a line of demarcation as any other. It allows the utmost extent of the arm from the body, and consequently the greatest

possible circle to the progress of the ball; it at once shuts out the common method of throwing, and affords to the eye of the umpire an easy point of comparison with the elevation of the hand. If, moreover, the straight-armed bowler should meet with a very strict umpire, one who would even stretch a point to call "no ball," he can lower his hand with the greatest ease, and thus avoid the possibility of cavil; for it is *the turn of the hand*, not the elevation of it, which mainly gives the effect to this bowling. The difference between these two definitions, then, is, that one can, with the utmost ease, be evaded, and if it is, the whole character of the bowling is changed; the other can with difficulty be infringed, but if it is, the consequences are of no import.

Thus much for the risk attending the introduction of the straight-armed bowling. That it may not only be admitted with impunity, but restrained and regulated at pleasure, I have no more doubt, than I have of the advantages which will attend its adoption. These are, that it will greatly multiply the number of first-rate bowlers; that it will shorten the game; and that it will make it more scientific.

Every judge of cricket knows that each eleven in a match should contain at the least four good bowlers, so that there may be, if necessary, a change at each wicket; and it is also as well known, that at the present day, owing to the restrictive laws, there are not more than *four good bowlers in all England*, certainly not more than four (to say the most) who are fit to bowl through a first-rate match; and I would ask any person acquainted with the present state of

cricket, what reliance he would place even upon them against the best hitters of the day? But, allowing them all possible merit, it will surely be a great advantage to multiply that number by four or five, if we can. Sixteen or twenty good bowlers, instead of four, would be of inestimable benefit, not only by increase of numbers, but by contrast of style, of which each would be more valuable as a change on the other. The effects of the present weak state of bowling were so severely felt last season, that it is unnecessary to enumerate them. Those who, like myself, had on several occasions to watch out against two or three hundred runs an innings, will not probably be ignorant of them; neither, I believe, will any body deny, that, if the straight-armed bowling had been employed on those occasions, such a score would never have been made. The certainty of always having good bowling on both sides, which the proposed law would secure, and which never can exist now, must to a *true cricketer* be an object of primary importance.

As to whether the game will be shortened by this system, there are different opinions. The experience of one season may not, perhaps, afford a just criterion; but, as far as it goes, it is entirely in our favour. The three England and Sussex matches, and two Kent and Sussex, and others of smaller note, invariably afford a much less number of runs than is commonly the case; and did not occupy nearly so many hours' play, although some of them, for obvious reasons quite foreign to the purpose, perhaps, as many days as usual. The fairest example which came under my own knowledge,

because there was no person on that occasion interested in delay, was in a match between East and West Sussex, at Broadwater. It was played in September; but though with short days, and two very strong elevens, it was finished by five o'clock on the second day, although it was not begun till twelve on the first owing to rain: the losing side also going in last, every man had his innings.

That superior bowling must get wickets faster than inferior, is self-evident; and if the straight-armed system should at any time fail to do that, it will only prove that the quality of the batting has kept pace with it—the result of which will be, that the game will have become more scientific.

In conclusion, I will shortly recapitulate the following essential points, which should be borne in mind in the consideration of this question.

First, that the expediency of some alteration in the laws of cricket, by which the batting and bowling may be placed more upon a par, is *universally admitted*.

Secondly, that the same style of bowling which I now propose has been commonly practised in various parts of England for many years, and is now rapidly extending its influence with complete success in producing that desirable effect; and that it is allowed by all parties to be the most proper remedy, provided it can be kept within due bounds.

Thirdly, that the attempt to restrain it by a law has never yet been made.

And lastly, that no other remedy has ever been offered.

One or two, indeed, have been mentioned; such as widening the wickets, or decreasing the width

of the bats, of which it is scarcely necessary to say that they are founded on the most vicious of all principles—that of lowering the standard of excellence, instead, if possible, of raising it.

The object is not to bring the batting down to the bowling in order to equalize them, but to exalt the latter to the level of the former; not to diminish the means of defence, but to add to the powers of attack. A wicket may be extended to the size of a gate, or a bat diminished to that of a walking-stick; and at some intermediate point, there is no doubt but that men may be got out with tolerable certainty, just as a log of sufficient weight will reduce the speed of a race horse to that of a pig. The only question, therefore, to be considered is, whether the straight-armed bowling can be kept within bounds or not? on which point I have already explained my opinion.

I cannot lay down my pen without expressing my regret that it should have fallen to the lot of one who practises the new system to be its advocate; a circumstance which, I am aware, has given occasion for some cavil. As, however, the proposition originated with me, was submitted by me to the Club last season, and notice given of its repetition next year, before the idea of such an objection occurred to me, I did not afterwards think it of sufficient value to induce me to make over that office to other hands; for I did not in truth think, nor can I now believe, that any of those who know the interest which I take in the game will suppose that I am influenced by unworthy motives. If, indeed, all personal considerations could by all parties be laid

aside, I am confident that this measure would long since have passed; for I have been candidly told by many that they would have no objection to the bowling, if they *could play it*, but that they got few enough runs as it was. It is needless to say any thing on such reasons as these, which should evidently have produced a conduct precisely opposite; since the very object of the bowling is, that people may get fewer runs than they did before. In considering the expediency of the proposed measure, all I ask is, that the idea of personal advantages may be lost sight of, *and the interests of cricket alone consulted.*

Again: it has been said, "this bowling will break our shins and knuckles;" to which I answer, that the first maxim I remember as a boy was, "never be afraid of the ball." Men are not made of brown paper: I have seen many kinds of bowling I could not play, but never one I would not face; nor would I give a farthing for a cricketer who does not play with the opinion that a ball cannot hurt him. I am, Sir, &c.

G. T. KNIGHT.

Godmersham Park, Feb. 15, 1828.

A WEEK WITH COL. JOLLIFFE.

SIR,

I HAVE much pleasure in being able to send you an account of an excellent week's sport over a country, which, although it has always afforded the best running foxes, and the most brilliant chases during the season*, is still by some called impracticable for hounds, horses, and men. This, however, I am sorry to say, is but a pretext

for destroying foxes, and for driving fox-hounds out of the country.

On Monday, January 21, Mr. Jolliffe's hounds found a fox in Mr. Beauclerk's coverts, near the Crab Tree, Horsham; and, after fifty minutes of beautiful hunting, chiefly in covert, killed him in a plantation behind a pretty cottage on the right of the Horsham road. The hounds worked most admirably. No pack of harriers could have hunted closer; and as their fox ran the sandy rides in the large coverts, the least over-running of the scent was dangerous. I love to see Roffey in covert. Foster, Mr. Villebois' huntsman, is, I believe, called the best woodland huntsman in England: I never saw him; but he must, indeed, have a quick ear and eye to beat Roffey; for the latter is bramble proof, and underwood of any thing under twelve years' growth has a poor chance against him. Unlike some huntsmen I could mention, he is always with his hounds in covert, and does not content himself with trotting round with a "yoy over, my boys," and leaving his coverts half drawn. His finding is very joyous; his voice is strong—no small recommendation in woodlands; and his cheers, and "dog language" capital. The hounds returned to their kennel at Crawley after their morning's work, which had been a warm one; and they were to hunt four days in the week.

On the Wednesday following, we met at Den Park, close above Horsham, the seat of Mr. Eversfield, and drew the coverts round that place and Nuthunt without finding. At last, in a fine gorse of Sir Charles Burrell's, out popped

* e.g. on January 31st, 1827, vide *Sporting Magazine* for March 1827.

the gallant varmint close before their noses; and a pretty race he had to save his brush. Unfortunately, after an hour's running with scarcely a check, the hounds divided in a gorse; and Roffey sticking to his hunted fox with only three couple of hounds, all was up before the whipper-in could bring up the body of the pack, which had got away on excellent terms with the fresh fox. This was a severe day for horses: the country was very deep, with a great deal of awkward jumping; and the tenderest hides both of horses and men were worst off.

On Thursday our draft was below Cuckfield; and from a covert belonging, I believe, to Mr. Serjeantson, away went a most gallant fox. Without hanging about the woods, he pointed south, and went away in the teeth of the wind. This, however, would not answer, as heads up and sterns down was the order of the day; and, turning for Balcombe, he ran through Lady Ellenborough's coverts and park, and by Wakehurst Park, across the bottoms to Turner's Hill; near which place (just below Selsfield Mill), they turned him up in a hedge-row, with only six horses witnesses of the end of this gallant run of fifteen miles point blank over as stiff a country as was ever crossed, and after two hours and a quarter most severe galloping and fencing. Nothing but the best blood and condition could live with the pack from first to last, as there was no time for picking either your ground or leaps. This is certainly the best day that this country has afforded since the famous Sullington day, of which I sent you an

account last year, and to which I have referred above.

I ought not to finish my letter without giving the whipper-in, John Stevens, a turn. His hounds are remarkable steady; and on the Wednesday, when they drew coverts crammed with game for several hours before they found, not a hound spoke. He is also a beautiful horseman; and his love of fox-hunting may be guessed, when he told me, "A man, Sir, who does not wish to hunt *every day in the year* has no business to be one of us*." SCARLET.

Reigate, Feb. 2, 1828.

STOCKING FISH-PONDS.

SIR,

THE following curious method for replenishing a canal or pond with several sorts of fish, may be acceptable to some of your subscribers who are fishermen; and I am happy in the opportunity of communicating it through your pages.

Towards the end of April or beginning of May, take the root of one of the willow trees which grow upon the side of some river or piece of water, and which is full of fibres; shake the earth well away from it; then tie it to a stake, and fix it in a river or pond well provided with such sorts of fish you desire to have: the fish will gather about the root, cling to it, and deposit their spawn or eggs, which will remain entangled amongst the fibres. After a few days, draw your stake with the willow root out of the river or pond, and carry it to the canal or pond which you intend to replenish with fish; into which you are to plunge it about

* No orthography of mine can do justice to Jack's pronunciation: it is the richest specimen of real true Yorkshire I ever met with.

half a hand's breadth below the surface of the water; and in about fifteen days you will perceive a great number of little fry round it. But if you intend to furnish more than one canal or pond, you must take care not to leave it too long in the first, lest the heat of the sun should animate the whole of

the spawn; for as soon as the fry begin to be alive, they will disengage themselves from the root.

By giving this a place in your entertaining Magazine, you will much oblige, Mr. Editor, your obedient, humble servant,

A SUBSCRIBER.

Norwich, Feb. 5, 1828.

A FRENCH TOUR—BY PETER PRY.

(Continued from last Number, page 290.)

SIR,

IT now becomes my pleasing task, under prudent resolves, to present myself to my friends from the Telegraph tower at Bordeaux—for after having climbed many hundred steps to the top in a *frying* day, I cannot go down again without keeping the word I engaged for in my last.

The approach from Paris is over the fine new bridge, the pride of vain Frenchmen, but in no wise of a character to raise envy in the breasts of the *ingenious Parson* or the *architectural Baronet*. However, it has a striking countenance, and rears its front across a noble river, very wide and very deep, bearing on its bosom every flag of the world at the peaks of vessels of all burthens, riding, within twenty yards of the quay, admirably arranged: nothing can be more interesting than to see such emblems floating in well-ordered society, and under the inspiring charm of amity.

Before I sketch the circle, I cannot refrain from a panegyric on the specimens of French naval perfection. The mooring of her floating barques is nearest the bridge, and the numerous display of *le drapeau blanc* has a singular effect. Even to the eye of a land-lubber the beautiful structure of the hulls is

strikingly obvious over all others—indeed proud Albion's competition must bow its head. There were several East India ships, of some four or five hundred tons, that appeared to me of remarkable beauty, with such *saucy* rigging that would have made the *Yachters* raving in envy, and made me long for the fine pencil of Shetky to adorn my Album. Now to return.

To the North appears a rising country covered with elegant chateaux and vineyards—a district (though far southward) a load-stone to the fancy, as bordering on that of La Vendée. And who can cast an eye towards it without a feeling of the deepest interest, and a heavy sigh for suffering virtues and heroism? without a pensive heave at the recollection of a Jacquelin, Bonchamps, and their gallant friends? To the West and South, the Atlantic towers the imagination, with the more simple attractions of the Madoc; and what can be more imposingly touching than the thought of the luxurious *Lafittes*, *Margaux*, and all their rich companions? Turning towards the East, the *Landes* are spread before you, where *foxes*, *plains*, and *coverts* warm the heart, carrying the willing eye even to the towers

ing Pyrenees as closing the prospect!

The city has a noble cathedral, several grand churches, fine mansions, a beautiful *jardin publique*, adorned with fine trees and fine *dames*; a magnificent quay of great extent in crescent form; fine baths, and wide streets—altogether forming a splendid scene. I have seen Edinburgh, Dublin, Liverpool, and many other superb cities; but really I think France has to boast a *coup d'œil* which would have been a superior tit-bit for the old gentleman in black to have taken a peep at.

I dare not touch upon orders and antiquity, from fear I should display my love too much, and so break my promise: but just as a *mark of something like age*, there is a gate-way remaining to the entrance of a palace, where old Galienus used to get up plays and pastimes, and where Ausonius lived and wrote. He was a luxurious dog, speaking in raptures of wines and waters—one, sparkling in classic goblets, the other bursting forth from a twelve-aperture fountain—

Of birth unknown, whose bounteous
springs ne'er fail:
Blue, glassy, deep, dark, stainless fountain, hail!

Observe, my readers, these are Roman springs: the architectural belong to old England! How extraordinary it appears that her sons in the present day should have lost the relish!

Sportsmen may look sulky over pages of such like description; but I hope they will renew their smiles at hearing that in this city, and the country around it, there are plenty of beautiful *grisettes* with pretty faces and pretty legs, all on tip-toe of emulation to attract, and

struggling in rivalry in the taste of dress and ornaments.

The lady of mine host gave a *paysanne* ball, in which these *ticklers* shone forth in perfect enchantment. We saw capital dancing, inimitable waltzing, with tasty figures of native grace. We had beaux of aristocracy, and beaux of commonality; but gentry could only move and wonder; for plough-boys, valets, grooms, and friseurs beat them in a canter. Their smart costume and *politesse* are winning matters—they dance with matchless spirit, and please the girls with kind smiles, but never pass boundaries of respect and sobriety.—Oh, England! thy louts can smile too, though they be no dancers; but then old Bacchus *will stain the smile*, and then good bye to prudence.

Ah! fly temptation, youth; refrain! refrain!
Each yielding maid! and each presuming swain!

I told you of a forty-seven hours' ramble in the *malle poste*—the mail-coach of France. Returning home by the same conveyance, I became perfectly acquainted with all its curiosities, appearing to me as if worth hearing a little about. It carries four besides the courier (a person of much higher rank than our guards); three in the body, similar to a chariot; the other in a *calash* in front, where the letters are deposited in a bag attached to the apron, therefore easily to be distributed *en passant*. The whole deserves a more living portrait, and I wish its singularity, oddity, and withal its clever convenience, could be displayed by an engraving.

The Post-Office arrangements at Paris appear to be admirably conducted. All the mails are collected in an enclosed court-yard, with the leaders and postillions in the outer.

When the bags are closed, each courier is called—out comes the *malle*, the passengers get in, and they are off in less than three minutes. There is a large room where they all collect, and the luggage (1 cwt.) being sent some hours before, no delay occurs. The first *poste* from the capital is made with four horses and two postillions, being more convenient through the thronged streets. The courier has a small bugle, going *twang, twang, twang*, but the smacking of whips is the signal to clear the way; indeed the clamour of thongs is not a little astounding in Paris at six o'clock.

Accustomed as I have been to travel in our mails, I got in, desperately sullen with the thought of three hundred and seventy miles before me, having had my taste for rapidity cruelly damped from St. Omer to Paris in the *Diligence*; but the shaking on the *pavé* soon dispelled the gloom, and finding seven miles done in forty minutes, I began to feel cheery; and when I saw the horses all out, and four men to five of them, and no time given to get out and see the fun, I was satisfied something like business was meant. My attachment to coaching is great, having ever been a practising amateur on the box; so you cannot wonder at my head being constantly out of the window on the look out. Rain beat, and cold blew in vain; my friend growled; but I looked on, watched all the movements, soon got at the mode of driving and changing, but never could scan the lingo. My surprise increased as quick as the changes, and they being always within the hour, weariness and impatience were out of the leaf. The ride from Paris to Orleans is all *pavé*; and what with

five horses heavily shod, all hammering fore and aft, bells in the throttle, the constant clang of whip-chord, the rolling, jumping, tilting, and swinging of the vehicle, at nine miles *par l'heure*, a man has no chance of shutting his eyes for slumber without a potent pot of soporific. At the end of these seventy miles the day begins to break; and then to a stranger, with a mind and eyes for inquiry, numberless beauties and oddities while away the time. With me every thing has charms—I love the country, the picturesque, churches, trees, hamlets, rivers, and ponds, and I doat on horses and all their attractions: however, such flights of fancy must be suffered to take wing; but prads, harness, drivers, and helpers, cannot be said nay to. Conceive more than forty changes; look at the *maître de poste*, in his night cap, slippers, and shorts, raw-boned from soup meagre, lanky with fasting but not with praying, but always a *courtier* whether hungry or not; two *hommes à cheval* lugging at the heads of five creatures, high backed, and low necked, stiff legged, and, when thus used, stiff tempered; certainly not crammed like turkeys, but rather more like rats starved in half, yet with light and airy hearts; speak but a good word, "*mon petit garçon*," or "*ma belle fille*," back go the ears, and forth come a smile and a kick, that say at once "*toujours prêt*." A friend of yours (*vol. xvi. p. 101.*) has so inimitably described the blood, the shape, the look, the goment, and the whole physiognomy and phrenology of the northern, southern, western, and eastern post-horses of France, that I dare not venture a trespass. So do look back, my worthy readers, and have a treat.

But my friend the *post-boy* must have a word, though not in jacket and boots, for you have had them before; but his driving, his *sacreeing*, his bottom bumping, his "hourra" when one leg gets into the stirrup, his catching up all the ropes instead of ribbons, and his start at full speed *sur l'instant*, his wisdom in ways, his mulish walk up hill, and his mad-headed run down, and withal his nice eye to shy wheels and posts, speak astonishment to me, and make such heroes as Jack Peer and long Stevey lower their topsails; they can come their strokes, and do them well *they say*, and I *know*; but my friend, when he catches the crop in his left hand, and gives a clipper over his shoulder to the off-flank of the off-wheeler, sets all their deeds at defiance.

Now, my super-dandies, I will ask, by way of small talk, what avail black varnish, shining brass, neat's-foot oil, and wash leather, with a bill in December for a hundred pounds, when hempen matters, without bearings, terrets, or cruppers, no curbs, and no many mores, answer all the purpose, keep money in the pockets, and skill keep the pace?

Of all *grotesquety* in France Jack Boots bear the palm.

Want no cleaning,

Want no mending,

Want no Jack,

Want no hooks, and

Want nothing but

Legs out, and Legs in.

Keep men all dry! Keep men *upright*!
Useful to life, but bad to the sight.

I do not know what sort of gastric juice Frenchmen's stomachs contain; but in my English one, one scramble at a tureen of *broil poulet* is but a bad settler of its craving nature, and this after a

shake of twenty-four hours. To be sure there's *café* at Blois; but what with side-calls and hot milk, you cannot swallow it in time, so obey the *twang twang* in despair. If a man means to eat on this journey, he must store his bag, and suck the green bottle of Burgundy, as I did.

It is curious I should change ends and begin my journey again—so it is, and I shall not alter it. It is long; and if I tell all I saw and all I heard, my story will not be short. Enough has been said to shew the manner: and therefore, leaving country, towns, and vineyards, I am again at Bordeaux without a stoppage, an accident, or a knot to untie; for we disdain buckling. "Whatever is, is right;" so I rejoice to be back, for I entirely forgot to mention, before, the existing rivalry to my fox-hunting chum; and this by a Spanish Grandee, who likewise has a pack of hounds—they to hunt, and he to eat the *lièvre*. This is a rare *animal* in these parts, and therefore requires many men and many things to find him out. We crossed upon *La Chasse* in going one morning to covert—Signor Don in front, upon a Catalonian grey, big head, no body, and long tail, in a green habit, with flaps as long as Hyde Park ladies; a high-crowned cap, in Giraffe velvet; a French horn over his shoulder; a whip in lengthy unison; bolt upright *à la menage*! six aids-de-camp, some in blue and some in brown, but quite alike in shape and feature. Hunting is nothing without music: therefore six men and six horns are money's worth. We happened to hit upon a symphonic check; and if I could write quavers and minims as well as I can hunting phrases, you should have the tune.

However just this ridicule, it may be thought severe, for truth is a libel we are told. However, there is in this case a happy resort; for the pack of hounds is original and pure in descent, being perfectly the true stock of the Southern or old English hound. There is only one author who describes them accurately—I mean Shakespeare:—

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan
kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are
hung
With ears that sweep away the morning
dew;
Crock-knee'd and dew-lap'd, like Thes-
salian bulls;
Slow in pursuit; but, match'd in mouth
like bells,
Each under each.

The breed in England has been gradually declining, and its size studiously diminished by a mixture of other kinds to increase its speed—only preserving any degree of purity in the *blue-mottles*. I had many pressing invites to see and hear their *sniffing* and *music*; but with all my exertion I could not procure any horse *slow enough* for the purpose, and I had not *patience to walk*.

Look at the picture in your mind's eye of these six uprights (all in jacks, rather refined), upon ambling prancers, and twenty-four of these large dew-laps *rolling* in a cast over the wiles of a hare, with six noses buried in the sand, and six upon their sterns with heads in the air, ringing Shakespeare's bells, and all the horns flourishing accompaniment. This is none of your magic fancy!

Thus ends my hunting pictures; but I cannot refrain from stating that my predictions of fine runs have been realised—having received an account lately in these words:—"We met at St. Amand,

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found immediately, and after an hour and a half in the forest he went to ground; we soon found another fox, and instead of hanging in covert he dashed boldly across the *Landes*. We started at flying pace, and had only one check in fifty minutes, pug having lain up—it was but momentary, and a short and quick loose put his head into *Tou-terro's* bag. The next day we went to Tallien, and after a long draw found at the edge of the forest. He flew instantly, and after a beautiful chase of *more than twelve miles*, ground again. Alas! my friend, this is our great evil. To stop the country effectually appears hopeless: however, your chum, the whipper, and his stiling lads, do wonders. How I long for your supply from Mr. Hanbury!"

Again:—

"*Bordeaux, Feb. 8.*—We found in a bit of furze, where I threw in at the back of the garden of La Trappe Monastery; got very well away with our fox across the open, and after trying his earth in a wood at a little distance, took to running the borders of the woods near the *Landes*, so that we could lay pretty well with the hounds, and I think for about twenty minutes I never saw anything quicker. This puzzled friend Reynard, who then took to the open again, and crossed about a couple of miles of the *Landes*; still we kept close to him, and he gained another wood, where I got a view of him. They then ran him through the hedge rows and small coverts to the end of the inclosures, where the *Landes* present nothing but a sea, if I may use the expression. Here my gallant fellow took the bull by the horns, and boldly faced the open, going God knows whither; but after a very quick race for twenty-five

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minutes we had a check from a flock of sheep, for two minutes, when he jumped out of a small bit of heather, and a view of five minutes gave us as beautiful a kill as ever I saw, after a run of an hour and twenty-five minutes, going *all* the time at speed, and mostly over the open. I have measured the distance as the crow flies, on the large map, and make it as near twenty miles English as possible."

Upon the wings of anticipation we fly to our pleasures, and for a while the mind is enraptured with their attractions. Give these feelings a little time, and then they begin to fade: we heave a grateful sigh for the enjoyment, and cast our longing eye for dear home and all its spotless comforts. I turned my back upon all youthful vagaries, got once more into the *malle*, and whirled up to Paris.

Farewel, Bordeaux! wines, Landas, grissettes, and balls!

Adieu to these delights! Adieu all boyish calls!

Time and such things have thinn'd my flowing hair,

And in their sweeping run have touch'd my cheeks with care.

No longer youth inspires! no longer warms the clay,

For age and other ills usurp their fatal sway!

Thus far had I travelled; and, with Paris in my eye, meant a further trespass; but remembering your injunction, Mr. Editor, and feeling that I cannot compress all I have to say in the limits prescribed, I must defer the *finis* to your next Number.

P. P.

LOUTH COURsing MEETING.

SIR,

I Am induced to forward you a list of the Louth Coursing, in order that the lovers of the "Long

Dogs" may have a full account of their performance on this most justly celebrated ground. The weather during the week was fine, and the hares of the stoutest kind; those courses which bear this mark * were uncommonly severe. The last race for the Cup was not such as could have been wished for, indeed, it was the only *bad* hare found for a Cup course: had a stout one been raised, the result might have been different. The Puppy Stakes were won by Mr. Conington's Helen, by Hercules, only fifteen months old, adding one more to the already long list of winners by that celebrated stallion greyhound. Matilda (by Hercules) had a most severe course on the *second day* with Major, who never once served her in the run, which caused her to start very stiff on the last day. Had this not been the case, she would have given her opponent some trouble. Matilda's condition was "perfect;" as was also that of her sister, who also won her match, though it does not appear in the list, being made on the ground. The hares (considering this being the third public meeting in the present season on the Withcall ground) were plentiful, and straight forward ones.

To Mr. Dawson, the occupier of Withcall, the warmest thanks of the members are due. Upon this and every other similar occasion, he has shewn the greatest possible liberality of conduct; indeed, were it not for his kindness in preserving the ground, this meeting would not have arrived at its present celebrity.

On Saturday an excellent dinner was provided at the King's Head, of which one-and-twenty gentlemen partook, and parted

highly gratified with the sport of the week. At this meeting, Sir B. R. Graham and Mr. John Golden were elected members of the Society. The dogs of the former have once made their appearance upon the Withcall ground, and, from their performance, are of the very first order. Sir B. is now, I believe, the owner of Minikin and Thetis, late the property of the Rev. F. Best—certainly one of the very first class. Such bitches as these, crossed with that “dog of dogs” Hercules, must necessarily produce *perfection itself*. If you think this worthy a place in your truly amusing Magazine, insert it, if not, do with it as Jackey Latin ordered his Satanic Majesty to do with his wife, “Why burn her, devil, burn her.”

Yours, &c. SCOT.

Louth, Feb. 13, 1828.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1828.

For the Cup.—Mr. G. Heneage's blk. and wh. b. Laurel beat Mr. G. Alington's bl. d. Peter; *Mr. Dawson's bl. d. Major beat Mr. Bartholomew's blk. b. Whim; Mr. G. Heneage's red b. Lady beat Mr. E. Heneage's blk. and wh. b. Levity; *Colonel Elmhirst's blk. b. Brunette beat Mr. W. Elmhirst's wh. d. Coxcomb; Mr. E. Heneage's brin. b. Lark beat Mr. Yorke's bl. d. Youthful; *Mr. R. Chaplin's red and wh. b. Matilda beat Mr. Booth's f. b. Fawn.

All-Age Stakes.—*Mr. G. Alington's blk. d. Rival beat Mr. G. Chaplin's d. b. Haughty; Mr. G. Heneage's blk. b. Lais beat Mr. Yorke's red d. Yeoman; Mr. H. Dymoke's blk. b. Jessy beat Mr. E. Heneage's blk. and wh. b. Latona; Mr. Dawson's blk. b. Venus beat Mr. Bartholomew's f. b. Fan.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1828.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

*Brunette beat Lady.
*Matilda — Major.
Lark — Laurel.

Laurel drawn, Lark ran a bye.

TIES FOR THE ALL-AGE STAKES.

Venus beat Rival.
*Lais — Jessy.

Puppy Stakes.—Mr. Conington's red b. Helen beat Mr. R. Chaplin's red and wh. b. Kitty; *Mr. Dawson's red b. Fly beat Mr. G. Chaplin's red d. Random; Mr. Booth's wh. b. Bluebell beat Mr. G. Heneage's bl. d. Lavender; *Mr. G. Heneage's blk. d. Spring beat Mr. E. Heneage's bl. d. Lancer.

Matches.—*Mr. E. Heneage's blk. and wh. b. Levity beat Mr. G. Alington's bl. d. Peter; Mr. Conington's red ticked b. Dauntless beat Mr. G. Heneage's blk. and wh. b. Latona.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1828.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Lark beat Matilda.
*Coxcomb agst Brunette—a tie.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Mr. E. Heneage's brin. b. Lark beat Colonel Elmhirst's blk. b. Brunette, and won the Cup. Lark is out of Duchess, by Smoker.

Deciding Course for the All-Age Stakes.—Mr. G. Heneage's blk. b. Lais beat Mr. Dawson's blk. b. Venus, and won the Stakes.

TIES FOR THE PUPPY STAKES.

*Helen beat Bluebell.
Spring — Fly.

Deciding Course for the Puppy Stakes.—Mr. Conington's red b. Helen beat Mr. G. Heneage's blk. d. Spring, and won the Stakes.

LETTER FROM “AN OLD ‘UN”
IN PARIS TO “A YOUNG ‘UN”
IN LEICESTERSHIRE.

SIR,

IF you think this letter from “AN OLD ‘UN” in Paris, to his friend, “A YOUNG ‘UN” at Leicester, worth inserting in your Magazine, you have it very nearly *verbatim* as I had it.

A Subscriber and a Fox-hunter.

February 14, 1828.

Paris, Jan. 3, 1828.

DEAR JACK—You may guess the condition of an old fox-hunter set down for a winter in Paris. This infernal gout, a broken thigh, and a broken constitution, obliged me to “shut up.” Abernethy recommended my spending the

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winter here, more, I believe, to get me out of temptation than any thing else; so, having sold the horses, I crossed the Channel with my violoncello, and took lodgings in the Rue Vivienne for four months.

Now that the violoncello is the only nag I can ride, you will allow there is some advantage in being the bit of a fiddler you used to laugh at; but yet there is nothing I so much delight in as, "Hark forward!"—"Yonder they go!" nor will the fine notes of Pissaroni and Sontag ever raise my spirits like "the Southerly wind and the cloudy sky" we used to sing together.

Many thanks for your amusing letters, particularly for the detail of sport in Lincolnshire and Leicestershire. The more I hear of the present style of riding, the more I am confirmed in the argument I have so often held, that the school of old sportsmen was better than the modern school of wild, over-riding gentry. Thomas Asheton Smith did, and Mr. Musters and Mr. R. Lambton do, keep a field in order, but in most other establishments it is Bedlam let loose.

In Lincolnshire, in olden times, I saw the best hunting, and the best sport. In Leicestershire, under T. A. Smith, some things brilliant, and always a field in command, and the reign of Osbaldeston with the Mouson pack at Barton, have contented me for not witnessing the forty seven minutes from the Coplow to Hallaton and killed, and the one hour and twenty-seven minutes from Cream Gorse to Stockerston and killed, which T. A. Smith says are the two best runs in his memory. Mr. Musters's science compensates for

never having seen Meynell; T. A. Smith, for never having seen Lindow.

I am glad to hear that Osbaldeston has good sport; he deserves every thing for his perseverance, and was well styled by Colonel Lowther "The Moonlight Hunter," and the "Georgium Sidus." How is he mounted, and what became of Asheton? He was in Holyoake's hands when I last heard of him, but Holyoake would be too heavy for him. He would be better in the hands of Goodricke, who rode the Smasher well, whereas Holyoake could never shine upon him; Osbaldeston could only ride him when tamed down by Dick. Dick and Asheton were always friends; but he is about the best horseman I ever saw; and in the noted run from the Coplow to Ranksbro' Hill, when Asheton carried Osbaldeston so well, it was with a second fox, and the horse had a very bucketing affair in the morning to sober him. A better heart and bottom than Asheton's never went out; but Empeon's (you remember that "flying parson") "Shaven" was his master, having these qualities, with the addition of temper.

The report that Ralph Lambton may probably come to Barton gives me pleasure and pain: pleasure, that the best country for hounds in the world should be hunted by a tip-top sportsman; and pain, that I am crippled and gouty, and cannot join the cry. But what a wise step Ralph takes—what a wise step Lady Warwick takes—and what a God-send for the country, especially Charles Chaplin, who is a real sportsman, and will appreciate Ralph's merits. Mr. R. Lambton is a gentleman and a shining master of hounds, second

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only to Musters. After these men in the hunting world there are none other so experimentally scientific, and who combine so many qualities to make a professor in the kennel and in the field. The Wragley Woods and the Monson blood, beat them if you can. The merits of the country are various, and the sum total sets it at the top of the tree. The merits of the Monson blood consisted in the stoutness of the animal. The Vernons looked larger, the bitches were larger, and the exterior was impressive; but they had a soft place, and tired when the Monsons went to the end.

I shall never forget Osbaldeston's exclaiming, in the middle of a conversation which had nothing to do with hounds—"People say nothing is perfect; but my Vaulter is perfect, and never told a lie in his life. I'll believe the Monson sort before any man alive; aye, before my own eyes! and Clinker, too, is a real Monson!"

Mr. R. Lambton had a pack at Sedgefield of great merit; they would hunt and run, were steady, and very stout; but whilst I put Musters and Ralph Lambton alone as sportsmen, I put down in the list three packs:—1. The Old Monson; 2. Lord Yarborough's; 3. Mr. R. Lambton's. For any of these in the Barton country, and a cottage, with two rooms furnished at Wickenby, I could give up any thing, every thing; but then—I'm fifty, and gouty, and finished.

However, here I am amidst a very different order of beings. My violoncello is in the corner of my room, and as long as the gout keeps away from the fingers I can amuse myself. A musical festival is like a Norfolk battue; a country concert is like hare hunting; a bravura

air is like a coursing match; but a serious opera, well done in all its branches, is like a real good Lincolnshire run, with good Monson hounds, from Glentworth to Scotterthorpe, one hour and forty minutes, variety of pace and ground, interesting from first to last, and a tragical conclusion in the death of the animal. The audience worthy of such an opera should not be a flight of Hyde Park dandies or riding worthies of the *New Light School*, but men of sense and discernment—Musters, R. Lambton, C. Chaplin, Old Spooner, Lord Delamere, Colonel Lowther, Arkwright, Sir H. Peyton, Lord Jersey, and a select few from the Cheshire Hunt. Some of these latter men came one winter to Belvoir, and men more truly sportsmen, or better mounted, I never saw; they did credit to their education, and (as NIMROD would say) were an honour to their country.

Let me hear what is finally arranged for the Barton country; also what sport you have with the Quorn and the Duke; what Tom Hodgson is doing this year—you don't mention him—and believe me to remain yours faithfully,

AN OLD 'UN.

MR. SAMUEL CHIFNEY, THE JOCKEY.

SIR,

AS I was instrumental in procuring this sketch from Marshall, it is but fair you should look to me for a few lines respecting it, and of the person it represents.

The likeness is, I believe, considered the best ever yet taken of this eminent rider, though the one in the possession of T. Thornhill, Esq. at Riddlesworth, where he is

painted on SAM, a winner of the Derby, is considered perfect of its kind, and that picture undoubtedly one of Marshall's best performances. Numbers of painters, indeed nearly all who have made animal painting their profession, have tried their hand at this difficult face and *striking* figure; but none that I have hitherto seen at all equal that which you are about to present to your readers. Justice, however, demands that this cause of general failure should be explained; for though Chifney is a *good sitter* in the estimation of *certain of his friends*, yet artists, I hear, know to the contrary, to their great mortification.

Before I enter into particulars, I think it right to apologize to Mr. Chifney for thus "shewing him up;" but if he will give himself the trouble to look round in the world, he will find that distinguished and celebrated characters have ever been liable to the same sort of criticism; and he will find, too (if he does not *already* know), that the more eminent, the more excellent, and the more exalted a man becomes, to a corresponding degree will envy, hatred, and malice, as well as the admiration of the amiable, honest, and good, encompass him the closer on every side. What would the Duke of Wellington have thought of the writers of the day, if they had suffered his glorious victories, his splendid and matchless exploits in the field, to have passed off unnoticed? "What nonsense!" I think I hear the military exclaim, "compare a General to a jockey?"—Yes; I do say, that if they are both the *best in the world*, which I really believe they are in their different ways, then there is a com-

parison. Besides, the Whigs are ready to bear me out, that the Duke himself is no contemptible jockey, and that, should crossing and jostling again come into fashion, Chifney might then meet with a formidable rival in his Grace.

Before I proceed, it will not be amiss to look back a little into pedigree, as sporting subjects are nothing without it; not so much for the information of the experienced sportsman, who must know as much about it as I do; but to let the youthful, and those still to come, be apprised that the father of our hero was a jockey, ranking first in his profession, and a most beautiful rider; that he came from Norfolk early in life, and soon distinguished himself in the racing stables at Newmarket. Contemporary with him were Oakley, Hineley, John Arnul, Clift, Sam Arnul, and shortly after came Mr. Buckle; but none of them seemed to know all that belonged to the science equal to Chifney, who understood not only horses and their condition, but every thing connected with stable management and horse trappings. A particular bit bears his name to this day; and so successfully did he use it, that no horse ever attempted to break away with him a second time. In his "setting to," as it is called, he was remarkable for sitting very backward upon his horse, as represented by Stubbs in the painting of him upon Baronet, with an apparent slack rein—the manner and motive entirely his own. Not that these, though peculiarities, made him the rider he was; but a combination of things peculiar to his genius, discoverable only by his extensive practical knowledge—difficult to

be communicated, and still more so to understand—affording, however, one lesson to all his contemporaries, that the closer they imitated him the better they rode.

Mr. Chifney married a daughter of Smallman, a training groom, and sister of the present Smallman, also a trainer at Newmarket, whom he left at his death, struggling in not very easy circumstances, with six children. During the whole of his eventful life, he was remarkable for cleanliness in his person and notions, liberal in his principles, and affectionate to his children in the highest degree. It seemed as if he had given, and they had taken, the good old advice, “take heed that ye fall not out by the way;” for of all the families I have ever seen, I have not met with one so united, or so thoroughly fixed in the bonds of affection, as these Chifneys. To this I may also add, they are all blest with that noble attribute, openness of heart and liberality.

In height old Chifney was about five feet five inches, with beautiful symmetry; muscular, powerful, yet light; he was not wanting in personal courage, which made him perfect for his profession. The last race I saw him ride was on Knowsley, for the King's Plate, at Winchester, belonging to His present Majesty, then Prince of Wales, which he won. The King ever evinced kindness for Chifney, and with his usual goodness continues his notice of the family to the present moment.

The younger Chifney, the hero of our tale, began his career, I fear, almost thirty years ago. I say fear, because it is a pity that such a brilliant rider should ever grow old. It is true, and some consolation to know, that he was

a mere child when he first went the Welsh circuit with his uncle Smallman, who had the care and training of Lord Oxford's horses, consisting of Lily by Highflyer, Dart (afterwards His Lordship), Lady Jane, &c. Their training ground was near to his Lordship's house in Herefordshire. Sam, according to hunting terms, “entered very badly,” as far as stable discipline went; but made ample amends for it on the turf. He was, for all that, a source of great anxiety and trouble to his poor uncle, who could never teach him any thing, no not even the good old maxim, that “early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.” A Frenchman, in the shape of a butler in the family, kindly undertook to teach it, aided by one of those nice little things which his pupil has since used so dextrously; but all would not do—he could never understand it, therefore did not improve. Out of gratitude, however, to his painstaking, and pain-giving preceptor, he taught his Gallican friend experimentally, that a pair of English shoes were harder than a pair of Frenchman's shins; and thus ended his studies in philosophy. Sam's notions on this topic were in accordance with the thrifty Irishman about breakfast, “which he always took over night.” The wisest of the wise, however, are on his side, when they assert (and to which I bow), that it is not the time of going to bed, or getting up, we must look at, but the mode of spending our time when we are up. In the midst of one of these *his days*, when on his first Welsh tour, a friend of mine, a gentleman-jockey, asked him how he got on with Tom Carr and Dick Spencer (two of the best riders at that time in the West)?

"Why," says Sam, "I found them very jealous and inveterate against each other; so when they had driven each other to a stand-still, I *pounced upon them*." Now whether this pouncing was instinctive, or taught by his father, I know not; but those who pay attention to his riding will find that he has not forgotten it. It is true he might have had it from the moral to the fable of "two dogs fighting for a bone;" but as it is such a darling with him, I should rather fancy it his own.

The orders he and his uncle generally received, as groom and jockey in Lord Oxford's service, were, not as is usual—"Take the horses to such a place, you *may* win a Plate;"—but "take the horses to such a place, you *must* win a Plate;" and away they accordingly started, travelling like the children of Thespis, playing a sort of "No Song, no Supper." Wherever they went they were so successful, that they both got early engaged with His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and, if I remember right, the youngster obtained first promotion.

Being at Stockbridge races about the period I am alluding to, which must be some twenty-five years since, I was very much struck with the riding of a little boy on a Celia colt, belonging to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, against Morgan Rattler, Sir Sydney, or something out of Mr. Durand's stable. The Prince's colt was beat about a head, and a more severe or a better conducted race I have never seen since, nor a boy make any thing like so good a fight of it. Indeed it excited my astonishment so much, that I hastened to the weighing place to see more minutely him who had so delighted and surprised me; and who should

I find but young Chifney, in his new riding suit and service, as neat and "as clean as a new pin!" From Stockbridge, the young jockey, and a groom equally young, named Wm. Edwards (himself no mean performer on horseback), undertook the safe conveyance of this said Celia colt, only three years old, to Brighton. Which carried the purse I do not recollect; but I remember well that the colt carried them both, in addition to his own clothes and the wardrobes of the two aspiring young equestrians.

The journey, however, was well performed, to the entire satisfaction of their Royal employer, and both are at present retained in the King's service; which is saying a great deal for the goodness of their Royal Master, and something complimentary also to their own characters: but whether this mode of travelling a young race horse brought them into this happy and enviable situation, I am not prepared to say from my own knowledge; but I know they have long since given up riding "two upon a horse."

Shortly after this, we find our jockey riding successfully the light weights for the late Duke of Grafton, and others; and if, in the absence of the regular jockey, Sam happened to get put up, it was quickly discovered that nothing was lost by the change. So very rapid was his improvement in the science of riding, that he must soon have attained the summit of excellence, and that at a much earlier age than any man that had gone before him; but life, it seems, must be chequered; and an unexpected stop was here put to his pursuit after fame and fortune; though, for his consolation, such disappointment was not occasioned by

any fault or neglect of his own. His brother, a fine spirited lad (and merely a lad), undertook of his own accord to redress some grievances, to assert some rights, and to punish with his own prowess injuries, either fancied or real, done to members of his family by a then favorite of a certain Great Personage; in which the youngster succeeded to his own satisfaction, but to the sad annoyance of such favorite. This fracas proved most injurious to our hero, and for a short time he was in a great measure unemployed. The then Duke of Grafton, a Nobleman of high aristocratic feeling, and quite of the Old School, would not countenance this truly English feeling of redressing wrongs *in person*, especially when so forcibly applied by the insignificant to an associate of the great; nor would his Grace hear of "putting down the mighty from their seat, and exalting those of low degree," whether the ignoble had justice on his side or not. The Duke had long been a leading man on the turf, and being an old man, his decrees were implicitly followed. He was the first, after this unfortunate event, to withdraw his countenance from young Sam, and other leading men followed his example. For my own part, I have ever considered the visiting the sins of the father upon the children a hard and hasty denunciation; but when the sins of one brother (if in this case, all circumstances considered, they were sins) come to be visited upon the other, I have no hesitation in saying it is going beyond all law, divine or human, and certainly beyond equity; besides displaying a spirit totally devoid of mercy.

This cloud, however, soon blew
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over, and the patrons of the turf began to see things in the light I now state them; aided, perhaps, by a little self-interest, added to the conviction that a good jockey is better than a bad one. Numbers of new masters soon sought young Chifney's powerful assistance. Amongst these Lord George Cavendish, the Duke of Rutland, Lord Darlington (now Marquis of Cleveland), Mr. Thornhill, and Mr. Goddard, besides others on great occasions; and thus for a while time rolled merrily on, when another momentary untoward circumstance occurred. Chifney rode Sorcery against Dimity, a match—Sorcery giving (if I remember right) a stone. The match was well made, scientifically rode, and altogether as fine a race as could be witnessed; but, at the latter part of it, the weight told visibly upon Sorcery, and she got beat, to the great annoyance of the Rutland party, who could not account for it, until one of the hangers-on (of which there were a great number in those days) sagaciously discovered that Chifney had not used the whip so freely as he sometimes did upon sluggish horses—and thus Sorcery's defeat was accounted for. So much for the wise! Sam knew the mare well, having frequently rode her successfully before. Sorcery was a timid, free-running creature; and the surest way of destroying the little chance she had in a race at such fearful weights, would have been, at the last moment, to raise the whip against her. I never heard Chifney condescend to explain this, but I write from what I actually saw.

The instigators of this clamour, and which lost Chifney this valuable service, are now in a foreign land, I do not say at the will of

Y y

Government, but I do say very much against any will of their own: and I moreover say, that at this time they would gladly partake of the good cheer they took so much pains to deprive Sam of. This affair, though more immediately like a personal charge, vanished quite as soon as the gloom cast upon him by what some few only called the indiscretion of his brother; and to shew that there is truth in the old observation of "God's vengeance against murder," the more slander and fury were hurled against him by his enemies, the more friends he has invariably met with, and the more his property has accumulated.

I must now come to a conclusion. Were I to send you an account of all our present Chifney's excellences as a rider, they would fill a volume. All those who saw him ride Anticipation against Perchance, Tigris, Brandy Nan, and Wanderer, for the King's Plate, about ten or twelve years ago at Newmarket; Wings, for the Oaks; and Merchant, in the last October Meetings; can never forget such performances: and let those who never saw him at all hasten to do so; as it is equally inexcusable to have lived in the days of Garrick, of Siddons, or Kean, without seeing them perform, as in those of Chifney without seeing him ride.

He is about five feet seven, and well made, with all the strength and courage of his father, but thought rather tall by some; yet when the horse is not like two deal boards, having good shoulders and well bowed ribs, his seat is perfect, and infinitely better than a short-legged jockey, whose knee does not come down to or below the most

projecting part of the horse; and who may be said rather to sit upon a horse than ride one. I now venture to offer a reason for Chifney sitting so back upon his horse when setting-to, which I take to be this. Having rode the usual way, which is certainly a pressing upon the fore part, till he comes within a certain (and with too many jockeys *an uncertain*) distance of home, he throws his weight by sitting back upon a fresh set of muscles, which seems to have the effect that a person feels, when having carried a weight in one hand till he is tired, then changes it to the other. Sam may be said to be good-tempered (although serious-looking), slow to anger, and of few words, (if very, very much provoked, his knock-down argument is both convincing and eloquent,) with a full share of patience, which I will elucidate by one anecdote, and then have done. Walking out one day with his gun and favorite pointer (Banker), merely to shoot a rabbit, or some other trifle, near to his own house, a single shot turned, by a stone or other hard substance, towards poor Banker, cut out his eye, which caused his afflicted master immediately to return home to obtain professional assistance. He was just in time to witness the exit of the last of nine young fowls, the legs of which he found sticking out of the mouth of a three-parts-grown young pointer. These fowls were very peculiar, and bred with extraordinary care from the very best sorts, obtained with the greatest difficulty and expense from almost every part of the kingdom; in the crossing of which he had succeeded to his utmost wish, after various trials for the space of seven years. In endeavoring to rescue the remains

of the last of these his darlings from the jaws of this blood-thirsty scoundrel, as well as to chide him for such a vice, hit his best 'Joe Manton' against the wall or ground, by which he bent both barrels, broke the stock off at the locks, with other damage, to the only perfect gun ever made, in the estimation of the owner, and the only one he could ever shoot with to his own liking. On setting it down in his hall, his little amiable wife, who had heard of all the disasters of the last five minutes, said, "Well, Sam; you have done it!" "Yes! (with one of his serious looks); yes! but I should not care, were it not for the sufferings of my poor old dog." O. O.

PATENT SHOT CARTRIDGES.

SIR,
HAVING witnessed some experiments with the newly-invented shot cartridge, which appeared to me highly satisfactory, I take the liberty to trouble you with some observations upon this very ingenious contrivance, derived principally from conversations with the patentees themselves, thinking they might interest the subscribers to your entertaining journal as much (in a degree at least) as they have your constant reader,

A LOVER OF THE TRIGGER*.
 February 14, 1828.

THESE cartridges, which are at present exciting considerable interest in the Sporting World, and will probably ere long supersede every other mode of charging—from the certainty with which they may be adapted to every description of

shooting, and the extensive range they command—are not liable to any of the objections to which other shot cartridges have at all times been subject. They are composed of wire or other material, twisted together in the form of small cages, or circular nets, in which the shot are inclosed, and through the meshes of which they pass after their discharge from the gun. The force and closeness of the charge are regulated by the size of the meshes, which prevent the too rapid extrication of the shot, allowing only a gradual discharge throughout the whole flight of the cartridge. From their construction it appears that their action must be infallible: and of their immense superiority it need only be mentioned, that at forty yards nearly double the number of shot may be put into a sheet of paper that can be done by the old manner of loading, without at all lessening the chance of killing at the nearer distances; and at sixty yards, as many as can in the old way be put in at forty! Their power also is so greatly increased, that shot of size No. 8, will penetrate as many sheets of paper as those of No. 6 ordinarily do.

A most important advantage will be gained when double guns are used; as a cartridge, which will at twenty yards spread its shot over a larger surface than an ordinary charge usually does, may be used with the first barrel; and in the second one, that will at sixty yards give as good a chance of killing as can be had by the ordinary method at thirty.

In duck-shooting they will be found a great acquisition, as a duck or other strong bird may be killed

* This article is not by the same writer who has so frequently favored us with communications under the same signature.—ED.

with a cartridge made for that purpose, at one hundred yards, or even farther if required. They possess another advantage of considerable importance, which is, that they never lead the barrel, on which account no additional recoil is felt after the longest day's shooting. Upon the whole, there can be no hesitation in saying, that the present is the most important improvement that has been offered to the Sporting World for ages, and will lead to refinements in the art of shooting never contemplated by the most sanguine sportsman.

AMESBURY COURSING MEETING.

FIRST DAY.

FOR the Cup.—Mr. Vivian's Violet beat Captain Wyndham's Witikin—Witikin fell; General Slade's Swindler beat Mr. Wyndham's Whizz—both ran to a stand-still; Mr. Biggs's Blackbird beat Mr. Heathcote's Honor—a near course; Mr. Etwall's Matilda beat Sir H. Vivian's Ventriloquist; Captain Wyndham's Wilhelmina beat General Slade's Soldier; Mr. Biggs's Bolanos beat Mr. Wyndham's Wednesday; Sir H. Vivian's Victor beat Mr. Etwall's Emily—after two courses; Mr. Heathcote's Hurricane beat Sir H. Vivian's Venator.

Stonehenge Stakes.—Mr. Heathcote's Horsefly beat General Slade's Snowdrop; Mr. Vivian's Vanish beat Mr. Biggs's Brambilla.

Dyke Stakes.—Mr. Biggs's Breeze beat Mr. Heathcote's Hobbinol; Mr. Biggs's Belzoni beat Mr. Vivian's Variety.

Tidworth Stakes.—Mr. Biggs's Bounty beat Captain Wyndham's Wogan; Mr. Heathcote's Hyacinth beat Mr. Vivian's Vapid.

SECOND DAY.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Violet beat Matilda—very decidedly; Wilhelmina walked over—Swindler drawn, being disabled; Blackbird beat Hurricane; Bolanos beat Victor—easily.

Deciding Course for the Stonehenge Stakes.—Vanish beat Horsefly, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Dyke Stakes.—Mr. Biggs won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Tidworth Stakes.—Bounty beat Hyacinth, and won the Stakes.

THIRD DAY.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Violet beat Bolanos—hollow, in a course of unusual length, in which both stood still; Wilhelmina beat Blackbird—in a course of a few yards, in which Wilhelmina reached the hare first, by a length, and killed.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Wilhelmina walked over, and won the Cup, Violet having been disabled and drawn. Violet received the Guineas.

Matches.—Sir E. Antrobus's (Mr. Hassal's) Active beat Sir H. Vivian's Vigil; Sir E. Antrobus's (Mr. Hassal's) Ann beat Sir H. Vivian's Velante; Sir E. Antrobus's (Mr. Hassal's) Angelica beat Sir H. Vivian's Volunteer; Sir E. Antrobus's (Mr. Hassal's) Atalanta beat Sir H. Vivian's Vespasian; General Slade's Sweetbriar beat Sir H. Vivian's Victory.

Although this meeting was but thinly attended, and only eight Members entered their dogs for the Cup, the great stoutness of the hares afforded some unusually fine runs, and the sport in general was excellent.

CRICKET.

SIR,

I Beg to trouble you with a few remarks on Mr. George Knight's letter in your last Number. I congratulate him on his spirit and candour, in submitting his proposal and reasons to the public, though I differ with him in opinion. Mr. Knight seems conscious that throwing will destroy cricket; and he therefore labours hard to convince himself, and the world, that the mode of delivering the ball for which he is contending is not a throw.

On reference to your November Number, you will observe, it is the over-hand delivery to which I principally object, and I cannot conceive how that could have been suggested by the game of bowls;

and I have still greater difficulty in persuading myself that it can with propriety be called bowling. However, its origin, or name, can be of little consequence: but, as Mr. Knight admits, it has all the qualities of a throw, except the force; and as I believe the force can be given to it, I shall continue to designate it throwing.

Mr. Knight gently intimates, we cannot reject his proposal without shewing a disregard of science; and I am afraid all who differ with him on this subject will be condemned as Goths—as unfit to live in this enlightened age.

For my own part, I cannot discover the science of his system; but that, no doubt, is to be attributed to an obtuseness in my perception. I have an unfeigned belief, that, if Mr. Knight's proposal were carried, the science of cricket would be diminished.

Every Tyro in cricket knows that the batsman has most difficulty in playing a ball that is delivered high, and that bounds high and abruptly, and twists at the same time; and he knows the twist is easily produced by the extended arm, and the abrupt rise by the high throw.

There is no great skill, therefore, in making a ball thus rise and bound, if the over-hand delivery be resorted to; but to produce those effects with the under-hand delivery, does require great skill and practice, and can only be accomplished in SLOW BOWLING. But, supposing Mr. Knight had proved that his throwing possesses a superiority in science over bowling, he should also have proved that it did not diminish the science of hitting. This he has not attempted, and he has acted wisely; for we are indelibly im-

pressed with the exhibition of last season. We never can forget the tame, spiritless, uninteresting batting at Brighton and at Lord's. And, if the first-rate artists cut this sorry figure on smooth soft ground, and when the arm and pace were under due restraint from an influence which will not prevail after the rule has passed, what is to be expected when the ground is rough and hard, and a powerful impetus is given to the ball? "Ah," says Mr. Knight, "but force can never be infused into my style; for though it possesses every other quality of a throw, force can never be imparted to it; for when men throw hard, the arm is bent and drawn back." Such, certainly, is the natural and elegant action in a throw; and hitherto there has been no inducement to practise the straight-armed great girl's style.

If a boy had practised the latter two years ago, he would have been laughed at, and scouted by his companions. Now, in cricket counties, almost all boys practise it—partly in derision, and partly to shew how easy it is of attainment; and they throw with prodigious force; and I wonder Mr. Knight has not seen men throw in that style with great velocity. Lillywhite, Mr. Knight calls a bowler; and yet he returns a ball from the long field (and he used to be played for fielding) in precisely the same way he delivers it at the wicket. Is it then to be supposed he cannot increase his pace? Lillywhite is a little short fellow. Suppose a tall, long-reached, powerful man were to adopt Lillywhite's present style and pace, who could stand against him on hard rough ground, and not lose his fingers? It is not consistent with Mr. Knight's pro-

fessed liberality to make cricket an exclusive game; and I must ask him to point out six grounds in the kingdom upon which, in dry weather, even Lillywhite can be hit; and is it expected that crowds will assemble for the mere gratification of seeing men throw? Is this cricket? Mr. Knight's system must inevitably increase the chances of the game, and the science must diminish in proportion. Suppose a billiard table were rendered rough and uneven; against whom would that most tell, the inexperienced, or the scientific player? We shall rue the day when *science* and *confidence* depart, and leave to *luck* the absolute sway in cricket.

I remain, Mr. Editor, your constant reader and obedient servant,
A LOVER OF CRICKET.

SUFFOLK FOX-HUNTING.

STR.

SUFFOLK is, once more, about to rear its head as a sporting county. Its fine old woods and coverts, which for some few years past have alone been disturbed by the gamekeeper's whistle, the barking of Dash and Fido, and the cracking of the handy works of Manton and Purdy, again resound with the huntsman's halloo and the crash of a pack of fox-hounds. For this "consummation so long devoutly wished" the natives are indebted to George Muir, Esq. of Herringswell; and for which may he receive all the satisfaction good sport can afford, the smiles of beauty, and the lasting esteem of all fox-hunters! In the few remarks I am about to make, none will be offered but such as are the result of experience; and if others more deeply versed in these mat-

ters should differ from me, some good may possibly arise; abler pens than mine may then pour forth their treasures; and it is from the collision of opinions that truth and instruction are elicited.

Suffolk, until within the last twelve years, was regularly hunted by different packs of fox-hounds; and from the excellent sport afforded by the establishments of the Duke of Grafton, Sir Chas. Davers, Mr. Lloyd, and others, it is generally admitted that it is capable of shewing as good runs as any of the provincials in the kingdom. Its advantages are—the coverts are excellent, and sufficiently abundant; the soil rich and tenacious of scent; and the foxes as strong as nature can make them. The yeomanry, too, are of the right stamp, and, generally speaking, devoted to hunting. Its disadvantages are—the great disproportion between arable and pasture land; the smallness of the inclosures; and the ditches, at the end of an hour's gallop, look to man and horse like open sepulchres: added to these there are men in the county, eye great ones too, decided enemies to foxes; and almost every other parish maintains a gamekeeper.

Various reasons are assigned why the Duke of Grafton's hounds left the country; but it is generally admitted his Grace did not receive that support latterly which his excellent establishment so richly deserved. Blank days were frequent, and many coverts, which for years had been certain "*finds*," became certain failures. In the *Sporting World*, however, let this be recorded—that no sooner does any thing in the shape of a regular pack of fox-hounds come forth again, than open fly the Euston Park gates; and, what is more, when they have

drawn blank for an hour or two, they have only to trot away to some covert belonging to this truly sporting domain, and out goes "Charley."

To be master of, and huntsman to, a pack of fox-hounds is a situation accompanied with no ordinary difficulty, even under the most favorable circumstances; but when to this is added the arduous task of making a country and a pack of hounds at the same time, I think I may venture to assert it is an undertaking that not one gentleman in a thousand is equal to. There can be no objection to a gentleman hunting his own hounds, provided he will be huntsman *de facto* as well as *de jure*. His "*taggery*" may come from the neighbourhood of Bond Street, and be put on *à la Brummell*; and at the breakfast room window of the mansion where he meets, he may accept a floweret from some admiring fair one to bedeck his *bit of pink* with: but the moment he turns his horse's head towards the covert, and takes hold of his hounds, that moment must he wear another character. The man who would make Suffolk what it was, and what it is still capable of being again, should be "boisterous as March and fresh as May:" he must be a hard-working, ramming, straight-forward, rasping cove; one who can halloo long and loud; who has no fear of ten acres of stiff blackthorn before his eyes; can sleep in a fox earth, and draw a badger with his teeth. There are many, no doubt, that would not demand *all* this of him; but they may rest assured much less will not do. It is a common saying at sea, that the best sailors creep in at the hawse holes. To those who may not be versed in nautical terms, the meaning of the phrase is this—that

it is necessary for a youngster to perform the lowest duties of seamanship before he aspires to those of a higher cast. NIMRON has given us the same notion, with regard to the examination a coachman of the present day ought to undergo before he gets his degree A.M. and is allowed to drive four "terrible high-bred cattle." This certainly holds good as far as regards a huntsman. The title of a "Leicestershire Man," (and by this is generally understood a person who has wintered in that gay metropolis of hunting for a certain number of seasons,) in my humble opinion, is not a sufficient qualification for a gentleman to become a huntsman in a rough provincial county. It is not the only school he ought to study in. It is one thing for a man to ride after hounds in a crack county, without any other thought or anxiety but how to get along; and another for the said Gentleman to handle a pack of hounds in a rough country, and find, hunt, and kill a good fox. Another evil commonly arises—they bring the manners and customs (if I may so term of it) of Melton with them, but seem to forget they have left the "*shire*" behind them. The difficulties they have to contend with too often dishearten, if not disgust, them. Like the hounds they have been accustomed to, they are generally stiff-necked ones, stooping for a scent they do not much like; and as to working for it, that's quite out of the question.

From the severe discipline that the Suffolk hounds have received in covert for running hares, they are become very slack in drawing; and to this may be attributed some of their blank days. It is not enough that a huntsman rides

quietly through the easiest parts of a covert with three-fourths of his hounds at his horse's heels: the foxes in Suffolk have not been sufficiently hunted at present to feel much alarm, and they will remain in their kennels till they are nearly trod upon. This accounts for the "battue men" having, after a covert has been drawn blank, viewed away one or more foxes during their gentle pastime. The slackness of the hounds on these occasions should, as much as possible, be made up for in the *varmincy* of the men; and, even if a few couples of *chaw-bacons* (always doing harm outside the covert) were allowed to draw with the hounds, from the topographical knowledge which some of these worthies possess of the interior of the "village glens," a good find, instead of disappointment, would often be the result.

With a newly raised pack many means may be justifiable to obtain sport, which it would be beneath the dignity of an old established one to stoop to. When once a fox is on his legs, or has broke with anything like a scent, they have invariably acquitted themselves handsomely, running beautifully together, and sticking to the scent, on one occasion for two hours and a half, and at another time for nearly two hours, to the admiration of a large field; but unfortunately missing the grand finish—whether from one of those untoward circumstances which often baulk hounds of their prey after they have well earned it, or from a want of that assistance which a master-hand can alone administer at such an interesting crisis, is still a matter of opinion with the knowing ones.

The condition of Mr. Muir's

horses is truly beautiful. At twelve hours' notice they might start for a plate; and indeed one or two of them look (as the stable boys have it) like winners, and nothing else. And here I invite the opinion of my brother sportsmen, as to how far thorough-bred horses, "with all appliances and means to boot," are capable of carrying twelve or thirteen stone through such a county as Suffolk. I am too much prejudiced in favour of blood to condemn it *in toto*; but experience tells me there is not one thorough-bred one in fifty in a strongly fenced country (particularly to do huntsman's work with) able to compete with a well-bred cocktail. It is distressing to see one of these beautiful animals, whilst striding away, suddenly brought upon its haunches on a deep wet headland turned at right angles, and called upon to staunch a high clay bank full of stubs, with a yawning ditch into the bargain; and no sooner safely landed, than, at the end of a hundred yards, there's another, and so on for ever.

The appearance of the hounds, considering they are composed of drafts from different kennels and newly raised, is excellent, and highly creditable to Ongar, the first whip and kennel huntsman, who appears a zealous and good servant. He has not fallen into the fashionable error of drawing his hounds too fine; they are strong, in good flesh, and look like lasting.

The day at Hinderclay (8th February) was very satisfactory. A brace of foxes were unkennelled at the same instant, one of which was killed after a run of about ten miles in one hour. The hounds hunted him every inch; and during the whole of the performance not one lift, nor indeed any thing

that could be called a regular cast was made.

Upon the whole, the sportsmen of Suffolk may congratulate each other on what has already been done for them. The standard of fox-hunting is planted in their county: let them all rally round it; let those men of rank and property, who already preserve foxes, use their endeavours with their aristocratic brethren, and the few malcontents will sooner or later give way, and join the *vox populi*.

"May Muir and his fox-hounds" (the standing toast at public and private tables for the last four months) be drank in bumpers by generations yet unborn! and may he, in full health and vigour, take the field next season in the honorable capacity of master of the Suffolk fox-hounds, for which station, by his urbanity of manners and extreme gentlemanlike conduct, he is so eminently qualified!

RINGWOOD.

ON THE NATURE AND HABITS OF WOODCOCKS, AND MODE OF DESTROYING OTTERS.

SIR,

HAVING just perused the Number of your excellent Magazine for the present month, I feel inclined to trouble you with a few remarks in reply to a communication from BOB RAMBLE, which if you think worth inserting are at your service.

I think your Correspondent is under an error in imagining that the unusually numerous assemblage of woodcocks for that season of the year, which he mentions as having been seen, had *migrated* to this country. The time of year was so infinitely earlier than they

have ever been known to visit this country in their annual flight, that I am decidedly of opinion that those he alludes to had been bred in England, and were probably the produce of two broods which had united together; for it has been observed by naturalists who have paid much attention to the subject, and have carefully watched their first appearance, that these birds do not *begin* to arrive from abroad before the first week in October; and on this subject Pennant says, that "when the redwing appears on the coast in the autumn, it is certain that the woodcocks are at hand; and when the royston crows, that they are come."

People in general are, I imagine, but little aware of how considerable a number of these birds continue throughout the year and breed in England. As the coverts are suffered to lie quiet during the latter part of the spring and summer, the woodcocks are but little disturbed, and consequently seldom present themselves to our notice—though I have not the slightest doubt but that we have every year several nests of woodcocks bred in our own different coverts. Two years ago I was shewn a nest with four eggs in it, that had been found by the workmen in cutting copse wood, and they told me they had for several successive mornings observed the old bird fly off her nest on their coming to their work. I myself have occasionally seen them in riding about the woods during the summer, and they have been repeatedly seen by the keepers and others.

I believe there are few places in this part of England where more woodcocks are to be found than at Hollycombe, in Hampshire, the seat of Sir C. Taylor. I have un-

derstood that they have on an occasion brought in as many as ten couple and a half, as the produce, amongst a quantity of other kinds of game, of one day's shooting; and I know that they *breed* in considerable numbers about Hollycombe. It was only a few years ago that some one was so very sceptical on the subject of woodcocks continuing in England throughout the year, that the owner of Hollycombe was induced to offer a wager that he would produce two woodcocks on any day the person chose to name. The bet was made, and a day named—in July, if I mistake not; but at all events, on the day appointed Sir C. Taylor produced, I believe, as many as three couple of woodcocks at one of the Club Houses in London.

I now come to another subject—the mode of destroying otters; and I believe I can on this subject supply the desired information.

The Gentleman's keeper was quite right in telling your correspondent, that the mode of catching them was the most simple contrivance imaginable; at least provided his mode is the same that our own keeper pursues, and with the greatest success. It is merely to watch the sand-banks along the side of the stream, and if any otter frequents it, his *seal* or track will be easily discerned in the sand or mud; and you have only in that case to set a pretty strong steel trap, or "gin" as we call it here, on the very spot, and cover it neatly over with sand. The otter will never fail to come out of the stream upon this landing place, whenever he is fishing in that quarter, and that will probably be within three or four nights, and if the trap is skilfully set he cannot escape you.

It has been observed that the otter never passes along the stream without visiting and coming out upon the different sand-banks in his way, and it is upon these that he deposits his *spraints* or excrements. Our keeper has frequently said to me, "There is an otter on the river, Sir; for I saw track of him to-day; but having clapped a trap down, I dare say I shall have him by to-morrow or next day;" and he never was far out in his reckoning; for it very seldom happened that above three or four days passed without his catching the depredator. Of course there is some nicety in setting the trap; but keepers will always become more skilful at this as well as other things by experience.

Some years ago on the River Wey there was the trunk of an old pollard willow, hanging over the the river just above the water, on which an old man, who lived close at hand, used frequently to catch otters in the abovementioned way; and he used to say, that no otter ever frequented that part of the stream, without coming out upon this old trunk, and I believe he was quite right.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

SURRIENSIS.

February 4, 1828.

MORFE COURSING MEETING.

SIR,

OUR Meeting took place the 31st of January and following day. The sport consisted of a Silver Cup, value 36l. and a Goblet, value 12l. for All-aged Greyhounds; with a succession of Sweepstakes. I inclose you the particulars of the sport, which was good; and request the favour of their insertion in your entertaining

Miscellany at your earliest convenience. Yours, &c.

A MEMBER OF THE CLUB.

February 14, 1828.

For the Cup.—Mr. Hincksman's Smoker beat Mr. Rose's Rowena; Colonel Gatacre's Graceful beat Mr. George Molineux's Myrtle; Colonel Hodge's Helen beat Mr. Vickers's Venture; Mr. W. Molineux's Minx beat Mr. T. Purton's Prodigal; Sir Richard Acton's Quere beat Mr. H. Campbell's Hebrew; Mr. Blithe Harries's Modish beat Mr. H. Burton's Barbara; Mr. Davenport's Duncan beat Mr. Wingfield Harding's Game Lass; Mr. Pardoe Purton's Picton beat Mr. Burgess's Brutus.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Quere	beat	Duncan.
Picton	—	Helen.
Smoker	—	Minx.
Graceful	—	Modish.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Picton beat Quere.

Mr. Hincksman's Smoker ran a tie, Graceful having been taken out of the

slips owing to a very serious hurt in running her course in the second class.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Mr. Pardoe Purton's Picton beat Mr. Hincksman's Smoker, and won the Cup; and Smoker the Goblet.

First Sweepstakes.—Mr. Bache's Phæbe beat Mr. Clarke's Cowslip; Mr. W. Molineux's Martin beat Mr. Davenport's Druid.

Deciding Course for the First Sweepstakes.—Martin beat Phæbe, and won the Stakes.

Second Sweepstakes.—Mr. H. Burton's (jun.) Brutus beat Mr. Bates's Beetle; Colonel Hodge's Helen beat Witch of Ender named by Mr. Burgess.

Deciding Course for the Second Sweepstakes.—Helen beat Brutus, and won the Stakes.

Third Sweepstakes.—Mr. Vickers's Venus beat Mr. Burgess's Beppo; Mr. H. Campbell's Hebe beat Mr. P. Purton's Princess.

Deciding Course for the Third Sweepstakes.—Venus beat Hebe, and won the Stakes.

Fourth Sweepstakes.—Mr. Hincksman's Hebe beat Mr. H. Campbell's Helen; Colonel Hodge's Highflyer beat Mr. Burgess's Brutandorf.

Deciding Course for the Fourth Sweepstakes.—Highflyer beat Hebe, and won the Stakes.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Chase.

THE sport at Melton Mowbray during the present season has been of first-rate excellence. The studs of the different Noblemen and Gentlemen amounted to 302—viz. Earl Chesterfield 23, Earl Plymouth 22, Mr. Maxse 18, Lord Alvanley 16, Capt. Garth 15, Sir H. Goodrick 13, Marquis of Cleveland, Sir F. Burdett, Sir J. Musgrove, and Mr. Maher 12 each, Capt. Ross and Mr. Wormall 11 each, Hon. — Forrester, Capt. White, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Moore, and Mr. B. Williams 9 each, Lord Denbigh and Lord Brudenell 8 each, Sir J. Boswold, Major Forrester, Mr. Dorn, and Mr. Gilmore 7 each, Messrs. Jenner, Montague, and Lock 5 each, Major Wyndham 4, and Mr. Blunt 3.

We have much pleasure in stating that the reported retirement of Lord Petre from Essex was premature. It

is true his Lordship had determined to do so; saying, "if the gentlemen of the county did not think it worth their while to take better care of their foxes (for he had had very many blank days, and only one good run in eighteen meetings), he did not think it worth his while to keep a pack of hounds to hunt them, and he should send them to Tattersall's." This hint appears to have had the desired effect; as we now learn, that, through the interference of the neighbouring gentry, who are resolved to do all in their power to preserve foxes, Essex is not likely to lose one of its brightest stars in that noble sport. The Thorndon establishment richly deserves every support. The Master possesses every requisite to make himself beloved in the county: noble as well by nature as by rank; hospitable without ostentation; the natural pride of birth

softened by affability to his associates and condescension to his inferiors; a firm friend to the sports of the field; his hounds in excellent condition, full of fire but steady; his men well-mounted, civil, and obliging; the *tout ensemble* renders the covert side one animated scene of joyous exultation. But when repeated disappointments in his best country shewed that "the foxes were all gone," it was not to be wondered at that his Lordship was inclined to throw up his hounds. Brighter days have since succeeded. A famous run from Tillingham of between twenty and thirty miles, with a who-hoop at the end, put all in good humour; and some brilliant days from Laindon Hills, Berwick Ponds, Belmont Castle, and Stock, have shewn what this celebrated pack can do, even though the country is but indifferent. The 4th of February was a glorious day of two hours and twenty-three minutes. Found at Blue Hedge's, run through fourteen parishes, and killed in view in a field near Rayleigh. There were not many horses that could go the pace, and but few up at the death—his Lordship fourth on his favorite horse Old Dandy, that has carried him well many a hard day for six seasons.

On the 2d of February Sir John Cope's hunt had a famous run. The hounds unkennelled a fine dog fox in Thrift covert, close to Heywood Lodge, and off he went with a burning scent, through Mr. Sawyer's woods, across the hill towards Shottesbrooke, whence, scorning the shelter of the Great Wood, he bent his course towards Billingbear Park, where a momentary check occurred outside the pales. But it was soon recovered; and the gallant varmint led his pursuers through Billingbear, across the inclosures to Wokingham, where, after some beautiful hunting, he was halloo'd back towards his old country, and was finally run in to in the plantation adjoining Lord Braybrooke's gardens, having afforded as fine a run as ever was witnessed, over a country unequalled for its depth and the largeness of its fences. In the absence of the huntsman, Joe,

the first whip, officiated, and displayed no ordinary talent.

On the 8th of February the much-talked-of match between ten couple of Mr. Hamond's stag-hounds (better known as the Westacre hounds), and a like number of Sir Jacob Astley's, for 100 sovs. was decided in the neighbourhood of Dereham, in Norfolk, in favour of the latter. A stag was turned out, which stood before them an hour and ten minutes. On this, as most similar occasions, there are two versions of the performance; but not having been eye-witnesses, or having a friend on the spot, we forbear attempting any detail of the particulars, as scarcely any two statements that have hitherto appeared agree.—In consequence, however, of the *presumed* non-decision of the *merits* of the respective packs, the Westacre have challenged their opponents for another trial.

On the 6th of February the Duke of Rutland's hounds started a fox in the Lordship of Granby, in the vale of Belvoir; and after a severe run of more than an hour, reynard (on his return home, being hard pressed) entered the village of Barnston, near Bingham, where, mounting some corn ricks, he gained the summit of a pretty high farm house, and descended a chimney into the parlour, through the window of which he was seen viewing his pursuers! Upon the inmates of the house endeavoring to eject him from the apartment, he ascended the sable passage down which he had so recently made his ingress into the dwelling, and finding a lodgment therein, he baffled all the arts which could be devised to displace him from his new station, until some straw was set on fire at the bottom of the shaft; when he reluctantly came down from his hold, and being seized by the huntsman, he was carried into the yard, and thrown amongst the hounds. The death-halloo of the huntsman—the barking of the hounds—the shouts, the screams, and groans of the multitude, were distinctly heard at Whatton, a distance of nearly three miles.

A Sweepstakes of 10l. each, h. ft.

to which A. French, Esq. M.P. will add 30 sovs. will be run for on the 18th of March, over the Ratherog-haw course, county of Roscommon, nearly five miles in extent, by as fine a field of hunters as Ireland can produce. During the run, six stone walls, five feet high and eighteen inches broad at top, are to be leaped, independent of other obstacles.

Lord Yarborough has dislocated his collar-bone whilst hunting in Lincolnshire.

The Turf.

The letter which Mr. Lockwood, of Doncaster, received with Mr. Clifton's nomination for the Champagne Stakes, of ch. f. Charming, own Sister to Delightful; and for the St. Leger, of ch. f. Delightful, by Mozart, dam by Leopold, out of Vicissitude, was a forgery; consequently the number of nominations for the latter race will be only 81.

The bill of fare for the Croxton Park Meeting, on the 2d of April, presents the usual variety:—A Plate of 50l., and 10l. to the second horse, for horses not thorough-bred, the property of farmers, that have been regularly hunted with the Belvoir, Quorndon, or Cottesmore hounds. A Forced Handicap of 10 sovs. for the winners that day. A 10 sov. Handicap, with 20 sovs. added, for horses of all denominations. A 50l. Plate, given by the inhabitants of Melton Mowbray, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs., for horses not thorough-bred. But the greatest attraction here is the Billesdon Coplow Stakes of 25 sovs. each, gentlemen riders, which always brings together the crack men and horses from the neighbouring hunts. There are 18 subscribers this year.

The workmen have begun to make alterations and improvements on the race-ground of Chesterfield, by leveling the hill on the western side of the course, which will make it more safe for the horses. A new Stand is also to be built, which, with other improvements, will, it is expected,

cause these ancient races to resume their former respectability.

The Judge's Stand on Lincoln race-course, proposed to be erected by subscription of the county, cannot be built this year on account of the deficiency of funds.

Lord Lowther's Derby colt Punster is dead; Mr. Payne's colt, out of Lady Ern (in the Derby), is gone to Van Diemen's Land.

RACES TO COME.

Doncaster Spring.....	March 17
Warwick Spring	19
Pytchley Hunt	19
Holderness Hunt (Beverley co.)...	24
Anson Hunt	25
Malton	27
Croxton Park	April 2
Newmarket Craven	7
Catterick Bridge	9
Bath Spring	16
Newmarket First Spring	21
Chester.....	May 5
Newmarket Second Spring	5
York Spring	12
Hambledon Hunt	13
Clifton and Bristol.....	13
Epsom.....	20
Manchester.....	28
Buxton	June 11
Newmarket.....	July 7
Stamford.....	16
York August	August 5
Wolverhampton.. ..	11
Goodwood	12
Burton-on-Trent	20
Lichfield.....	September 9
Northampton	10
Abingdon	10
Doncaster	15
Tewkesbury	15
Heaton Park	25
Newmarket First October.....	29
Newmarket Second.....	October 13
Newmarket Houghton	27

Durham Races will take place the third week in April; Newton, the week after Manchester; Liverpool, the week after Preston; the first Ascot (for there are to be two this year, in accordance with the suggestion last season expressed by His Majesty, and to be continued annually, towards

which the town of Windsor gives a Fifty Pound Plate), the week after Epsom; and Cheltenham (with Bury joined) the week after Ascot.

M. Bell, Esq. M.P. and the Hon. T. H. Liddell are the Stewards for Morpeth races; Lord Charles Fitzroy and E. Bouverie, Esq. for the Pytchley Hunt, to which there are numerous and respectable subscriptions; and C. W. Codrington and J. P. Smith, Esqrs. for Bath Spring, at which a good sporting meeting is anticipated.

STALLIONS 1828.

We hear that Mr. Charlton has recently sold Anticipation, and that he is to cover at Shirley, near Croydon, at five sovs.; half-bred mares at two sovs.

The following stallions came too late for insertion in their proper place.

18. Kexby, at Harkness, near Scarborough, at five sovs.:—by Golumpus, out of Lucy Gray, by Timothy.

6. Octavus, at Mr. Wood's, Tharn-gumbold, in Holderness, Yorkshire, at 5gs.:—by Bourbon, dam by Hambletonian.

COURSING.

Hambleton.—This meeting was held at Hambleton, under the permission of the Hon. Edward Robert Petre, of Stapleton Park. The elegant Silver Cup was gallantly won by red and wh. d. Navarino, the property of William Watson, Esq. of Allerton Hall. A large party of gentlemen afterwards partook of an excellent dinner at his house, and the evening was spent in the greatest conviviality.

In the DENGIE HUNDRED COURSING MEETING, inserted in pp. 319-20, there are a few trifling inaccuracies, which we hasten to correct, on the authority of a "Member of the Club." P. 320, line 5, for Mr. Golding's red d. Marksman, read blk. d.; line 10, for Seabrook read Seagrove; line 15, Mr. Brightwen's b.b. beat Mr. Crabb's Qui; line 23, for Schreiber read Schneiber; line 28, for Jumper read Juniper.

In page 258, col. 2, last Number, when speaking of the courses won and lost by Mr. Hoskins, with greyhounds not of Madam's blood, "A Coursing Amateur" states that he was in error. It should read, "he won 142 and lost 100 courses."

SHOOTING.

A large party assembled at Purton, Wilts, on the 15th February, to witness a trial of skill between some of the crack shots from Ridgway, Purton, Restrip, and Wootton Bassett. The match was made for 50 sovs. a-side, at twelve pigeons each, and came off as follows:—

1st Party. Killed.	2d Party. Killed.
T. Plummer, Esq. 6	W. Bathe, Esq. 8
Capt. Colebrook ... 10	J. Pratt, Esq. ... 11
J. Warman, Esq. ... 7	Mr. W. Sheppard 3
Mr. J. Warman ... 10	Mr. J. Grimes ... 9
33	31

The parties afterwards retired to the Angel to an excellent dinner, and the evening was spent in the greatest conviviality.—This sport is becoming very prevalent in Wilts, six matches having been shot this season.

A Silver Cup was shot for on the 5th of Feb. at the George Inn, Iver, between twelve gentlemen at six birds each. Six Members killed five birds out of six, and proceeded to shoot off the tie, when four missed their birds, and two killed. The two then shot; the first (Mr. Oades, of Egham) killed, and the other (Mr. Miles, of Salt-hill) struck; but as the bird was towering, and before it was out of bounds, a by-stander shot, and it fell dead. Mr. Oades of course claimed the Cup; but on a reference to some Gentlemen present, it was agreed that Mr. Miles should have another bird; and the fifteenth of February was fixed on to decide the match; Mr. Miles to shoot first at one bird; and both afterwards at six birds each. Mr. Miles killed his bird; and then the parties proceeded to the match at six. Mr. Oades's fifth bird fell out of bounds; Mr. Miles killed the whole, and consequently the Cup was awarded to his party. Great interest was excited on the result, Mr. Oades being a crack shot, and Mr. Miles never having shot in a match before. The odds were 10 to 1 in favour of Mr. Oades. A better contest was never witnessed; each of the two killing fifteen and missing one, and decided at last by one bird falling outside.

We understand Mr. Lancaster, of New Bond-street, has invented a **PATENT BREECH**, which greatly increases the power of any gun it may be applied to. The improvement we hear is in making *five tubes or anti-chambers*, instead of one, as in the old plan. We shall feel greatly obliged to any of our correspondents who have made a trial to furnish us with the result.

A woodcock was killed by a single ball, in the Park Wood at Nettlecombe, by the keeper, while killing does, on Tuesday the 22d of January. The keeper is upwards of seventy years of age.

Pugilism.

Neal and Baldwin.—The match with these men was originally fixed for the 11th of March, Neal to fight 250l. to 200l.; but, owing to “unforeseen events,” it is postponed by consent till the 22d of April; the cause of which is as follows. A dispute originated between two respectable coach proprietors of Leicester, and a regular trial of skill between the partisans of each for the possession of a disputed coach took place. Baldwin happened to be present (a looker-on merely, as he says), and was held to bail by the local Magistracy to answer to the assault at the Sessions to be held on the 15th of April, and consequently is bound over to keep the peace in the intervening period towards all His Majesty’s lieges, till his recognisances are discharged by due course of law. At the meeting to make the fifth deposit of the stakes, Baldwin stated the dilemma in which he was placed; and having a great respect for the law, and not wishing to fly in the teeth of the Magistrates, he hoped Neal would take the matter into his consideration, and allow him to appear at the Sessions; in other words, to postpone the appointed day till he could meet him without forfeiting his recognisances. Neal had said he meant fighting; so did he, and nothing else; and he hoped the stakes would be permitted, under these circumstances,

to remain till the event came off.—Neal replied, that as far as he was personally concerned he was willing to give his antagonist every indulgence, and to meet his wishes to the fullest extent; but the fact was, he was backed by a number of individuals not overburdened with *gold-finches*, and whether they would sing to the same tune he could not say—he must act according with their judgment and discretion. Some objections were started by Neal’s friends against delay, when Baldwin urged, that it might have been Neal’s fate to have met with a similar misfortune; and if he had, he certainly would have granted him every indulgence, independently of his backers. “But I’ll tell you what I’ll do,” said Bob; “as I mean fighting, rather than you or the public should suppose that I wish to retreat, I’ll fight you on the day (11th of March); and, if I must, I’ll go to prison, and meet all the consequences like a man. Nevertheless, I should wish to arrange the matter amicably, and am content to throw off the odds at which you fight me (250l. to 200l.), and fight you even.” Still Neal’s friends hesitated, as they considered nothing was granted by this proposal; and *waiting* was a bad *spec.* “Well, then,” said Bob, “I’ll add 50l. to my deposit, and fight 250l. even, upon condition that you agree to postpone the fight to the necessary period.”—“But,” said one of Neal’s backers, “suppose you are again held to bail to keep the peace when that period arrives?”—“Why, then,” replied Bob, “if I am, but I do not anticipate that I shall, I will pay Neal’s expenses, and go and fight him in France.” The decision in which he spoke gave great satisfaction to the room, and elicited bravos even from his non-supporters. Still there was one caviller. “How,” said he, “is it to be if you should be sent to prison?”—“Oh!” replied Bob cheerily, “if I am, which I think in common justice is utterly impossible, I’ll agree to forfeit 200l. of the battle money.” This was so manly, fair, and liberal, that all farther objections ceased; the articles of agreement were accordingly

altered, embracing all the terms proffered by Baldwin, regularly signed, and the parties shook hands, all joining in the customary toast, "May the best man win!"

A scene, as disgraceful to the name of Pugilism as it was to its promoters, was allowed to take place on the 5th of February at Whetstone, on the Barnet road, under the imposing designation of a "Lilliputian Mill." We naturally expected, on the announcement of the match, that the set-to was to be between two "bold-faced sons of the science," whose embryo talents were thus called into play in emulation of their fathers' heroic achievements; and however we might regret that youth should too soon usurp the privilege of manhood, yet we felt that the characteristic bravery of the "scions of a noble stock" might be permitted to shew excellence in the ring-ed field, without detriment to the manliness of the art.

But it was not so. The combatants in this instance, so far from being "chips of the old block," were objects of pity in the eye of humanity, the very abortions of nature—they were two epitomes of men! and yet, "tell it not in Gath," a numerous assemblage of spectators were present to witness the disgraceful exhibition! The parties were, David Morgan, a Welsh dwarf, three feet nine inches in height, aged twenty-seven, and Peter M'Bean, a Scotchman, three feet six, aged thirty-seven. We should be ashamed to pollute our pages with an account of so disgusting an exposure; suffice it to say, Taffy was declared victorious after thirty-seven minutes' pummelling each other; and the *poor creatures* were taken away, the one exulting in his prowess, and the other cheered in defeat by the condolence of his supporters that he was not a *favorite of fortune!*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Thanks to "Oxoniensis" for his communication (we hope it will not be his last). Our sole reason for declining to insert it is, that the party to whom it more immediately relates is, alas! no more. Feeling under heavy obligation for his generous services, and the utmost respect for his memory, it would but ill accord with our present sentiments now to insert what he cannot answer. We dare not trust ourselves farther on this head, having (for causes already explained in private) declined to give insertion to communications containing just and well-merited encomiums to his talents and memory, by those friends from whom he did not disguise that he was an "Amateur Contributor" to this publication.

"Scarlet's" Hint to Young Sportsmen as early as possible.

"Cricketer's" Remarks on Mr. Knight's Proposal of a New Law for Bowling in our next. He may possibly now have something farther to offer on the continuation of the subject, which appears in our present Number.

We are obliged to "A Subscriber" for his hints; his wishes shall, if possible, be complied with.

To "Audi alteram partem" we say, that, desirous as we are of giving original communications on the Game Laws, and other topics, we do not think it fair to copy from any other periodical; therefore must decline inserting what he wishes from Blackwood.

"Trejan" and "No Vulpecide" came too late: they shall certainly appear next month.

"V. S." on Capp'd Hocks, and several other communications, are under consideration.

We cannot make the request "A Sportsman" suggests.

Our Correspondent from Penrith must excuse our inserting his letter, without its being authenticated by his name and address.

"Septentrionalis," on the Breed of American Horses, came to hand at the moment of our going to press.

The first volume of a "Treatise on the Management and Training the Race Horse," by R. Davell, V. S., has recently been published. Not wishing to judge hastily of the merits or demerits of a work, the subject of which is so interesting to the Sporting community, we shall delay making any comment till we see the work completed.

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THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXI. N.S.

APRIL, 1828.

No. CXXVII.

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Embellished with,

Portraits of JACK STEVENS and JAMES ROBINSON.

JACK STEVENS.

THIS engraving, from a painting by Mr. W. Nedham, of Leicester, represents Jack Stevens, first whipper-in to Mr. Osbaldeston, on Dick Andrews, an excellent leaper, and one of the best thorough-bred horses in the Hunt. Stevens is an excellent horseman, rides well to hounds, knows his business well, and is of the first class of whippers. The hounds are Rambler, Gaiety, and Nabob, all great favorites with the 'Squire.—NIMROD, in his YORKSHIRE TOUR, (see p. 416 of this Number,) says—"Jack Stevens is a tough one. He broke a blood vessel last year, but only lay still a few days for it,

saying, 'It was no use living if he could not go with the hounds.'"

HUNTING IN WINDSOR PARK.

SIR,

IN these times, when that truly English sport (fox-hunting) stands in need of every support, I take pleasure in announcing to the friends of the Chase, that the fox-hounds have met, and found twice within the last month, at Windsor Park. "THE KING'S NAME IS A TOWER OF STRENGTH." His Majesty patronizes the sport—the Royal Command is issued—FOXES ARE TO BE NO LONGER KILLED ON THE ROYAL DOMAIN. Let us hope the command will be obeyed,

and His Majesty's example followed by the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the kingdom. It will cause a demand for agricultural produce, increase the breed of horses, and give employment to many now starving, who will bless their King as the cause.

Yours, &c. VENATOR.

Windsor Forest, March 19.

TO THE MARYLEBONE CRICKET CLUB.

MOST Potent, Grave, and Reverend Signors!—Your valued and highly-respectable member, Mr. Knight, of Godmersham Park, has addressed you in a very grave manner on bowling. The discussion may be termed scientific, historical, philosophical, mathematical, anatomical, characteristical, and withal bombastical. The serious manner in which he has treated the subject appals me; and the earnestness of his supplication for the adoption of his favourite mode only confirms his fancied importance of it.

I will not argue upon the principles of *throwing*—they may be like his straight-arm work, or may not: but suppose him able to wipe away this stigma, there's another still remains, which is not in his dictionary—*shying*; and if

Lilly, Broad, and Knight don't shy,
Then your humble servant tells a lie.

It is nonsense to talk of umpires' likes and hates—no cricketer will allow them such mental acuteness.

If, however, such whims should prevail, they are more to be dreaded in a six-foot native, who, if he wishes to break the shins of his enemy, has only to put a little more powder in the shoulder, or the elbow, or the wrist, straighten the arm, and the job is done.

The sum total of all the matter is this—that no sophistry can make the new system cricket-playing—nor any refinement of law-framing ever make it so. The truth is, and I told you in two letters last year—that our bowlers have woefully fallen off; and till some new colts can shew up, we must all wait with patience to see a great score: and Mr. Knight, with other brawny youths, must keep their temper in the field.

I deny the hitting to be better than in former times. Look at my list in your Number for last July (p. 118), and prove the contrary if you can.

The ensuing season, I hope, will shew better taste, and display somebody *fresh* in old fashion.

The discussion that has occurred will lead, however, to good, and I trust will stimulate some ardent youth to emulate such men as Lumpy, Harris, Boxall, Lambert, Lord Frederick, &c. &c. &c., and then the cry will change, "We want better hitters."

Yours, &c. CHEASE.

P.S. I hope Mr. Knight will not think I mean to *ridicule* the sensible support of his system. I am neither a serious thinker nor a serious writer; but I am obstinate in my faith, and he must bear with me for that. In taking leave of him, I offer a hand of apology; but I cannot help saying that we may

Read of, talk to, and look at Mr. Knight,
But neither he, nor arm, can make the
fanoy right.

A WEEK'S HUNTING.

SIR,

AFTER four years' absence from England, I have taken

once again to my old habits, and sadly grudge the mis-spent time I have wasted abroad. However, as it was to please my wife, perhaps it is all for the best, and I shall be a gainer by it in the end; for she is as sick of foreign parts as ever her devoted husband was. I have only just mounted an English hunter, but will give you, if you will accept of it, one week's sport.

Yours, &c.

MILES.

March 7th.—Met the Duke of Beaufort at his favorite covert, called Farmington Grove, not far from Burford and Bibury's renowned race course. Found directly, and killed *instantly*—no doubt, a vixen. Found again in a covert belonging, I believe, (for I am a stranger here,) to Mr. Dolphin. Ran up to Farmington Grove, and thence into Lord Sherborne's park, and killed him in a farm yard, near his Lordship's house. A pretty thing, and well finished.

I thought the hounds were looking fit for business, but not so fine and smooth in their coats as when I saw them in 1823, under the management of old Philip—God bless him! for he is a rare hand in the kennel.

I thought the servants well mounted, and all right: *Todd* as keen as ever: Will Long, now huntsman, not an harmonious voice, nor (*à la Musters*) pleasant dog-language. I always thought him a capital whip; but there is a difference, *Nimrod* would say, between the rate of a whipper-in, and the encouraging tone of a *first fiddle*. There was an immense field from all sides of the surrounding country, and from Cheltenham, but not the least opportunity for

any of them to display their riding powers.

Friday, 7th.—Met the Duke again at Boulter's Barn. A very hard frost, and very awkward riding. Nerves queer, and began to wish we had not had 't'other bottle' over night. Found several foxes at Addlethorpe Hill, near Chipping Norton—the residence of the late Marquis Hastings. A miserable scent, and ran only a few fields, and lost. Found again in a gorse in the vale, called Long Borough Lees—a very promising country—but could do nothing.

Saturday, 8th.—Met Colonel Berkeley's at Segincote, the seat of Sir C. Cockerell, Bart. A very good turn-out. Horses capital; of hounds I am not judge enough to speak. Drew Bourton Wood (near the old training stables) without finding, but found at Spring Hill gorse, and he went away like a good one, *the very best pace*, for Lord Northwick's park; crossed it—through Sedgefield wood, and into a drain, a few fields beyond. Bolted, and killed him. A capital twenty minutes.

Monday, 10th.—Met the Duke at Sandford Park. Drew Werton Heath, without finding. Found in a gorse hard by, and killed after a good *fifty minutes*, over a fine country to the right of Great Tew.

Tuesday, 11th.—Met the Warwickshire at Woolford Wood. Found, and ran for more than an hour, but no pace, owing to obstructions from fallow ground, and plough-people. Went to earth at Weston Park. These hounds are under a new manager, Robert Fellowes, Esq. who seems to have given general satisfaction, and their sport has, on the whole, been good.

I am happy to have it in my

power to add, this country makes a fair show of foxes, although not so good as when I saw it last. However, I must not forget the number already killed, and "we cannot have the cake and eat it too." It was very much my wish to have had a day with Lord Kintore, in his Berkshire country, which I have heard spoken so highly of; but my stud is too weak this year for travelling. Report says his Lordship is doing the thing well, and has rendered himself a great favorite in his hunt—one great point gained.

MR. JAMES ROBINSON, THE
JOCKEY.

SIR,

HAVING been enabled to draw from Marshall's almost inexhaustible store another original sketch of a jockey, viz.—Robinson, in the riding suit of Sir John Shelley, Bart. in which he won the Derby last year, I send it you for publication. I found no difficulty in obtaining this, in consequence of the very superior way in which you got up the portrait of Chifney, which, I must say, does infinite credit to the Engraver, to your work, and indeed to all parties concerned. To be short and plain—if you go on in so spirited a way, you will never want subjects, painters, or engravers, nor (what to you is of infinitely more importance) patrons to support a work so entertaining, useful, and ornamental, and that has now become so universally read in all quarters of the globe.

Mr. James Robinson was born at Newmarket. I have no doubt, from their now becoming him so well, that his first dress was a cap and jacket; his first toys a comb

and brush; and the first thing which pleased his fancy, and what many children hate so much, was a whip. His father, who is still living, was a trainer, and has ever borne a highly respectable character in his station of life. He has long been known by the name of Joppa Robinson; but whether his godfathers and godmothers, or the lads in the lane, gave it him, is of little consequence now, as he would not be known by any other. He last trained for Mr. Crockford; in whose employ, if he had been the best trainer in the world, he would have had but little or no chance of shewing his talent; nor was his successor, or successors, more fortunate, though a part of them, in trying their talents as trainers, called in the powerful aid of steam. The fact was, Mr. Crockford managed his stud very badly; and the only excuse I can make for him is, he had "other fish to fry." Our young jockey was early put up, and was fast rising in the estimation of the Sporting World, under the countenance of Mr. Robson of Newmarket, then the most extensive as well as the most successful trainer in the kingdom; but now, unfortunately, his stables are like the deserted village: grass and filthy weeds are doomed to grow on the very spot where the proud courser lately stretched his graceful limbs on clean rye straw. Stop! stop! this can be no amusement to those who did not know the place, and only sorrow to those who did. But here it was young Robinson spent his early days, and acquired the first knowledge of the science of riding the race horse. He was so diminutive he could not reach the stirrup with his hand, and he had as good a chance of ascending the Throne as mount-

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ing a horse, unless by help or stratagem; but once up he was easily distinguished from forty other boys. No matter at what pace they might be going, his seat on a horse was firm and elegant; and his mode of handling his nag at once convinced an observer of such nice matters that the power was with the rider, not according to the will of a craving horse. He was distinguished too from other boys for remarkable cleanliness of person and neatness in dress. His manners were extra-parochial; for they never belonged to Newmarket I am sure. Success in his occupation brought friends, who reposed confidence in him: and by *steady* and *reserved* conduct in all matters relating to his business—rare but absolutely necessary qualities for a jockey boy—Robinson, at a very early period of life, got let into all the trials of Robson's great and prosperous stable, and shortly afterwards into most others at Newmarket as a necessary consequence. This procured for Robinson plenty of public riding at light weights. Money, or rather the too easy acquirement of it in the early part of the life of a jockey, is a rock on which a vast number run foul and are ruined. It is quite surprising the sums that some of the boys earn, and how very badly in general they are calculated to manage their funds, having a corresponding number of temptations thrown in their way. Robinson, however, found but few difficulties on this head: circumstances and his own excellent heart preserved him securely from all danger.

His father having, in the downhill of life, taken to himself a young and second wife, was very soon in possession of a houseful of little children, with but very scanty

means of bringing them up. Our hero (who was running into money very fast), without considering the propriety or impropriety of the step his father had taken, instantly came forward, assisted powerfully in supplying the necessities of the family; and all, owing to his exertions, have been most respectably brought up; and he has also finally provided for his aged parent a place of his own, surrounded by every comfort. If jockey boys would act like this, though they might not ride quite so well as Mr. James Robinson, they would never cease to be respected for conduct so meritorious. Through life he has been a pattern worthy of all their imitation—let them follow his steps, and they will ensure themselves good and permanent employment. Robinson has long since become one of our principal jockeys. His brother trains for Mr. Rush, in his own private stables, in whose service he has been many years, where every thing is conducted with perfect neatness, regularity, and *honour*, in the highest sense of the word. James Robinson has long been riding for Lord Jersey and Sir John Shelley, and has won the Derby and Oaks oftener than any other jockey of his age. Till recently he also rode, and very successfully, for the Marquis of Exeter, but for good reasons, well known to the *Sporting World*, lately withdrew himself from that service. He is, I hear, now in the employ of His Majesty. His Grace of Rutland employs Robinson invariably, unless deprived of his services by the calls of an older master. Little Pettit exercises a wise discretion in putting him up for those who use his stables. All place in Robinson the most implicit confidence,

both as to his judgment in racing matters, and his skill in riding.

The world have sometimes designated him a fortunate jockey; but this I have always thought a poor compliment to such distinguished merit. How absurd to say it is *luck* that makes a man *honest*, *sober*, and *industrious*, and gives him a thousand other good qualities. No—none of these come upon a man as it were by chance. That Robinson has been put upon most of our best horses, is true enough; but not on account of his lucky stars—it was solely because the most perfect reliance could at all times be placed both upon his talents and integrity. A report got abroad in 1824, that our jockey took the long odds that he would win the Derby on Cedric, the Oaks on Cobweb, and be married in the same week. Certain it is he accomplished all three undertakings; but I will take upon myself to state that James Robinson had too great a respect for the amiable woman he married, possesses too much good sense, and has too great a regard for the holy solemnity of matrimony, to make *the most interesting event* in a man's life form part of a gambling speculation. His last year exceeds by far any thing that was ever done before: he won the Derby and the St. Leger, receiving a present of one thousand pounds from a gentleman (for winning the latter) whom he had never seen in his life before. Is not this luck? exclaim a hundred tongues at once. No! Mr. Cruikshanks declared that he gave it, to shew his abhorrence of bribery and corruption, and to convince jockeys, that there are people still in the world who know not only how to discover merit, but to reward it.

O. O.

EPSOM COURSING MEETING.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE Meeting* this month went off as satisfactorily as that in November, and every thing promises well towards an increase of sport at the future Meetings. A finer line of country for coursing than is afforded, from the commencement of Leatherhead Common Fields to the extremity of Mickleham Downs, cannot well be imagined, and there is seldom or never a deficiency of hares.

The first day's sport on Tuesday was entirely confined to the Common Fields, and the hares on the whole ran better here than those on the Mickleham Downs on the following day. The fineness of the weather attracted a larger number of spectators than I saw assembled in November; but no interruption was occasioned to the sport by riding up the hares. The chief favorite for the Cup appeared to be a bitch called Venus, and I found myself in the midst of several of the most determined votaries of the goddess. "Venus must win," and "there is nothing in this country that can beat the bitch," were the constant expressions of most of the bystanders where I was placed; and therefore I soon inquired for, and took a view of, her goddess-ship. She is a lengthy red bitch, with good loin and quarters, and looking altogether like a good one. I observed her running on the first day, which was very speedy, and she seemed a determined killer. Her antagonist, "Nell," was no plaything to deal with in a short course like this, but did not seem capable of lasting. On the same day I noticed a very smart-looking blue bitch, "Rebecca," kill her hare very cleverly

* For the detail of the courses see p. 396.

single-handed, her adversary doing nothing to assist her.

On the second day the goddess was as great a favorite as ever, and I still kept my eye upon her. I found her in the slips with "Lancer," one of the unsuccessful dogs for the Puppy Cup in November. This course was over the whole extent of Mickleham Downs. The dog took the lead up to the hare, and kept it to near the top of the hill, when the bitch was let in, and got two or three turns without the dog being able to come up. On rounding the hill, the dog rushed down to his hare, passed the bitch, and had the speed of her throughout the remainder of the course, and killed his hare. This was a very trimming course—the distance from the point where the dogs were slipped to that where the hare was killed, far exceeding a mile and a half as the crow flies. On the same day "Rebecca" again beat her adversary easily. There were a few other good courses this day; but, with the exception of the course between "Lancer" and "Venus," the hares did not run stout. The last day, on Epsom Downs, attracted a larger proportion of visitors than are at all favorable to the sport; and some little difficulty took place in preventing the crowd from riding over the untried ground. I came upon the Downs just as "Lottery" was winning the first course, by beating "Trinket," which she did easy, and thereby secured the Goblet. Nearly an hour then elapsed before a hare could be found for "Lancer" and "Rebecca;" but we were at last amply recompensed for this suspense: a straight-backed hare went away, and afforded a beautiful course all against my friend "Rebecca," who could not compete in a straight-forward run with the

length and strength of her adversary. The bitch, however, shewed herself a good one; and, with a shorter running hare, would probably have beat the dog. The concluding course for the Cup was, I am informed, another trimmer, and won easy by "Lancer;" but I am sorry I lost the opportunity of seeing it, having discovered the loss of a fore-shoe just before finding the hare, and being off my horse at the time of slipping. It was a little remarkable, that "Triumph," who won the Goblet in November, and was entered for the Cup at this Meeting, was very easily beaten on the first day. "Every dog has his day;" but hers has been a short one, if she is not to "triumph" again. As she looks all over a good one, I hope, however, she will next year shew as well as she did in November.

The courses for the different Stakes were decided without any particularly fine runs; but some of the matches afforded much sport. I noticed a short and quick one between "Romulus" and "Nell," in which the speed and pluck of "Romulus" was very conspicuous. A new Judge, from a *far countrie*, seemed to afford pretty general satisfaction, and the Meeting passed off with the utmost harmony.

February 1828.

BETTINGS.

SIR, Tattersall's, March 24, 1828.

ALL the influential and leading supporters of the Turf were at the room, and altogether there was some very heavy betting. The Colonel continues firm, although there was little doing upon him—6 to 1 the very top of the odds, and the field but feebly supported. Mr, Thornhill's lot are sadly gone off,

two of them being scarcely mentioned. The Merchant partially recovered, and towards the close he got up two points, and the party eager to go on. Navarino is receding, 15 to 2 having been taken at the early part of the day, but at the finish a Captain M. laid 1800 to 200 against him, and afterwards there were no takers. Sorcery and Amy were all the rage; and after several fluctuations and heavy betting, Sorcery recovered the ground he lost in the morning, and left off a much better favorite, 16 to 1 at one time being laid against him. Amy was backed against all the horses, particularly with Sorcery and Zinganee, but with difficulty maintains the advance. Zinganee was in high request at the opening, having been backed for 500 against Sorcery and Amy; but after a deal of sparring, and some large offers, he ultimately went back to 16 to 1, and, as the best judge in the room observed, he is the safest loser in the whole stake. The Duke of Grafton's stable is on the advance, many of the principal speculators freely taking the odds, and to all appearance they must be still higher. A Noble Earl took 1000 to 10 each about his two outsiders, but otherwise they were never mentioned. This race engrossed the whole of the attention, and, comparatively speaking, there was no other noticed.

The OAKS remains in the same obscurity; and, excepting Trampoline, Louisa, and Zoe, the others were never mentioned, and the betting exceedingly flat.

The ST. LEGER was very slightly touched upon; Bessy, Mr. Watt's two, and Velocipede being the only ones noticed. Just at the close, a few minutes before six o'clock, one of the leading speculators, a Mr. W——r, took eight ponies to one

that he named the winners of the first three races on Easter Monday. He took Magnet for the Riddlesworth, Fair Helen for the 200 sovs., and Bugle for the 100 sovs. Stakes. Altogether it was a very brisk and important day.

Yours truly, Z. B.

RIDDLESWORTH STAKES.

3 to 1 agst Grisette (taken).

4 to 1 agst Magnet.

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES.

7 to 2 agst Navarino (taken).

4 to 1 agst Sorcery.

6 to 1 agst Druid.

10 to 1 agst Palemon.

6 to 4 the field agst two.

DERBY.

1150 to 200 agst The Colonel.

9 to 1 agst Navarino (taken).

13 to 1 agst Sorcery (taken).

15 to 1 agst Giraffe (taken).

16 to 1 agst Zinganee (taken).

17 to 1 agst Merchant (freely taken).

18 to 1 agst Druid.

20 to 1 agst Southcote.

25 to 1 agst Omen (taken).

30 to 1 agst Zealot (taken).

30 to 1 agst Mariner.

35 to 1 agst Oppidan (taken).

50 to 1 agst Ephesus.

50 to 1 agst Challenger.

50 to 1 agst Fair Helen.

50 to 1 agst Barnardo.

50 to 1 agst Lancastrian.

1000 to 12 agst Druid winning the Derby and 2000gs. Stakes (taken).

OAKS.

9 and 10 to 1 agst Trampoline.

13 to 1 agst Louisa (taken).

13 to 1 agst Sarah.

16 to 1 agst Rosanne.

17 to 1 agst Zoe (taken).

17 to 1 agst Turquoise (taken).

20 to 1 agst Legend (taken).

20 to 1 agst Delta (taken).

20 to 1 agst Lisette.

25 to 1 agst Grisette.

33 to 1 agst Baleine (taken).

ST. LEGER.

10 to 1 agst Bessy Bedlam (taken).

14 to 1 agst Velocipede (taken).

16 to 1 agst Coulon.

16 to 1 agst The Colonel.

22 to 1 agst Louisa.

23 to 1 agst Memphis.

30 to 1 agst Emmelina (taken).

30 to 1 agst Herbert Lacy (taken).

40 to 1 agst Navarino.

40 to 1 agst Delphine.

50 to 1 agst The Merchant.

50 to 1 agst Ballad Singer.

1000 to 10 agst The Colonel winning the Derby and St. Leger, and Trampoline the Oaks (taken).

A FRENCH TOUR—BY PETER PRY.

(Concluded from last Number, page 346.)

SIR,
HAVING had a peremptory mandate from England, I was compelled suddenly to take my leave; and therefore immediately encountered another shaking in the *malle*, in rather a feverish state of blood, not having time to cool after a round of soft pleasures.—As I crossed the ferry of the Gironde I gave one lingering look towards kind friends and forest wilds, turned my head homewards, thought of the white cliffs of Dover, but looked out again for novelties. It is a monotonous ride either going or coming; and when excitement and new scenes become exhausted, one must have an ardent mind for the *qui vive* to obtain entertainment in the same walk.

An object of much interest with me in travelling is agricultural practices, and the face of the country. To be sure the flight of a mail is a little posing to particularities; but a sharp eye will fix upon passing things.

The use of bullocks is to me always an interesting object; and I was much pleased to observe a pair in a *foot plough*, with one man only, precisely similar to that in use in Suffolk and Essex. They are of considerable size and weight, and of singular beauty; they are certainly very slow, but, moving in perfect unison of step, perform the work to admiration. This equality arises doubtless from the mode of tackling, having their heads *lashed close together*, carrying their work by the power of the neck. In their wagons and wains the same method is practised, with the addition

only of a *pole*, which is placed even with the head. At first sight the system disgusted me, having the appearance of distress to the animals; but the perfect steadiness of their movements, and the certainty of having the work justly portioned, reconciled the matter. I confess the ploughing delighted me, bringing old times and habits to my recollection. My bullocks used to plough an acre a day; but then I had the Devon blood—quick movers. Here they are dreadfully slow—but then they are *sure*; and to see a neat furrow in finished beauty, without reins or whip either to guide with or impel, is cheering to a farmer. As a proof of how even the work is performed off the main roads, where the soil is light, and particularly near the forest, the *exact* stepping produces a complete *ridge* and *furrow*, higher and deeper than any ploughing: the foot-steps are always in the same spot; therefore in time (and not very long) the road becomes impassable; they then seek another line of march. In riding, you are obliged to leave the track, and fight your way by the side.

Lord Somerville and many other lovers of kine have produced the French breed at their shows; and I recollect often admiring them: but to see them on their native soil in daily use, and in glowing pride of their owners, I consider a treat—not forgetting also the beautiful blue dun cow, attended by the black-eyed *pay-sanne* in her wooden clogs.

The fine climate of the South gives many pastoral beauties. I

came through the country in the last week of November, and even then there were whole families in the fields watching flocks of sheep—mothers, daughters, and young children, but no *papas*—the old women spinning, the daughters at needle-work or lace-making, and the *enfants* at gambols. They take their onions and bread, and remain the whole day. It is the usual custom for women to be shepherds, or rather shepherdesses, and they appear to have but little trouble to exercise their duty; but then they have a helper, and he is truly an acute one. If possible, I should say the French sheep dog has a more sagacious countenance, has a sharper face, a more imposing demeanour, than our shaggy wonders; and in the long distance between Poitiers and Tours, I had many times a sight of their feats. They strike you as if the wolf was a cousin-german.—Early in the morning, or in evening's dusk, you see *la mere* and her *famille* carelessly lounging at the head of their flock, perhaps three hundred, and they trotting after in perfect order. She now and then turns round and gives an inviting look, or a sort of chirp, and they scamper to the signal—*Monsieur Le Chien* bringing up the rear with the skill of an Adjutant. In all France the sheep follow the shepherd, not he the sheep.

There is something remarkably indicative of an extraordinary tact in the management of animals:—the horses are talked to; the sheep are looked at; the pigs are tempted, or charmed. The former can do anything but talk, answering by their looks and ways. If the Smithfield lads or the Northern drovers, clever as they are,

would but humanize their deeds with a little of this French *douceur*, Mr. Martin and his Bills might be kept in shade.

There is no perfection in life without its foil, nor ever is it more strong in example than the beauty of the oxen, and the ugliness, the deformity, the total want of harmonious shape, the lanky and distorted physiognomy of the pigs. In the thronged supply of a market day, you see lots of both on the road; and it is impossible not to be surprised at nature's vagaries when you look at these extremities of creation. Even the fleecy natives want a great deal of our short legged blood to make them a line of beauty. If time were allowed, doubtless sound reasons for deformity and want of grace would be discovered; for in my mind there is no error in the wonderful system—it is only our ignorance in perception that occasions the surprise.

The greater part of this journey is through a country but partially cultivated, the majority being devoted to the rearing of vines. Before I saw their appearance I was in high expectation; but there is a uniformity, a striking similarity of gooseberry and currant bushes in our Chelsea plantations, that soon softens down fanciful enthusiasm. If you want to see fine farming, and the land in high produce, you must visit the North of Paris, even as far as the Netherlands, where exuberance and skill prevail in full force—perhaps Picardy displays these golden prospects more extensively than any other district. I hope one day to visit these lands again, and at a time when agricultural population is in requisition. Nothing surprises the eye of an English farmer

more than the apparent scarcity of what we call *home-stalls*. You ride mile after mile, and see acres in endless extent covered with corn, and all in progressive richness; but you look in vain for what in Scotland is so engaging—a noble farm yard.

One arrives at Paris early in the morning, greeting all the different *malles-postes* in the same area as when you leave the city. No one can have travelled seven hundred miles in this clever conveyance without a feeling of satisfaction and surprise—correctness of time; no extra expense; no “we change coachman or guard here;” no necessity for a pocket full of “*tis-buts*,” to give a *finis* to the treasury. Comparatively speaking, without fuss, without finery, and without the chance of a broken neck in a struggle for fame, or in opposing spirit, the business is done; you don’t go quite so fast as in England, but you go with more mathematical certainty; and you receive civil treatment, winding up with less nervous irritability.

In this extraordinary capital there appears to me a plentiful feast for all characters—scarcely any taste can go away unsatisfied. The sensualist, the scholar, the evangelical, the enthusiast in arts, the common John Bull’s jog-trot—all must wonder, all must be in ecstasy, all must unite in a burst of admiration; even the friends of my heart, sportsmen—including dragsmen, and every and all such bucks—may have fine pickings, if they will but be industrious. There seems only one forlorn exception—*lovers of the Ring*; for here they must provide their own repast. Frenchmen certainly don’t like BOXING: they may like cannon balls, but it is well known they

don’t relish double fists. It is impossible for me to point out how and where such visitors may find their harvest:—*chacun à son goût*! I only say, there is the soil and the growth—they must learn to reap.

One spot, however, will force its richness upon my intended forbearance—the *Jardin des Plantes*; and this alone supplies ample enjoyment for lovers of sport and lovers of nature—it is a gorgeous monument of fine taste and national liberality. My pen cannot attempt to revel in description; but if you want to see every specimen of nature’s productions, from the minutest insect to the huge elephant, with the giant bones of the mammoth alive and dead, go to this garden of wonders.

Upon recollection, those gentlemen upon whose ignorance I presumed on my setting out may think me neglectful if I don’t tell them a few of Parisian matters: so I will say, if you want to see magnificent palaces, a noble hospital for battle heroes, the finest pictures in the world, the most beautiful commercial hall, the most elegant theatres; to see spirited acting, exquisite dancing, and hear fine music; a few fine streets lined with smart people; an elegant royal garden open to all ranks, never deserted by beauty in every shape and feature; feet in small delicate shoes, and faces hid by curls and large hats; rudeness under military display; soldiers fierce looking, and wanting every thing but fine dress and ferocious carriage; hackney coaches worked by any thing but polite gentry, who, by their barbarous looks and hard-hearted ways, frighten you to death, if they don’t run over you; *valets de place*, to shew you all extraordi-

naries, who never say N O to any thing, for ever keeping up good humour and the essence of *politesse*; elegant shops in tasty display, doubly tempting by a smiling graceful *madame* or *mam'selle* who will have a nap out of the purse, while *Monsieur le Mari* or *papa* is humming *Vive le Roi* in the *Palais Royal*, and *sacring* loyalty in a whisper; coffee houses filled with politicians, idlers, and *economics*, some with their wives but most without, all haggling for *sous*, and without scruple pocketing overplus sugar after sweetening the *café* or the glass of water: I say, if you wish to see such things, go to *Paris*; and I say farther, if you want to see an epitome of power, an everlasting object to expand the soul of a Frenchman, an object to turn the complexion yellow of all *grandes monarques*, ride to the *Place Vendôme*, and contemplate the countenance of Bonaparte in the relics of *cannon* that form the superstructure of the glorious monument of his victories.

These are a few of French vagaries—I cannot enumerate one half; they would fill a book—but I am only a scribbler. Their habits are amusing; some instructive, and all, to an English mind, teeming with the ridiculous. If such be national, what must be the persons they emanate from? Curious in the extreme, and worthy of a sketch, the most prominent and the most *nationale* is the old French character—a superannuated admirer of Royalty. To be sure the race is fast dying a natural death; but there is still a remnant preserved, a *dried specimen*, though visible; a straight, spare-looking gentleman, with coat collars glistening with pomatum distilled from the *queues*; cravats stained

with snuff; and the *Order of St. Louis* at their button-holes—magpies in tongues, and grasshoppers in limbs and features. These are Court butterflies and Church devotees, harmless animals now, though in their hearts scowling at toleration and freedom. Reverse the impression, and you will see, in the midst of life, men in dress, features, and carriage, of stern simplicity—a revolutionary effrentery, that would without scruple dethrone Kings, and cut the throats of Queens. Next in rotation, and bearing a large portion of the drama, is the marching or riding hero of fighting vanity; men, who, with smutty faces and huge whiskers, play the *brusquerie* to all. To be sure, the refined blood of France is spilt: you are not surprised, therefore, to observe gross habits and vulgar debauchery under gold lace and copper helmets. As for the *bourgeois* faces and habits, they are manufactured by Nature in thousands, millions—thinking much alike, and looking much alike in all countries; and, as a lively writer says, “comparable to that vegetation which grows at the bottom of rivers, and constantly lies in the direction of the stream, whether the tide set up or down.” In this variable soil, however, there is a more vivacious character than is generally to be seen—a *sharper look* and a *keener feeling*; a greater degree of activity; a depth of intelligence; in some, and not a few, a winning suavity; in others, a contemptuous impudence, that makes the blood boil.

Men without women are nothing; and perhaps the latter are the most faithful repositories of nationality. The days of Froissard, and such chroniclers, are still

preserved in purity. The prints of those times represent the women of the middling classes in raised and cylindrical linen caps; the hair gathered under these pyramids; long stiff stays, bundling petticoats, and staring trinkets. In these you see the same creatures, cadaverous in features, and badly set off by display of white linen.

My journal is full of such mind's-eye pictures; and the tempting novelty became so overbearing, that I nearly lost sight of many cases which must have been more suitable to sporting readers. They must be worn out with matters foreign to their tastes. I therefore leave Paris, its oddities, its attractions, its beauties, and its deformities; I leave husbands and brothers, in good will, but not in riveted links of affection; I leave the females, the higher sort, with great regret and admiration of their most enchanting manners, and in wonder at the hue and cry of demoralisation in the wives. Some part of what every body says, however, must be true; and I tried to discern the secret by a simple request to a lady, who thus answered my inquiry:—*Oh, mais oui, Monsieur, dix fois par jour! Et les Anglaises? Jamais ne c'est pas; elles sont glacées!!* I leave the lower sort, pleased with their *adresse* and winning ways, giving a sharpness to Mr. Bull's bluntness.

In my journey to Calais I had some opportunities of seeing the folly of that gentleman's gratifying his curiosity in France—his utter obstinacy in the use of his own hum-drum systems; his *grunting* demeanour towards every effort to please him; his sullen looks

at the beef boiled to rags; the bottle of water instead of the pot of porter; the *café* after dinner instead of bottles and glasses; the shrug of the waiter, lifting up his shoulders, and looking all wonder, because he cannot comprehend the oath of Old England. In the confusion of embarkation, a gentleman (if money made him one) had been wasting his gold, with a hope to please his wife as well as himself, but from his own account proved a vain attempt. His introduction to me was a most violent *swear* that he never would visit France again, because they told him the packet went at nine, and did not move till eleven; because every one on the *quay* wanted a franc for doing nothing at all but to bother him. At length he burst out, in reply to a demand from a *portier*, in these words:—“*Quand vous avez putté mon bagage aboard le paquet bateau, je vous paye, or je paye vous, damme if I know which!*”

This is only one of many *mêlés* of tongue I heard uttered, making sides and cheeks both ache. In a run of three hours his ire cooled, and my journey ended: he indulged his sorrow-worn stomach with beef-steaks and Barclay's entire: I got into a postchaise, and flew to my home, with a heart not changed in its nature for the full enjoyment of its comforts.

In contemplation of the novelties I tasted, there were many which marked the characters permanently, and many that fled only in momentary surprise. It is most true that such things carry an irresistible charm to old as well as young: but, after all, they bear no comparison with the sound heartfelt blessings of domestic hap-

pinces, and in the sweet home of England so prettily described by a rising poet:—

The stately homes of England !
How beautiful they stand,
Amidst their tall ancestral trees
O'er all the pleasant land.
The deer across their green sward bound,
Thro' shade and sunny gleam ;
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The cottage homes of England !
By thousands, on her plains,
Are smiling o'er her silvery brooks,
And round their hamlet fances.
Thro' glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there, they lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The merry homes of England !
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light !
There woman's voice pours forth e'en
sing,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

P. P.

UNION DEPTFORD COURSING MEETING.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1838.

For the Gold Cup.—Mr. Pettat's blk. and wh. d. Pyramus beat Mr. Lawrence's wh. d. Leveller; Mr. C. Long's blk. b. Lustre beat Lord Molyneux's red and wh. d. Milo; Mr. Heathcote's blk. b. Hurricane beat Mr. Everett's blk. b. Envy; Mr. Wyndham's blk. b. Wilhelmina beat Mr. J. H. Vivian's bl. b. Violet; Mr. Phelps's f. b. Refuge beat Sir J. Hawkins's wh. b. Helen; Mr. Dansey's wh. and bl. b. Daffodil beat Sir H. Vivian's bl. d. Ventriloquist; Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Grace beat Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Bourbon; Mr. Goodlake's yel. b. Gleam beat Mr. Phelps's red b. Rouge.

Deptford Stakes, First Class.—Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Bolanos beat Mr. Everett's bl. b. Eleanor; Mr. Heathcote's wh. and blk. d. Hossein beat Mr. Goodlake's yel. b. Glance; Mr. Lawrence's yel. b. Levity beat Mr. Pettat's blk. b. Pucelle; Mr. Dansey's f. b. Duchess beat Mr. Phelps's red b. Risk—Risk disqualified.

Deptford Stakes, Second Class.—Lord Molyneux's brin. d. Merlin beat Mr.

Heathcote's wh. and blk. d. Hawthorne; Sir J. Hawkins's red b. Hermione beat Mr. C. Long's blk. and wh. d. Lochinvar; Mr. Vivian's bl. b. Vanish beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. d. Galloway; Mr. Lawrence's bl. b. Lancet beat Mr. Biggs's f. and wh. b. Bessy Belle.

Fisherton Stakes.—Mr. Dansey's bl. d. Durham beat Mr. Heathcote's bl. d. Hotspur; Mr. Phelps's blk. b. Rosa beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. and wh. d. Grammar; Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Blackbird agt Mr. Vivian's f. d. Victor—undecided, won by Blackbird by a toss; Mr. Dansey's f. b. Dazzle beat Mr. Biggs's blk. b. Brambilla.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1838.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Lustre	beat	Hurricane.
Wilhelmina	—	Pyramus.
Daffodil	—	Refuge.
Grace	—	Gleam.

TIES FOR DEPTFORD STAKES—FIRST CLASS.

Hossein	beat	Duchess.
Bolanos	—	Levity.

TIES FOR DEPTFORD STAKES—SECOND CLASS.

Lancet	beat	Hermione.
Alerlin	—	Vanish.

TIES FOR FISHERTON STAKES.

Durham	beat	Rosa.
Blackbird	—	Dazzle.

Tilehead Stakes, First Class.—Mr. Heathcote's wh. and red b. Hyacinth beat Sir J. Hawkins's wh. b. Helen; Mr. Dansey's blk. d. Dandy beat Mr. Lawrence's wh. d. Leveller.

Tilehead Stakes, Second Class.—Mr. Phelps's red b. Rouge beat Mr. Biggs's f. and wh. b. Bessy Belle; Mr. Vivian's f. b. Victrix beat Mr. Pettat's blk. d. Pugilist.

Matches.—Mr. Phelps's Redwing beat Mr. Goodlake's Grammar; Mr. Biggs's Butterfly beat Sir J. Hawkins's Hebe; Mr. Vivian's Vigil beat Mr. Pettat's Pawn.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1838.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Lustre	beat	Grace.
Daffodil	—	Wilhelmina.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Mr. C. Long's blk. b. Lustre beat Mr. Dansey's wh. and bl. b. Daffodil, and won the Cup; Daffodil the Sovereigns.

Deciding Course for Deptford Stakes, First Class.—Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Bolanos

beat Mr. Heathcote's wh. and blk. d. Ho-
sein, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for Deptford Stakes,
Second Class.*—Lord Molyneux's brin. d.
Merlin beat Mr. Lawrence's bl. b. Lancet,
and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the Fisherton
Stakes.*—Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Blackbird
beat Mr. Dansey's bl. d. Durham, and
won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for Tilshead Stakes,
First Class.*—Mr. Dansey's blk. d. Dandy
beat Mr. Heathcote's red and wh. b. Hy-
acinth, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for Tilshead Stakes,
Second Class.*—Mr. Phelps's red b. Rouge
beat Mr. Vivian's f. b. Victrix, and won
the Stakes.

Matches.—Mr. Goodlake's Gleam agst
Mr. Lawrence's Levity—undecided; Mr.
Phelps's Redwing beat Mr. Heathcote's
Hotspur; Mr. Biggs's Blowing beat Mr.
Vivian's Vigil; Mr. Pettat's Pedlar beat
Mr. Dansey's Denbigh; Lord Molyneux's
Milo beat Mr. Biggs's Butterfly; Mr. Pet-
tat's Pucelle beat Mr. Phelps's Refuge;
Mr. Biggs's Brambilla beat Mr. C. Long's
Lochinvar; Mr. Biggs's Bessy Belle beat
Sir J. Hawkins's Helen.

The Stewards for this year were, Mr.
Heathcote and Mr. E. Cripps; for the next,
Sir J. Hawkins, Bart. and Mr. J. H.
Vivian.

THE GAME LAWS.

SIR,

ALL are agreed that the Game
Laws, as matters stand at
present, are a nuisance; and some
amendment of them is so loudly
and justly called for, that it can-
not long be delayed. The ques-
tion is, how that amendment can
be effected, so as to put a stop to
the horrors of poaching as now
carried on, and still preserve to the
English gentleman those amuse-
ments, which, by attaching him
to a country life and manly sports,
give so important a tone to his ha-
bits and his character, and to the
whole frame of society in these
realms.

There are two modes by which
this may be attempted. One is,

to alter the whole frame of the
Game Laws; the other, to make
an alteration in the animals that
are the subject of them. The
plans hitherto proposed have been
for a general change: mine is for
a change of the latter sort; and
that the remedy should be confined
to the point where the evil arises:
let the Game Laws remain as to
the other animals, but "dis-game
the pheasant."

We have heard of poachers in
the olden times of *Tom Jones* and
Squire Western; but it was re-
served for the refinement of mo-
dern days to bring together bodies
of armed men to resist the laws
with open violence. This is all
for the pheasant; for no other
species of game can either be pre-
served in such numbers, or can
be slaughtered on such a scale
by bodies of men, as to make
these forays pay the adventurers
for the risk attending them. Par-
tridges and hares are best taken
by single and silent depredators;
but the more numerous the force
that attacks the pheasant—preserves
the more complete is their suc-
cess. If a return were laid before
Parliament of offences under the
Game Laws, specifying the kind
of game pursued, it would be found
that all the serious and desperate
cases have occurred in pursuit of
the pheasant. And what, pray,
does the preservation of the phe-
asant by rigorous laws give to the
community in return for the mi-
sery that it occasions? Is it the
pheasant that gives to our gentry
that healthful pastime which at
once strengthens their frames, at-
taches them to their homes, and
unites them with their neighbours?
On the contrary, it only gives to a
select few an occasional day of mer-

ciless butchery against creatures reared as *pets*, which,

Pleased to the last, have cropp'd their
flow'ry food,
And lick'd the hand just reared to shed
their blood.

It is in fact but an attempt to introduce into this country the feudal *chasse* of the Continent for the amusement of certain *un-English* personages, who, too effeminate for the real sports of the field, glut their thirst for blood in the slaughter of the stupid pheasant. Who of your readers will deny that the modern system of "preserving" has done away with all that was wild and really sporting in the pleasure of carrying a gun? It has entirely shut out the middling classes from the enjoyment of that pleasure; and, above all, it has been of serious and material injury to fox-hunting, the noblest and most truly national of all sports. The Bills hitherto brought in for altering the Game Laws have failed, for reasons that we must always think good ones. Let any Legislator bring in a Bill to "dis-game the pheasant;" and, in addition to the Saints, the Liberals, and the *Gourmands*, he will have the support and the thanks of all the true sportsmen of England, with the Earl of Eldon at the head of them.

I am, &c. TROJAN.

CAPPED HOCKS.

SIR,

HAVING, in your November Number, given an exposition of a capped hock, with which your correspondent *V. S. of Norfolk* is at variance, I beg to observe that the blemish in question essentially consists in an enlarge-

ment of the capsule of the hock, from an increased secretion therein of an albuminous fluid resembling synovia, and that it is in fact a diseased bursa mucosa. The seat of the disease is confined to the cap of the hock, which is between the extensor tendons; but the fluctuating tumor felt exterior to the tendon (and which the above writer has mistaken for a capped hock) is only an accompaniment of it, and is merely an extravasation of serum immediately under the common integument. This adventitious deposit will yield to absorption; but the capped hock itself is usually a permanent blemish, the cap of the hock being morbidly thickened.

V. S. also asserts that bursal enlargements cause lameness, and, *ergo*, a capped hock cannot be a bursal enlargement. This inference is erroneous; as *bursæ mucosæ*, we know, are, even under disease, not very sensible bodies. If they had been so, they would have been ill adapted to the purpose for which they are intended—namely, that of preventing friction between tendinous and unyielding surfaces. No; they seldom or never cause lameness *per se*, unless, from their size or proximity to a joint, they interfere with its motion. The conclusion also drawn, that a capped hock cannot be a diseased bursa on account of its sudden appearance, is equally unfortunate and unsatisfactory; as the accumulation of secretion from the mouths of the arteries of the synovial membrane, is under the influence of inflammation, profuse and exceedingly rapid, and quite sufficient to produce this eye-sore in the course of a single night.

I am, &c. V. S.

Veterinary College, London.

THE LAMBTON HOUNDS.

SIR,
SHOULD you deem the inclosed Song, describing a brilliant day's sport with the Lambton hounds last December, worthy a place in the *Sporting Magazine*, it is much at your service.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

A Subscriber to the Magazine,

And a Member of the Lambton Hunt.

Elton, February 29, 1828.

Descend, ye chaste Nine! strike the chord you love best,
 I've a theme that will put your high notes to the test;
 I've a chase to describe, that assuredly will
 Rouse the dead from their graves, with Huzza! for Fox-hill.
Ballanamona ora,
The hounds of Ralph Lambton for me!

We shall ever remember that glorious day
 When to Long Newton village we rattled away;
 Every hound seem'd that morning, by instinct, to know
 That the Long Newton * country would give us a go.
Ballanamona ora, &c.

Burn Wood was drawn blank, but we cared not a rap,
 (Though we all thought it smelt *h——h strong of a trap*,)
 For we knew that a rallying point † we could make,
 Where a thoroughbred son of old *Cæsar* would break.
Ballanamona, &c.

Scarce the hounds were in covert, when off reynard stole,
 How high beat each heart! how transported each soul!
 Every hound in his place, and, to give them their due,
 Over Newbiggin bottoms like pigeons they flew.
Ballanamona, &c.

By Sadberge and Stainton he now bent his way,
 For Elstob ‡ afforded no shelter this day;
 Little Stainton then gain'd, but he durst not look back,
 So close at his brush laid this brilliant pack.
Ballanamona, &c.

Next pointing for Whitton, by Hillington Mill,
 One or two boasted clippers were fain to stand still;
 But remember, my boys, with a *Long Newton fox*
 It don't do to lark *when they're up to the hocks*.
Ballanamona, &c.

O'er the famed Seaton hills with what vigour he flew,
 Determin'd to prove himself *thorough true blue*;
Sterns down! bristles up! 'twould have done your hearts good
 To have seen this staunch pack running frantic for blood!
Ballanamona, &c.

* The southern district of the Sedgefield country.

† Fox-hill, a celebrated fox-covert.

‡ A fox-covert burnt down.

By Thorp, Thewls, and Grindon we rattled like smoke,
 And the hounds gaining on him at every stroke,
 He, disdaining Thorp Wood should his destiny mark,
 Dropp'd his brush, and died vermin in Wynyard Park.
 Ballanamona, &c.

Fill! fill! ye brave fellows, that rode in the run!
 May the pack add new laurels to those they have won!
 At my toast how each bosom with ecstacy bounds,
 Long life to RALPH LAMBTON! success to his hounds!
 Ballanamona ora,
 The hounds of Ralph Lambton for me!

ANGLING EXCURSION IN NORTH WALES.

(Continued from last Number, p. 311.)

SIR,

HAVING now conveyed your readers safely to the Lake side, we shall now proceed to give them a few practical directions for the best mode of prosecuting the amusement of lake-fishing.

First, then, as to the *season*. This commences in April and ends in September, that being the month in which the trout usually spawns, and in May, June, and July it is in the highest perfection. It should be mentioned, however, that the Tal-y-llyn trout are by no means remarkable for their flavour: their flesh is woolly, and smacks very considerably of the moss with which the bottom of the Lake is covered. But these bad qualities may be remedied in some degree, by dressing the fish as soon as possible after he is dead, and by previously crimping him. A large trout, treated in this manner, using him, be it remembered, upon all occasions "as though you loved him," and broiled, with a copious sprinkling of pepper and salt, and a light basting of butter, would make a dish with which poor Doctor Kitchiner himself, were he now alive, would not have been much displeased.

During any part of the period we have mentioned the angler will find fair sport at Tal-y-llyn, provided, of course, that the weather be not too clear, nor the wind too calm, or from an unfavorable point. Although a clear sky and a burning sun are *primâ facie* bitter obstacles in the way of the angler's pleasure, still, under certain circumstances, he ought not to be discouraged from trying his luck in the pools—if there be a good breeze. My brother, during the hot weather which we had in the summer of 1825, took, in two days, at Tal-y-llyn, twenty brace of fine trout. This was in the beginning of July; and when we were there on the present occasion, the sky for the first day or two was never very cloudy; but there was a fine steady breeze from the south-east, which rippled the surface of the Lake in the most delightful manner, and rendered our flies fatally successful.

The best time for sport is early in the morning, from day-break to nine o'clock: from that time to twelve the fish become extremely indolent; and from twelve till four, while the sun is shining full upon the Lake, a rise is a rare occur-

rence. After this, when the sun sinks behind the Red Rock, they become more vivacious and sociable; and if the day be any way favorable, you may calculate upon fine sport, which will increase in proportion as the evening advances. When the dark shadows of the circumjacent mountains fall upon the Lake, you must seek the margins of the pool, and, with a light fly, which we shall presently describe, you shall have as much occupation for your hand and eye as the most anxious angler could desire. And now will be the time that the largest fish will rise; for they will have quitted their haunts in the deep water, to seek for food in the shallows by the banks. It is well to bear this in remembrance, that you may be prepared for some strong contests; for these fine fellows are not to be taken captive without a stout and sturdy resistance: they will "break" you to a certainty if you are not a skilful artist. You may, however, always obtain some information as to the magnitude of your prey by the sound of his flopping into the water after he has taken your fly; for now, emboldened by overshadowing glooms, they will spring boldly at the bait. Under these circumstances let not your anxiety or the excitation of the moment induce you to dispense with that cool, steady presence of mind which is so indispensably requisite to the angler. Give the fish, in the first place, plenty of line till the impetus of his first rush is somewhat spent; then you may begin to wind him in, ever and anon giving line *a little*, as he occasionally becomes restive, till you find him beginning to flag; then use all your energies, and you will land as fine a creature as ever

showed sport, or twinkled a fin in deep water.

To correspond with these divisions of the day, the angler will do well to mete out his time thus. Let him rise at day-break, and hasten to the Lake. Here he may fish till eight o'clock, when he may go in to breakfast, previously ordered to be made ready. Without losing much time in its discussion, let him be on the Lake again as soon as he pleases, and again proceed with his sport till between twelve and one, when, drifting gradually down the pool, he will reach the shore by the inn about one, from which time till three he may occupy himself with his dinner, and in making such repairs and alterations of his tackle as may be necessary. Then he shall be off again till dark, when, returning to his abiding place, he shall conclude the day with a supper and a song, a tankard of good ale, or a can of prime grog, and then "to bed," to sleep the sound and peaceful sleep from exertions well spent, and sport successfully crowned.

The fisherman is a great observer of the operations of external nature; and, above all, an attentive watcher of weather signs. Hence every angler feels exceedingly interested in the state of the atmosphere, and must have noticed, during his piscatory migrations, many curious phenomena connected therewith. We ourselves have witnessed the following occurrence in the mountain lake, or the smooth deep pool of the river:—On a clear, quiet, calm, breezeless day, when the water has been as smooth as glass, without the most distant hope or expectation of sport, our attention has been suddenly arrested by a frequent and expressive

plunging; and the pool upon which we had hitherto gazed with the listless eye of disappointment, has become in an instant, as it were, one expansive scene of commotion. It resembled the first bubbling of a boiling pot, or rather, I should say, the close and universal splash of the smart shower on the surface of the flood. In an instant the scene changed, and the surface of the water was as smooth and as calm as ever. In about half an hour a gentle breeze sprang up, and a whole colony of flies of every wing and colour flew struggling, fluttering, and tilting over the pool. Suddenly the former appearances were renewed; there was nothing to be seen but one plunge and plash from one end of the pool to the other; and this continued till the breeze died away and the flies disappeared. From this fact we may gather some useful, or, at all events, interesting information with regard to other circumstances connected with fish, as influenced by the condition of the atmosphere. During the same day, and apparently under the same sky and breath of heaven, trout are often tormentingly capricious. *Now*, for example, you cannot bring your hook within an inch of the pool, but some lazy, lumbering fellow has his nose out of the water to secure it; or some light smart chitterling makes a somerset of a foot and a half high in order to catch it! *Then*, in the course of one single minute, things are so altered, that, though you should strain your rod from its joints, your arm from its socket, and your eye-balls from their orbits, in throwing and in adjusting throws, in lightly dropping here, and smartly trailing there, in the full and exhausted ex-

ercise of all your skill and all your art, you shall not be able to raise a single fin—you may as well fish in a duck-pond.

Now all this depends, we doubt not, upon certain alternate changes of the electrical state of the atmosphere, in consequence of which the flies are at once disengaged from the banks, and the trout are suddenly excited to secure their prey. If ever any very decided discoveries are made in the infant science of electricity, the angler has a good chance to hit upon the truth; but a subject so abstruse as this must be left to the consideration of the wise and the learned—not to the simple quiet-minded angler.

There is one circumstance, however, connected with this subject, upon which all anglers consider themselves entitled to speculate. All fishers know that the killing of trout is by no means in proportion to their rising; in other words, that one may be actually teased and tormented out of all patience—even the patience of an angler!—with a constant shew of taking, by every manner of rise and curvet work, while, at the same time, your hook is never touched, or touched in so slight and almost imperceptible a manner, that you become at last quite furious, and slash away, as if you were giving the water, like Xerxes, a chastisement, or bringing into subjection and intelligence some wayward and refractory fox-hound. Now this may be thus accounted for: when the water is clear (and such occurrences only take place in this state of the water), and there is not even a ripple on the surface of the pool, the trout, provided the electrical state of the atmosphere be favorable for their rising, immediately dash upwards at the first fly which

presents itself over head. Thus they acquire an impetus: they are like a vessel under full sail, and they cannot immediately arrest and completely nullify their motion. Discovering, however, in the course of their upward ascent, that what they took for a veritable fly has some suspicious points about it; that the tail is unusually elongated, or the wing uncommonly dense and heavy, or the body and head of a somewhat attenuated aspect; these adventurers of the flood seem suddenly to alter their intentions, and to divert that impetus into another direction, which they have no means of totally and suddenly nullifying: thus they spring up on all sides of, and at all angles from, your hook, as if they were actually mocking and making merry with your efforts, and enjoying the sport more than the sportsman himself. Let any one who is accustomed to the elegant and graceful accomplishment of skating take this matter into consideration, and he will not be long in assimilating the two cases; and, in discovering how a skater, moving at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, may *deflect*, rather than instantly *arrest* his speed. We are the more inclined to consider the above as the true interpretation of the phenomenon, inasmuch as those trout which rise in agitated streams, or when the pool is rippled by a good breeze, so that the features of the hook cannot be distinctly made out, always take firmly, and seldom miss their aim.

(To be continued.)

LINLITHGOW AND STIRLING-SHIRE FOX-HOUNDS.

SIR,

ALLOW me, through the medium of your valuable publication, to offer a few remarks in re-

ply to your *Southern* correspondent in Edinburgh, on the subject of the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire fox-hounds.

I am the last man in the world to commit to paper, or say any thing detrimental to sport. It is an old saying that "doctors differ," and it may be said in like manner that sportsmen do the same. Now this correspondent of yours states that the *thing* was done with this pack in such a manner that in all probability they would soon attain deserved estimation amongst our very first class establishments. Indeed I hope they will soon improve; I hope they will soon be carried on in a style which will do credit to the persons who conduct them; but as to their having been conducted in a manner at all satisfactory, this I do deny: who is to blame I will not pretend to say. I have been in the habit of hunting with this pack for some time, and certainly I have a very different opinion. Compare them with the Dalkeith hounds, and you will find them inferior in every respect. *George Knight* is not to be compared with *Will Williamson*; nor are *Lavie* and *Tom*, the whippers, to be mentioned with *Sam* and *Hugh*.

I understand that the subscribers have purchased the hounds, and that the Right Hon. the Earl of Hopetoun, the Hon. George Abercromby, and Major Shairp, of Houstoun, have been appointed as a Committee to manage the establishment. The latter of these gentlemen was applied to to take the sole management, which he declined, to the great disappointment of all his friends and brother sportsmen. Had he taken the hounds, the general opinion is that he would have managed them in the way they formerly were, when hunted

by Granger. I hope, however, a brighter day is coming, and that the Old Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Hunt will again flourish in its pristine state.

I remain, your constant reader,
JARVEY.

March 3, 1828.

CHESTERFORD COURSING MEETING.

SIR,
THIS is the result of the Chesterford Coursing Meeting, which you will be so good as to insert in your next Number.

Your most obedient servant,
SOHO.

March 5, 1828.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1828.

ELMDON FIELD.

For the Cup.—Mr. Gent's blk. b. Grace beat Mr. Perkins's wh. d. Percy; Mr. Smale's blk. d. Sultan beat Mr. Vipan's blk. b. Viola; Mr. King's bl. and wh. b. Rosabella beat Mr. Alston's brin. d. Edward; Mr. Gotobed's bl. d. Gallant beat Mr. Thurnall's blk. b. Havoc.

Allington Hill Puppy Stakes.—Mr. Thurnall's blk. b. Hag beat Mr. Alston's bl. and wh. d. Emden; Mr. Smale's red b. Sappho beat Mr. Procter's bl. and wh. d. Whemsted; Mr. King's red b. Rush beat Mr. Edwards's blk. and wh. d. Adam; Mr. Vipan's blk. d. Violence beat Mr. Gent's red d. Grinder.

Matches.—Mr. Alston's Edgar beat Mr. Procter's Watton; Mr. Thurnall's Honesty beat Mr. King's Rufus; Mr. King's Honesty beat Mr. Edwards's Admiral; Mr. King's Rex beat Mr. Edwards's Acton; Mr. Smale's Slim agst Mr. Thurnall's Happy—no course; Mr. Thurnall's Havoc beat Mr. Vipan's Viola; Mr. Gent's Go-along beat Mr. Perkins's Primrose.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1828.

LITTLE BURY FIELD.

TIES FOR THE CUP.

Grace beat Sultan.
Gallant — Rosabella.

TIES FOR THE ALLINGTON HILL PUPPY STAKES.

Hag beat Sappho.
Violence — Rush.

Matches.—Mr. Edwards's Ambassador beat Mr. Thurnall's Herod; Mr. Thurnall's Honesty beat Mr. King's Rufus; Mr. Perkins's Painter beat Mr. Smale's Shepherd; Mr. Edwards's Primrose beat Mr. Perkins's Primrose; Mr. King's Rector agst Mr. Vipan's Victor—undecided; Mr. Edwards's Arrow beat Mr. Alston's Edward; Mr. Gent's Go-along beat Mr. Vandermulen's Romp; Mr. Smale's Slim beat Mr. Alston's Edgar.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1828.

BOTTISHAM FIELD.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Mr. Gotobed's bl. d. Gallant beat Mr. Gent's blk. b. Grace, and won the Cup.

Deciding Course for the Allington Hill Puppy Stakes.—Mr. Vipan's blk. d. Violence beat Mr. Thurnall's blk. b. Hag, and won the Stakes.

Matches.—Mr. King's Rufus beat Mr. Thurnall's Honesty; Mr. Vipan's Victor beat Mr. King's Rector; Mr. Smale's Sappho beat Mr. Gent's Go-along; Mr. Edwards's Admiral beat Mr. Thurnall's Herod; Mr. Thurnall's Hector beat Mr. Edwards's Acton; Mr. King's Riddle beat Mr. Smale's Slim; Mr. Thurnall's Havoc beat Mr. Vipan's Viola; Mr. Smale's Shepherd beat Mr. Gotobed's Gaiety; Mr. Smale's Sultan beat Mr. Edwards's Adam.

REMARKS ON MR. KNIGHT'S PROPOSED NEW LAW FOR BOWLING AT CRICKET.

SIR,

AS I presume your Magazine is open to any fair discussion on a point vitally important to the well-being of cricket, may I beg the favour of your inserting the following remarks?

I am induced to recur to this subject from a communication which appeared in your February Number from Mr. Knight. I am not ignorant of the question he has thus brought before the public; and I wish to offer a few remarks upon what he insists, intending to convass the question fairly; to agree with him wherein I think him correct; but to enter a decided protest to what his arguments do not support.

It is nothing to the subject (to go back with Mr. K.), to trace the scientific game as it is now played, through all its gradual improvements to its humbler ancestor—the game of bowls: it may, indeed, be much doubted whether it ever had such an origin, and whether, from a nominal resemblance, an origin has not been argued for, which many broad fundamental points of dissimilarity would forbid. Certain we are, that where the first idea of twisting-bowling is attempted to be referred to the circuitous course of the loaded bowl, the origin is fanciful; they have little in effect in common; their cause is totally distinct. It is needless to insist farther on this.

Mr. K. observes, that the unusual length to which matches are now prolonged has a decided tendency to make the game unpopular; and where three days are hardly sufficient to complete a match, it is not for the prophet's eye alone to foresee that many sincere patrons of the amusement will be induced to withdraw their support. It is for this evil that Mr. K. proposes his remedy. He proposes to open a wider field for the bowler, and thereby enable him to meet, with corresponding improvement, the superiority which the hitter has attained, to which alone he refers as the origin of the evil above mentioned.

I feel the force of the evil; but I must beg leave to hesitate adopting the remedy he proposes. I am not disposed to raise objections either on account of a dread of change, or of the difficulty of defining a "throw." Mr. Knight's anticipations of objections raised on these heads are to me satisfactory: indeed I think that any attempt at definition would but em-

barrass the umpire. I consider the tenth rule as it now stands more easy of evasion, as being more complicated, and possessing more difficult points for the observation of the umpire, than it would do when curtailed as Mr. K. proposes.

My objections are against the principles of the measure. I should be unwilling that a law of this nature should be passed, supposing it was intended to be a general one; because it would have an effect upon every cricket match in the kingdom, and therefore would produce, in far the majority of cases, a considerable change where no change is demanded. Mr. K. of course appeals to the Marylebone Club as legislators for the Cricketing Public. Justice surely requires that they should exercise the authority thus delegated to them for the interest of cricket in general; that they should not sacrifice the majority to a mere fractional part; still less that they should be induced to legislate upon what may, I think, be considered a mere personal question. Even if no other objection manifests itself, this alone would forbid the passing the general law.

But I am farther of opinion that the measure, if carried, would alter for the worse the character of the game, by making it dangerous.

By this it will at once be seen that I am not persuaded, with what Mr. K. has with considerable ingenuity insisted on, with regard to the straight-armed bowling being the least effective mode in point of force. I deny the assertion, and refer to Mr. K. himself. Whoever has seen that gentleman deliver the ball must see that he contradicts his own assertions: the force with which the ball can be made to leave the hand, I know is less than that of the underhand de-

livery ; but its rapidity and angle in the bound can be thus so much increased that I feel confident that an alteration, such as I before alluded to, would take place in the character of the game. We should then see the cricketer come into the field, as of old, encased like the Armadillo ; much of the lightness and elegance now required would be exchanged for a carelessness about broken fingers and body bruises ; and the interests of cricket would thus suffer by its introduction.

But farther : it is a fallacy intimately affecting the present question, to attribute the length to which matches are protracted solely to the inequality between the bowling and the batting as to skill. Whoever has attended what are called " grand matches"—and it is in these that the evil really exists—must perceive at once that much of it is caused by the quantity of time there wasted. It is surely an anomaly, that in those matches, which from the skill of the players may be expected to be lengthened, an additional *veto* should be put to their speedy termination, by a kind of tacit understanding to lose from three to four hours in each day. It is to this that I earnestly wish to call the attention of cricketers in general, but of those in particular to whom Mr. K. is about to appeal as legislators, as it is in matches in which they are concerned that the evil to the extent I have mentioned really exists.

If Mr. K. be really prompted to make his proposition by a sincere wish to promote the welfare of the game ; if he is biassed by no personal motives, by no desire to introduce an art which he himself professes ; the least objectionable

mode certainly would be, in reference to his plan, to propose the change as a partial measure in the shape of a trial, to have effect on the Marylebone Club ground, and in the matches in which itself is engaged, and for a limited time : its effects could then be better appreciated. If after such a trial they were found salutary, a general law might be proposed, while such a one proposed now would be injurious and unjust.

In venturing upon these remarks it was my intention to confine myself to what Mr. K. had brought forward, rather than to enter upon the general question ; yet I cannot forbear mentioning with some little surprise, in which every one will, I am sure, participate, that the palpable certain remedy of enlarging the wickets should not even have been hinted at, while a measure has been insisted on, whose results are less calculable, more uncertain, and whose virtues, should any be found to exist, must be in a great degree balanced by qualities of an opposite nature. That the wickets have already been raised only adds to the expediency of the measure ; for the good effects which then resulted would form a strong presumption of a similar consequence in the present instance.

Perhaps Mr. K. defers the consideration of this to his second letter. The omission must at all events be considered a serious one. To have treated the question fairly, would have been, to have stated all the measures which would have remedied the evil in question, to have canvassed their separate merits, and selected the least objectionable. How will the public judge of Mr. K.'s motives, all whose arguments, all whose professional skill—(Mr. K. is, I believe, a mem-

ber of a learned profession)—are brought to advocate one measure only, that too a measure which he is, above every one else, interested to establish, while others far preferable are not even hinted at?

One word in conclusion. Should Mr. K. again fail in introducing his proposed change (and the interests of cricket strongly demand that he should), I hope that, for the present, the question may be suffered to rest, and not, as last year, be produced at all our social meetings, souring all friendly intercourse, and causing bickerings and strife, fit only for Billingsgate or the hustings.

I am, Sir, &c.

CRICKETER.

February 16, 1828.

THE PRACTICE OF PURCHASING FOXES DEPRECATED.

SIR,

THIS week's frost, and the cessation of hunting produced thereby, have induced me to substitute the goose quill for my hunting whip, and to address you with a few remarks on a subject of the highest interest to the Sporting World. The system to which I wish to advert is, that of buying foxes in one country, and turning them down before hounds in another—a system which, like the influence of the Crown, has increased, and is increasing to such an alarming extent. To so great a height is it carried now, that it calls imperatively upon every fox-hunter to examine by what means the practice can be repressed, and to carry those means into effect. Of all the enemies the fox has to contend with, none are so dangerous as the *fox-stealer*. Not the old woman solicitous for her goose,

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nor the shepherd for his lambs, nor, worse than either of these, the gamekeeper of the gouty old *battueur*, do half so much mischief to fox-hunting, as the varlet who unblushingly owns himself to be the *hired, fox-stealer*. I can imagine only one class of society more to be shunned than that last named; I know of none in whom selfish feelings predominate so much—and those are the *fox-buyers*.

I am aware that those *gentlemen sportsmen* who buy up foxes to such an amount give out that they only buy them from *woodlands*, from *un-hunted countries*, and from *France*. But “let them not lay such flattering unction to their souls.” The fact is notorious, and they cannot disguise it from themselves, that the greater part of the foxes brought to market come from the finest hunting countries.

Buying up foxes, in the first place, is a most unsportsmanlike act; and, secondly, stamps the character of *cocktail* upon any person found encouraging it. The encouragers of this sort of traffic are to be met with amongst those proprietors of fox-hounds who have their country short, either from badly preserving it, or other reasons, and from those proprietors of harriers, who think, for the sum of a couple of guineas, they may turn down their *bagman* before their ill-sorted pack, and flatter themselves they are enjoying the noble sport of fox-hunting. Far be it from me to disparage any particular kind of sporting, much less to ridicule so old and so rational a sport as hare-hunting. But *ne sutor ultra crepidam!* let the harriers stick to their hare, and the cobbler to his last; and *then* and only *then* will they be respectable.

But I have no hesitation in pro-

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nouncing the proprietors of those hounds, whether fox-hounds or harriers, who purchase foxes knowing them to have been brought from any hunting country, or suspecting such to be the case—such men, I say, I have no hesitation in pronouncing to be *cocktails*, and nothing but *cocktails*. Many names I know, whom I could hold up to the ridicule of the Sporting World,

“*Monstari digito prætereuntium,*”

who have been buying and are continuing to buy foxes wherever they can find them: but I will *forbear*, in hopes that they will do so too.

There is another set of people who buy up foxes, but they are too contemptible to require being ridiculed—and those are, those preservers of pheasants, who affect the most friendly feelings for any neighbouring pack of fox-hounds, but give orders for every fox to be destroyed in their coverts; whilst, to shew the above-mentioned kindly feelings, they always contrive to have a *bagsman* ready to turn down whenever the hounds come to their woods. This sort of shuffling proceeding,

Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike, meets the reward of all shuffling, viz. contempt.

That the evil I have been describing is not imaginary may be known, by the fact being notorious that upwards of sixty brace of foxes have been taken away from the Quorn country alone; more than forty brace from the Pytchley country; and I understand that Lord Tavistock's country has suffered in the same way. Other good hunting countries have, no doubt, been equally stripped; for it is futile to suppose that fox-stealers will go

to un-hunted countries for foxes; they as naturally seek the fine gorse coverts of Leicestershire and Northamptonshire, as the pheasant poachers go to the Suffolk woods, or as Mr. Huskisson sides in with the Ministry of the day.

The best mode that has suggested itself to me of stopping these nefarious purloinings of reynard is, by altering the mode in which keepers who preserve foxes are paid. Generally, at the beginning of the season, the keeper of each fox-covert comes to the proprietor of the hounds, and tells him that so many foxes have been bred in his covert, (to the truth of which the huntsman can testify,) and accordingly receives his three, four, or five guineas. But when he has received this “*douceur*,” *peu l'importe* what becomes of the foxes. They take his rabbits, and he has got his money; so, any vagabond may come and take them without much fear of disturbance from him. Now, if he were to receive what the merchants call an *ad valorem* price; i. e. if for every find in his covert he were to receive so much—half a guinea for instance—he would have the inducement ever before him of keeping up a head of foxes, and of keeping off the fox-stealing tribe. I understand that Lord Fitzwilliam has appointed regular keepers to some of his coverts, for the sole purpose of taking care of the foxes. This, perhaps, is the most effectual plan of any; but must be too expensive an addition to most hunting establishments to be much adopted.

Thus much, Mr. Editor, I have ventured to trespass on your pages; and I only hope that, if my feeble remarks should not have the intended effect, they may instigate

some abler pen to write on the same subject.

En finissant, might I suggest one word to NIMROD, which, as it is the opinion of many of my friends about here, I am the rather emboldened to do? It is, that he gives us rather too much of his *noble* friends, and not quite enough of the noble animal the fox. Does not he remember Captain Morris's song,

What's a Duke or a Duchess, or high-sounding beldam,
Whom we ne'er have conversed with, and seen them but seldom?

I remain, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

No VULPECIDE.

Feb. 17, 1828.

ON THE BREED OF HORSES IN AMERICA, AND COACHING.

SIR,

AS we are accustomed to see in your Magazine accounts of horses in very remote parts of the world, some general information concerning those on the Western side of the Atlantic may not be unacceptable to your readers. In proportion to the population, the number bred in the United States is still greater than in England. In some of the States they are as much used in stage coaches; and we have had an opportunity, in this extensive territory, of seeing the effect produced on them by every variety of climate and treatment.

There are in the States four evidently distinct breeds. The first is the *German horse* of Pennsylvania, a gigantic animal, sometimes eighteen hands high; I have seen a team of them in a stage coach all above seventeen hands in height, with a full crest, and

Roman nose. In proportion to the rest of his figure, he is light in the flank, and high on the leg. He is originally bred by the Germans in the great valley of the Middle States, and is called there the *Conestoga horse*, from the Conestoga river. He is generally a blood bay; and a similar horse probably formed in England the basis of the Cleveland bay. A horse something similar in his general appearance is found in the Dutch part of the State of New York; but with a long deep carcase, and a very short leg, which is neither flat nor round, but square.

The second is the *Canadian*; which is a cart-horse of fourteen hands. He is generally black or grey, is of French descent, and in trotting describes a circuitous line in the air with each of his fore feet. Horses, with some of this blood, have trotted a mile in two minutes and thirty-five seconds.

The third is the *wild Louisianian horse*. He is of Spanish descent, does not shew much blood, nor has any particular peculiarity of form or colour. He is much used in the South-western States, and sometimes in the Northern. A horse, related to him, but smaller and better bred, resembling the Bidet, is common in Florida and in the State of Alabama, and is Andalusian.

The fourth is the *English thorough-bred horse*, who is found in many parts of the States, but particularly in the low country of Virginia, with his regular pedigree. No horse is considered thorough-bred by the Virginians, whose blood is not all of it to be traced through the English stud-book. His training is similar to that of his English brother; but they make him run four mile heats

round a mile-course, and he does not run on turf. It is universally believed by them that the present English race-horse cannot run four-mile heats with the Virginian. He is never docked or trimmed.

The Virginians have been extravagantly addicted to horse-racing these eighty years, and are rich in good blood. Shark, Buzzard, Baronet, I believe Gouty, and Tickle Toby, and a vast many other English race-horses, are buried in the low country; but their favorite blood is Diomed's. It is a curious coincidence that it should be so, as he was bred by the breeder of Highflyer and Sorcerer. All the best horses in the Northern States are by Duroc, who was certainly by Diomed; and in the Southern by Sir Archie. Duroc, a Virginian bred horse, was got by English Diomed, out of Amanda, by Grey Diomed, grandam by Virginia Cade. Sir Archie is out of a Rockingham mare, her dam by Trentham, brought from England to Virginia by his breeder. The Durocs are a very marked breed. The fore legs are excessively short, and the hind legs long. The chest is distinctly carried in front of the arm, though the fore legs are perfectly perpendicular in a side view, with the fore feet close together; a characteristic length from the stifle to the hough; constitution superabundant; but their temper is vicious and dull, and their feet are pre-disposed to disease. The Sir Archies resemble the present English race-horse. Messenger's blood has done the best of any that has come since Diomed's. He came young, and covered in the vicinity of the city of New York. He was got by Mambrino, out of the dam of Leviathan by Turf; grandam by

Regulus; great grandam by the Bolton Starling, out of the dam of Snap. Eclipse, who is the boast of the New Yorkers, is a light chesnut horse, got by Duroc, out of a Messenger mare; his grandam an English mare, bred by Lord Grosvenor, and got by Pot-80's. Henry is a dark chesnut horse, got by Sir Archie, dam by English Diomed, Bellair, Plilgam, Valiant, Janus, Jolly Roger; an old Virginian pedigree. He is the horse the Virginians made choice of when they were challenged by the Northern sportsmen; was beaten by Eclipse; but is unquestionably the most beautiful horse on the eastern side of the Alleghany.

The common horse of the Western States is of Virginian descent; rises prodigiously in front of the withers, but is not so good as from his blood he ought to be. In that country, most of the travelling is necessarily done on horseback, even by the ladies. The Kentuckian calls himself half horse and half alligator.

The Yankees, a name which is exclusively claimed by the natives of the Eastern or New England States, have a great aversion to blood horses. Their feet will not bear continual trotting on these rocky roads, which in summer are baked in the sun, and are frost-bound, without snow, many weeks in the year. Nor do they think their immediate descendants commonly as sound, in other respects, as their own mongrel. A similar fact is observed by COUNT VELTHEIM in Germany. There is a little Arabian horse, now covering in the State of New York, whose stock is most remarkably unsound. Blood horses, however, do not appear to be injured by the extreme severity of their winters. On the

Canadian frontier, during the last war, the Yankees could not make their horses look as well through the winter, in their own climate, as the Virginians did theirs, which were bred in a much hotter one. Their common horse, however, has a large cross of blood, which has been a long time in him; and, in my own part of the country, there was formerly a breed of milk-white horses, said to have come from a Morocco horse, which, contrary to this general rule, were extraordinary good on the road. I have known many of them to last on my own road ten years, and two sixteen. They had a salmon's body, and exquisite hind legs. They had also some excellent chestnut horses, always called in the United States sorrel, who bore strong marks of being descended from the ancient Suffolk sorrel, which they doubtless were, Suffolk and Devon being the counties to which the Yankees owe their own blood; and they still retain something of the dialect of Suffolk, and, in the utmost purity, the oxen and wrestling of Devon.

Many of the letters in your Magazine are as interesting to Americans as to Englishmen. Jonathan is as passionately attached to fast driving as John Bull. The coach horses in New England are severely worked. On my own road (over which between twenty and thirty coaches run), the first stage, the pace has not been less than nine miles an hour during my recollection, and was formerly much more. The stages, which are the shortest in the United States, average about thirteen miles; but the horses sometimes run twice in the same day. On slower roads, the work of many teams is twenty miles every day in

the year, excepting the Sundays; and frequently forty in the travelling months of August and September. I have known a single pair of horses to drag a coach fifty-four miles a-day, four days in the week, through the last summer. I once knew a five-year-old horse to be driven over a mountainous country, in a gig, one hundred and fifteen miles in a day.

Their coach horses are universally fed upon the meal of Indian corn. It makes their flesh much harder than oats, and gives a peculiar leaden hue to their coats when seen in the sun. It is their universal practice to water them during their stage, even in the intense heat of their summers. In the most mountainous districts they seldom use the drag. Many of the New England stage drivers would run their teams down the hill between Oxford and Worcester. The mails, on my own road, weigh fourteen cwt., the other coaches eighteen. In the spring they drive six in hand at their usual pace; and in this manner I have seen them driven, in the night, through the most crowded streets of the city. A postillion is unknown in any part of the United States.

On the subject of stabling horses, I most cordially agree with NIMROD; and the greatest compliment I can pay to his arguments, is to tell him that I read the first of his letter I met with, with wonder that no one else had ever contended for it. Even in this dry climate, where they are seldom previously clothed in the winter, and stores would be altogether a novelty, horses catch cold and are sensibly enfeebled by being turned out in the summer. As to how long a horse may be kept entirely in the stable without danger to his constitution, I can

state two facts. A Virginian mare, who had scarcely ever seen the inside of a stable in her own country, was nailed up in a box about fifteen feet square in the month of October; she was never cleaned, nor had her dung taken out. She foaled on the twenty-third day of the succeeding May, and was taken out five days afterwards with her colt in good condition. An English thorough-bred horse, by Camillus, who covers near me, has not been out of his box, excepting to cover, the last two years: he has now a glittering coat, and an eye like crystal.

I wish from my heart, for the benefit of mankind at large, that NIMROD had spared more time to see, if, notwithstanding all the discouragements, he could not have found out something more than we now know upon the prevention or palliation of lameness in the feet. This is the deep and eternal curse upon good horseflesh in every country. All that he gives us on this subject may be reduced to this; that there are as many unsound feet with round, smooth, black, and shining hoofs, as those which are evidently contracted. In this part of the world, hoofs as broad as long generally go the oftenest; excepting the Canadian's, who has a high round hoof, which is always sound. Farther, that when the foot is really diseased, the only remedy is to knock the animal on the head. In the last conclusion, most persons born before him, of much experience in horseflesh, have probably anticipated him. In the first, I allow that many hoofs retain a tolerably circular form, after the foot is incurably diseased, though one would *a priori* conclude that the mere liability to increase of temperature would be

continually contracting them; but I disagree with him in thinking that, where a hoof is of a very oblong shape, though it does remain sound, which is the commonest occurrence in the world, it is not contracted from the effect of the iron. In the sandy parts of the Southern States, horses are never shod; and their hoofs are generally pretty nearly of a circular form, and if they very much depart from it, it is to be wider than long. It is an interesting fact, that if a horse has been evidently lame in some part of his leg, and has got well, work him barefoot on the road, and he will probably be soon lame in that foot, and not in the other.

SEPTENTRIONALIS.

EPSOM COURSING MEETING.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1828.

FOR the Cup.—Mr. North's yel. and wh. d. Lancer beat Sir J. Reid's yel. d. Romeo; Mr. Knight's r. and wh. b. Trinket beat Mr. W. Turner's bl. d. Tarquin—drawn; Mr. Harvey's blk. d. Dart beat Mr. J. Turner's r. and wh. b. Triumph; Mr. Ladbroke's r. b. Venus beat Mr. Floud's blk. b. Nell; Mr. North's bl. b. Lucy beat Mr. F. Ladbroke's blk. d. Comus; Mr. Ladbroke's blk. d. Lottery beat Sir J. Reid's yel. b. Rosamond; Dr. Dunlap's blk. d. The Dominie beat Mr. Pollen's blk. b. Fly; Mr. Reid's bl. b. Rebecca beat Baron de Teissier's blk. d. Turk.

Headley Stakes, 3 sovs. each.—Mr. Ladbroke's blk. d. Loeway beat Mr. F. Ladbroke's wh. d. Lazarus; Mr. Floud's r. b. Cora beat Mr. Harvey's yel. and wh. d. Nimble; Mr. Reid's blk. and wh. d. Rob Roy beat Mr. J. Turner's bl. b. Tetotum; Mr. North's wh. d. Lupus beat Mr. W. Turner's blk. b. Tawny.

Ashted Stakes, 2 sovs. each.—Mr. Reid's blk. d. Roger Bacon beat Dr. Dunlap's r. d. Alciphron; Mr. North's blk. d. Lorraine beat Mr. Floud's wh. b. Sal.

Matches.—Mr. Ladbroke's Lofty beat Mr. Reid's Rolla; Mr. Reid's Regina beat Mr. North's Leda; Mr. Reid's Rufus beat Mr. Cahill's Racket; Sir J. Reid's Romulus beat Mr. Cahill's Locket.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1828.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Lancer beat Venus.
 Lottery — Lucy-drawn, lame.
 Trinket — The Dominic.
 Rebecca — Dart.

FIRST TIES FOR HEADLEY STAKES.

Leeway beat Rob Roy.
 Lupus — Cora.

Deciding Course for the Ashted Stakes.

—Mr. Reid's *Roger Bacon* beat Mr. North's *Lorraine*, and won the Stakes.

Woodcote Park Stakes, 2 sovs. each.—

Mr. W. Turner's blk. b. *Tawny* beat Mr. Reid's r. d. *Rufus*; Dr. Dunlap's r. d. *Alciphron* beat Mr. Ladbroke's blk. d. *Lofty*.

Ewell Stakes, 2 sovs. each.—Mr. Cahill's blk. and wh. b. *Locket* beat Mr. J. Turner's bl. b. *Tetotum*; Mr. Reid's blk. d. *Rolla* beat Sir J. Reid's r. b. *Rosamond*.

Matches.—Mr. Knight's *Nimble* beat Mr. J. Turner's *Tamarind*; Mr. Cahill's *Racket* beat Mr. Ladbroke's *Comus*.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1828

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Lottery beat Trinket.
 Lancer — Rebecca.

Deciding Course for the Headley Stakes.

—Mr. Ladbroke's *Leeway* beat Mr. North's *Lupus*, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Woodcote Park Stakes.—Mr. W. Turner's *Tawny* beat Dr. Dunlap's *Alciphron*, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Ewell Stakes.

—Mr. Cahill's *Locket* agst Mr. Reid's *Rolla*—Mr. Cahill and Mr. Reid divided the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Mr. North's *Lancer* beat Mr. Ladbroke's *Lottery*, and won the Cup; *Lottery* won the *Goblet*.

Matches.—Baron de Teissier's *Turk* beat Mr. Ladbroke's *Venus*; Sir J. Reid's *Romulus* beat Mr. Floud's *Cora*; Mr. Ladbroke's *Lofty* beat Sir J. Reid's *Ramus*; Mr. Reid's *Rob Roy* beat Mr. Harvey's *Dart*; Mr. Floud's *Nell* agst Dr. Dunlap's *The Dominic*—undecided; Mr. North's *Leda* agst Mr. Reid's *Rufus*—undecided, *Leda* drawn, lame; Mr. Turner's *Tamarind* agst Mr. Floud's *Fame*—undecided; Mr. Dunlap's *Diamond* beat Mr. Harvey's *Nimble*; Mr. Cahill's *Racket* beat Baron de Teissier's *Turk*; Mr. North's *Lexicon* beat Mr. J. Turner's *Traveller*; Mr. F. Ladbroke's *Lazarus* beat Dr. Dunlap's *Alciphron*; Mr. Floud's *Blucher* beat Mr. Reid's *Ruby*.

The Stewards for this meeting were

George Reid, Esq. and John Turner, Esq.; and Felix Ladbroke, Esq. and Henry North, Esq. are chosen for the next meeting, which takes place on the 10th of November.

ON BADGER-BAITING, AND IN SUPPORT OF THE SPORTS OF THE LOWER ORDERS.

SIR,

I Always look forward with more than ordinary anticipations of pleasure to the day on which your amusing and instructive Magazine usually reaches my cottage; and I would not for a great deal forego the gratification of opening it, and cutting the leaves for myself. The first object of attraction with me, generally, is the plates; and when I have pleased the eye, I set to work to amuse and entertain the mind.

I was much struck with the Badger-bait in your last Number. The attitude of the principal dog in the foreground is excellently made out; and the figure sitting well delineated. His expression of face too, is peculiarly marked, and puts me in mind of my younger days, when I used to steal out from an old maiden aunt's, with whom I spent much of my holidays, to run rat-hunting with the very "*alter idem*" of that man.

I remember a steady costive old servant, who then lived with her, was always warning me against him. "You shouldn't be going with that man, Master Tommy," he used to tell me; "you shouldn't be going with him—he's a bad 'un." However, the advice was never followed, if ratting, or any other school-boy's mischief was going on, and I could make my escape. But I must not libel the owner of the face which forms so prominent a

part of your picture; though in truth I believe I am pretty safe in that respect, for, if I mistake not, I have heard some story of the painter having given him a few shillings to come and sit for his *mug*, and that the rogue afterwards returned at night to steal the lead from the top of his house. Fortunately, the few shillings which he had got for his own *mug* in the morning, led to his lifting somebody else's *mug* a little too high that night. He was not quite sober enough for the work he had in hand, lost his balance, and down he fell. The rogue broke his arm, and the painter saved his lead. But to return to the plate. There is no broken arm there—all the *agrémens* are good; and the whole is in excellent keeping.

Aye!—thought I to myself, as I sat looking at it—and this good old English sport is to be abandoned too, to gratify the puling cant of over-weening morality, with which the present day so much abounds: this too must be given up, because, forsooth, the saintly will tell us it tends to the unnecessary destruction of animal life, and is therefore contrary to nature.

Contrary to nature indeed! Did they never, in their relish for still life, indulge themselves with a walk along the banks of a river, and watch the rapid motions of the silver-scaled tenants of the water, darting in sportive playfulness from side to side? Have they not marked the lurking pike spring from some shaded nook, or deeper pool, seize on the sporting heedless victim, and bear him off in his trebly armed jaws, to satiate the appetite of the passing moment? They have listened as they walked into the fields on a bright

summer's morning, to that enlivening little warbler, the lark, as it
 “Winged to Heaven's gate its melodious way,”

inspiring with its song the buoyant spirits which it seemed itself to partake. Have they never marked him in his descent, at first scarcely more than a speck in the blue serene, and barely visible to the naked eye, but gradually approaching nearer to the earth, pounced upon midway in his descent by the wild hawk; his joyous notes at once stopped as he is borne away an unresisting prey? Will they arraign the wisdom by which such things are permitted to be, and send forth their whining complaints, that the lion was not born to feed on grass, and the tiger on wild herbs?

Oh for the golden days of good Queen Bess! when the sports of the lower orders and the amusements of the higher classes of society went hand in hand, and divided Royal attention between them! when even our Poet of Nature, the matchless Will Shakespeare, was not able to carry off all courtly favour from the sports and amusements of the bear-garden; but was willing to share Queenly patronage with the keeper of the royal bears! For in those days Royalty disdained not such sports; and if tradition lie not, wild Will was a stout man at quarter staff and single faulchion; and could maintain a tough fight with the Rangers of the park, whether a kiss from the keeper's daughter, or a deer, was to be the prize.

Now-a-days they bid me consider the rapid strides which education has made in all ranks of society; they talk to me of the

“march of mind;” but I would as soon hear of “the Rogue’s March.” I know little good that has been done by it. In my days it was thought enough that the village school-mistress taught the boys and girls to read, perhaps to write; and I doubt much whether the crowded national schools of modern times have made folks better, or sent them forth into the world more fitly qualified to encounter the difficulties which they will have to struggle with, or better contented with the station in which they will probably find themselves placed. Education is the fashion of the day; and like other fashions, I think, will be found to have been carried to an excess. Men of the present age, I am told, require sports of a more rational and more intellectual nature to amuse them, than their illiterate ancestors were disposed to be content with. The higher classes of society are now educated in a far different and superior manner, and cannot brook such low pursuits; and for the inferior orders, they will be better employed in earning money to support their families, than in sitting in the ale-house or running after badger-baits.

And why are the poor, I should like to know, not to have their amusements as well as the rich? While the rich are luxuriously sipping their French wines, and pampering their appetites with every luxury which the art of the cook can supply, upon what principle is it that the poor man, after a hard day’s work, is to be denied the draught of beer to which his labour has given such a relish, and taught him to drink off so heartily?

Sometimes I am told of the cruelty of worrying a poor badger with a parcel of terriers; but

where, let me ask, is the greater cruelty of that, than of worrying, if that must be the phrase, a poor fox with a pack of hounds? No! no! let every class of society have fair play; and when the over-righteous have succeeded in putting a final stop to the glories of the chase, it will be time enough to talk of putting an end to the minor offence, as I will call it, if offence it be, of badger-baiting.

I have heard it objected to, because it brings together all the blackguards and pickpockets, all the lowest characters from the neighbourhood; but is a badger-bait the only scene which draws them together? I fancy there is no lack of such gentry at Epsom upon certain occasions, when high and low are all jumbled together in glorious and animated confusion, though the light-fingered gentry are not always equally successful in their operations on that stage. I remember one season when I was there, being told that a noted “conveyancer” had declared that “*he had drawn seventeen coverts blank*” that morning. The pockets were all empty—a fashion likely enough to come in vogue again, as times go. And I fancy it will be found in the end a better preservative against the light-fingered gentry, to sport empty pockets, than to get together all the thief-takers in the world, by way of protection.

“*Cantabit vacuus, coram latrone, viator.*”

But it is not at badger-baits, or even races only, that there is need for your police officer. At what place of public amusement is it that his presence can be dispensed with? Is he not in requisition whenever our fashionables open their houses for the reception of their friends? Nay, our late King,

of good old English memory, never held a Levee, in his best days, at which Townshend's well-known face was not to be seen.

I well remember the time, though now it is getting on for some thirty years ago, when on the second reading being moved of the Bill to put a stop to bull-baiting, but which was eventually thrown out by a majority of the House of Commons—I can perfectly recollect, that upon that occasion one of the most brilliant orators that ever commanded the attention of the House, and one of the ablest advocates of the Bill in question, distinctly avowed that his enmity was directed to bull-baiting, and to bull-baiting alone. He declared, that if he were asked if he deemed it desirable that the other ordinary sports of the day should be put an end to, he should maintain the contrary. He wished not to see the badger-bait or the otter-hunt abolished; the fox-hounds left to rot in their kennel; the gun put by in its case; or the rod and line laid up: he knew better the value of those sports, and declared his conviction that there was no cruelty in them. The true sportsman finds no delight in cruelty; if it occasionally and by accident follow in his pursuits, it is against his intention and his wish. Who ever knew a good shot who was not anxious *not* to wound his bird?

— Ancient and modern times have alike joined in celebrating the different sports of the country. Amongst the ancients the spectacles of the combats of wild beasts were sought after most eagerly, and were held in the highest repute in the eras of the greatest civilisation. Their most elegant writers and their finest poets have

invoked the Muses to assist them to describe in glowing colours their various games, from the days of Xenophon to those of Virgil; and our own have continued the praise, from the age of Shakspeare to that of Milton; and in latter days, the name of Somerville is too well entitled to remembrance amongst sportsmen, to be passed by.

The fact is, there is in the present age a very prevalent disposition to interfere with the sports of the lower orders; and I regret to see that it is so. There is a set of well-meaning individuals, who would fain bring about the day when the labourer should take up a religious tract as soon as he had let go the plough, and the weaver should never be seen but with the shuttle in one hand and the Bible in the other. But it is to be remembered, that those who are doomed to earn their daily bread with the sweat of their brow require some relaxation to enable them to return to the same unvaried round of life. The rich fly from town to country, and from country to town: they visit from friend to friend: at times they hasten to a watering place, or cross the Channel for a Continental tour. But the poor have no change of situation or of place: to them the scene is always the same: they have none of the accommodations of social life; and to the pleasures of the intellect, almost all access is denied to them. It is absolutely necessary then, that they should have their sports to enliven and refresh the mind, and enable them to support the continual fatigue of an ever-wearied body. It is desirable to encourage these amusements, instead of repressing them.

I know that according to the old hackneyed phrase, which, though

not much of a scholar, I learnt in my boyish days—

—“*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*”

But how are those who are at the plough-tail all day to be taught the ingenuous arts? They must be left pretty much in the same state of civilisation as they are found in. But to fancy that they must necessarily become more and more brutalized, because they occasionally enjoy the life and fun of a badger-bait, is as mistaken a notion as it would be to expect to find in them all the refinements of modern literature.

There is in reality no tendency in such sports to degrade or depress the mind. They rather operate to give to men that straightforward manliness of character, that generous spirit, and open countenance which distinguishes the man who has lived all his life in the country, from the mean, yet pert look of him, who has been bred up in a large town. It is of such men, that our best soldiers and sailors have been made, who have assisted in spreading the glory of the British arms wherever they have appeared. I should think it was this distinction which the Poet had in his mind, when he wrote

“Tom struts a soldier open, bold, and
brave,
Will sneaks a scrivener, an exceeding
knave.”

Depend upon it, Sir, if it is thought worth while to keep up the true old English character of the lower orders, their sports must not be taken from them.

A word or two of dogs before I conclude. I have often observed how rapidly the genuine breed of terriers is becoming extinct, whilst its use is almost entirely

superseded by a mongrel brute they call a half-bred dog. I have a partiality for the terrier, with his quick sharp animated look, and I therefore regret it. I suppose the cause of this may be traced to the manner in which the tax was originally laid upon dogs, by which the terrier, as a sporting dog, is made to pay the higher duty. But I do not at all see why this should be so. If the habits of the lower classes of society are to be considered, and their natural wish of guarding their houses with the useful vigilance of the half-bred dog, without being subject to the higher tax, the terrier would have been quite as useful for the purpose; and I suspect, if the lower rate of duty had been put upon the terrier, and the higher one upon the cur, it would have made the tax no less productive, whilst it would have encouraged a breed which would at all times have been more creditable to a sporting country. Besides too, your half-bred dog is an invaluable friend to the poacher, as he runs mute; whereas the terrier will invariably give tongue; and by so doing give the keeper a hint of what is going on, and in what direction to be on the move. But I must conclude, or your readers will be tired with the lucubrations of your old friend and correspondent,

GREYBEARD.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

SIR,

I Have received a letter from a gentleman in Swisserland, which, dropping the compliment he pays me for my “Remarks on Rifle Guns,” I submit to you as the best-known vehicle to the Sporting World for the conveyance

of intelligence. You will observe it is a challenge in rifle shooting; and though I know the Swiss are great adepts in the art, I have no doubt the "crack shots" of our day are too confident in their own ability to decline the honour of a trial at skill with these efficient.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
yours, &c. E. BAKER.

24, Whitechapel Road,
March 6, 1838.

"THE art of rifle shooting is carried to a very high pitch in this country. During the summer, shooting matches are exceedingly common in Switzerland. From the Government rifle shooting receives protection and encouragement, and they give prizes to be fired for; shooting societies are formed every where. The Central Society fired last year for a stake of nearly one thousand pounds sterling, the sum being divided into a great number of prizes. The sharp-shooter pays to fire at some of the targets one dollar a shot, at others half-a-crown, and at some others something less than a shilling. At the time appointed to end the firing, which lasts five or six days, the whole of the prizes are delivered, whatever may be the amount received, but the receipt is generally above the value of the total sum of the prizes.

"What you may wish to know with regard to improvements in rifle guns in this country, or in the experiments made to bring the gun and the art of firing to perfection, I shall readily inform you of. I have seen some rifle guns made in London (not by you), but they are far from being equal to those used here.

"There is no country in the world where patronage is more

liberally bestowed than in England, and the Sporting World is particularly ready to take up whatever promotes sport in general, and improvements in the art. Now it appears to me that if a challenge was given to the Sporting Gentlemen in England to contend for prizes on set days, next summer, arranging the matter so that none but Gentlemen should enter the lists, I think the call would be answered. To be more explicit: if a respectable gunmaker in London would join me and another gentleman I am going to London with next summer, we should together give this challenge. Suppose we say for two hundred pounds, the said amount applied to three targets. The first target would offer twelve prizes amounting to one hundred and twenty pounds, the first prize being a silver cup, and the eleven other prizes in cash. One dollar per shot would be paid at this target.

"The second target, also twelve prizes, amounting to sixty pounds, and half a crown per shot to be paid.

"The last target twenty pounds, twelve prize also, and one shilling per shot to be paid.

"We partners, who would expose the money to be fired for, would contend for the prizes; and I make no doubt we should be no losers, as the gentleman I allude to and I are in the habit of contending for prizes with the best shots in this country.

"If you are willing to try the experiment we are ready.

"The art of rifle gun shooting, considered as an amusement, is an elegant one; and, considered with regard to public utility, of great importance in a military point of view.

"Have the goodness to answer this, and to forward by the Paris mail, made up in a small parcel, your 'Observations on Rifle Guns,' directed "à Monsieur Cherpilloud, aux soins de Renette, armurier, rue Popincourt, à Paris;" who is an eminent gunmaker, and will forward the parcel to me.

"I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,
" J. CHERPILLOUD."

Lausanne, rue de Bourg, No. 30,
Switzerland, Jan. 25, 1823.

ALTCAR COURSING MEETING.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1828.

FOR the Cup.—Mr. Cholmondeley's blk. b. Child beat Mr. Hesketh's blk. d. Hetman—Hetman drawn, lame; Mr. Rigbye's brin. d. Reveller beat Mr. Formby's red b. Fancy; Mr. Rigbye's blk. d. Ruler beat Sir Thomas Stanley's red d. Mina; Mr. Unsworth's blk. and wh. d. Umpire beat Mr. Unsworth's f. d. Usquebaugh; Lord Molyneux's red and wh. d. Milo beat Mr. Lloyd's blk. d. Lottery; Mr. Blackburne's yel. and wh. d. Bazaar beat Mr. Wilbraham's blk. and wh. b. Wilful; Mr. Willis's blk. and wh. b. Gaiety beat Mr. Hornby's red d. Herdsman; Mr. Alison's red and wh. d. Artist beat Sir Thomas Stanley's red d. Tarragon.

For the Sefton Stakes.—Mr. Unsworth's wh. b. Urganda beat Mr. Cholmondeley's blk. d. Cupid; Mr. Rigbye's bl. b. Ribband beat Mr. Alison's red b. Lunaria; Mr. Hesketh's blk. and wh. d. Helmet beat Mr. Hornby's brin. and wh. b. Hoyden; Lord Molyneux's red b. May beat Mr. Lloyd's red b. Lobelia.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Reveller beat Child.
Gaiety — Umpire.
Milo — Bazaar.
Artist — Ruler.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Gaiety beat Artist.
Milo — Reveller.

TIES FOR THE SEFTON STAKES.

Urganda beat Ribband.
Helmet — May.

Stakes for Beaten Dogs.—Sir Thomas Stanley's red d. Mina beat Mr. Unsworth's blk. and wh. d. Umpire; Mr. Blackburne's yel. and wh. d. Bazaar beat Mr. Lloyd's blk. d. Lottery.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Lord Molyneux's Milo beat Mr. Willis's Gaiety, and won the Cup.

Deciding Course for the Sefton Stakes.—Mr. Unsworth's Urganda beat Mr. Hesketh's Helmet, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Stakes for Beaten Dogs.—Mr. Blackburne's Bazaar beat Sir Thomas Stanley's red d. Mina, and won the Stakes.

NIMROD'S YORKSHIRE TOUR.

(Continued from February Number, p. 282.)

THERE are two more rooms in Raby Castle which should not be passed over—one called the Chinese room, most elegantly fitted up after the fashion of the country from which it takes its name; and the other is the kitchen. The latter is of prodigious dimensions, and quite unlike any such places of modern date. There is a flight of steps leading from it to the great hall, which the dinner passes through on its way to the dining room, and I was amused with the

exclamation of Pennant on exploring this part of the Castle. "What hecatombs," says he, "must have been carried up this staircase!" Mental associations of various descriptions will present themselves on these occasions; and I confess, when I saw the contents of the larder, and the cook in his white sleeves and apron, resembling the ephod of a priest, it seemed almost doubtful whether he might be preparing a sacrifice or a supper.

Speaking of the kitchen, brings-

me back to the dining room. Here is a grand picture of the Feast of Canaan; but I was more pleased with several on sporting subjects. There are three groups of hounds particularly well executed, and a beautiful portrait of the bitch Costive, which may be said to have been the Niobe of the Raby pack. This noted bitch is buried in the pleasure grounds of the Castle, and her cemetery is enclosed by a wall.

The picture, by Marshall, of *Lord Darlington* and his hounds (as we were wont to say), from which the well known print is taken, also adorns these walls; and there are portraits of four celebrated hunters and two distinguished race horses. Amongst the latter are Haphazard, with Pierse the jockey, and Sam Wheatley the training groom; and Muley Moloch, with Mr. Hardy Thompson and Mr. Trotter. In short this splendid apartment is quite in character with every thing else at Raby, and such as we may suppose Pompey to have supped in with the accomplished Lucullus.

The kennel at Raby was built by the late Earl of Darlington and the late Duke of Cleveland; fox-hounds were kept in it many years. It is a Gothic ornamented building, conspicuously situated in the park, and possesses every comfort and convenience for the largest establishment of fox-hounds. The Raby hounds, as they are called, are divided into an old and a young pack; and, as I have already observed, bear evidence of being bred by a judicious hand.

Sunday is too often made a mere day of rest to sportsmen in the hunting season; and I am sorry to say *I did not go* to Staindrop church, as I ought to have done, and where I should have seen some

very grand monuments. I passed away an hour in the Museum; and then took a walk on the leaden roof of the Castle, from which a magnificent view presents itself. Not dealing much in the picturesque, there are two ways in which I look at a country. First, whether it be a good one to ride over; and secondly, with an agricultural eye. "I wonder," said I to Mr. Milbank, as we were parading the leads of the Castle, his Lordship does not order his bailiff to get rid of those rushes in the park. "Oh!" replied Mr. M. "they were planted there by his order to give a wild effect to the scenery!"

I now forget how many hundred pounds are annually required to keep the roof of the Castle in repair, the entire of it being covered with lead. The view from it is most extensive indeed, and I should almost imagine could scarcely be exceeded by that which Moses had from the top of Pisgah, when he took a peep at the good land beyond Jordan, for which his mouth watered.

Among the natural curiosities at Raby is a fig tree of enormous dimensions. The month of March not being 'the time of figs,' I did not see this tree in perfection; but I was told it is a great curiosity, and quite worthy of Palestine. This shrub has always been held in high repute, affording little short of meat, drink, lodging, and *clothing*; for, exclusive of the protection it afforded our first parents in Paradise, Homer makes Ulysses breeches of it, when he loses his own in the woods.

We have heard of the Sybarite who could not sleep upon a bed of roses because a leaf of one of them was doubled under him; but I saw nothing of this in the Marquis of

Cleveland. At the same time I think, if we could read his heart, he has more enjoyment of life in the retirement of Newton House than in the magnificence of Raby. In the opinion of some, life receives its value from the embroidery that adorns it; but I much doubt whether the simile be a just one. Lord Bacon compares those who move in the higher spheres of life to the heavenly bodies in the firmament, which have much admiration, but no rest; and doubtless the image is not altogether incorrect. Dignities and greatness are rich robes which dazzle others, but hang heavy on those who wear them, and *there is nothing like personal freedom*. Lord Cleveland's life, however, is a mingled one of business and pleasure; and the little interruptions he meets with at Raby can only be placed to the account of that "*felix infelicitas*" which is mingled with our fate, and rather gives a *gout* to enjoyment.

"Our bane and physic the same earth bestows,
And near the noisome nettle blooms the rose."

Nature has been Lord Cleveland's friend, by giving a frame of body made of better stuff than common; and, all things considered, he is very fresh for his years. So great is the power of health in heightening the gifts of fortune, and adding enjoyment to possession, that we cannot wonder that the Poet exclaims, "In thy presence blooms the spring of pleasure, and without thee no man is happy." The exercise, however, his Lordship has taken must have mainly contributed to keep him sound and heart-whole. Machiavel prescribed hunting in his bill of advice to a Prince; and I should imagine fox-

hunting to be highly beneficial to those who have stamina to endure the toil of it. All cheerful sports, indeed—and surely this is one!—by gladdening the spirits, quicken the pulse, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins, to the great strengthening of the body. The season before last, however, Lord Cleveland had a serious illness, which the strongest of us is subject to; but I greatly admired the game he shewed in getting to his hounds again as soon as he could crawl from his sick bed—"an unlucky day," says he, (p. 56 of his "*Operations of the Raby Pack*," where he describes a noble run,) "for my *débüt*, when still very weak, but, by the blessing of Providence, I went through the whole without suffering any inconvenience, and was most superiorly carried by Magistrate, who performed wonders with me to the end."

There is no such office as Lord Chancellor of Fox-hunting; but doubtless nothing short of a *judge of judges* should be allowed to pass his sentence on Lord Cleveland as a huntsman, after the long service he has had in the profession. It would be presumptuous in me to hazard my own; and therefore I only say, *his Lordship is a sportsman*. All active habits are strengthened by repetition, and he goes through his day's work with apparent ease; and never eats his own dinner till he has given the pack theirs. He draws his coverts particularly well; rides close enough to his hounds in chase; and his holloas are varmint and good.

Manners, they say, are lost in the passions; but Lord Cleveland "blows up," as we call it, as little as most masters of hounds in the field, and is very fearless in his

person, as the following anecdote will prove. He rides in saddles with not even stuffed flaps, and without patent bars for his stirrup leathers, which are certainly preventives of danger in case of the foot being entangled in a fall, or getting foul of a gate post. On some one remonstrating with him on the impropriety of not using them, his Lordship exclaimed, "Don't talk to me about patent bars; I suppose we shall have *patent devils next*?" I must acknowledge we have been pretty well pestered with patents these last twenty years, three parts of which are humbugs.

As a horseman Lord Cleveland deserves a word. What most men delight in, that is, a fine-mouthed horse, is far from a treat to him. He rides all his horses with a hard hand, and consequently likes those that will bear against him, and he has a peculiar way of putting them at their fences. I have seen him absolutely make them paw down the hedge before he will let them rise, if there should be a blind and deep ditch on the other side, by which plan he no doubt saves many falls; and he had but one whilst I was in the North. His perfect knowledge of the country also gives him a great advantage in getting to his hounds, and he is seldom far from them when wanting.

The Roman Kings, says Livy, wrote commentaries on what passed in their respective reigns, and I see no reason why masters of hounds should not follow so good an example. Lord Cleveland's annual publication, called *The Operations of the Raby Pack*, at once shews the man. There is an enthusiastic admiration in his descriptions of some of the runs, which proves how his

very heart and soul have shared in the sport of the day. Such expressions as these often occur. "Most divine, enthusiastic hunting, with a delightful recovery at last!"—"The darling hounds behaved like jewels!" distinguishing several of them by their names. On one occasion, indeed, some years back, he gave at his own table the health of Centinel, Bonnyface, and Lazarus, hounds which had particularly distinguished themselves in a run.

In looking over these books for several past years' sport, I saw they were often turned to a good account. In 1811, a hardriding gentleman receives the following mild rebuke: "A very good run," says his Lordship, "but unfortunately lost by Mr. J. B., an excellent sportsman, who never means to do wrong, but, from great keenness, is sometimes too forward, which, as an old sportsman, I claim a right to say to him."

The following applies well to all fox-killing lords or their keepers. "In consequence," (says the Noble author of *The Operations of the Raby Pack* for the years 1825 and 1826, p. 63,) "of the innumerable foxes which Lord Tyrconnel reported to me were about Kipling, and attacking his hares—in the middle of the day one of his Lordship's keepers saw three foxes worrying a hare—I selected sixteen couples of my best and steadiest hounds, to go to Kipling at eleven o'clock, and obey his Lordship's commands, *when they tried every myrtle, rush, whin bush, hazel tree, brick kiln remains, thorn hedge, pleasure ground, and pheasant preserve appurtenances*, without ever finding a fox, for nearly three hours, except one most unfortunate old dog fox, which was instantly killed, and labouring un-

der a poisonous disorder, called the scab*."

Again, p. 23. "Went to Holmebank whin; found only one fox (although Mr. Ramsden and his keeper stated that foxes were very abundant), and we ran into the small wood next to Newby Park, where the hounds enjoyed such quantities of hares, that they have, with the assistance of traps last year, banished the foxes."

After stating the names of the places at which the hounds met; the coverts in which foxes have been found; the days on which foxes were either killed or earthed, between the 31st of August 1825 and the 18th of April 1826, with a detailed account of each day's sport; this Book concludes with a list of the hounds; casualties of the pack; and hounds drafted in kennel; and the following is the result of the season's sport:—*killed eighty-eight foxes—earthed twenty-one—blank days none!!*

There are two or three very clipping riders in the Raby Hunt; and the gentlemen of the *black cloth* are quite as conspicuous as the *pinks*. Amongst the former Mr. John Monson is pre-eminent; but Messrs. Newton and Henderson are always in good places. Mr. Milbank is quite a first-rater, being as quick as any man need to be; and quick must he or any other man be to live with these hounds. He is capitally mounted, which gives him no small advantage; and, I think I have already observed, his horses appeared to me to have the heels of most in his country, and his weight does not hurt them. He has a very good mare, late the property of Mr. John White (of no

small Leicestershire renown), and this mare says a word or two for the hard meat system. Her feet are queer, very difficult to keep right, and nothing answers so well as preserving them as much as possible from moisture. No doubt one run at grass would ruin her. This mare will be almost invaluable to breed from, having all the fine points of a hunter in her form, with a most desirable constitution for work—the brittle state of the horn of the foot being her only blemish.

Like Bob Williams, and a good many more that I could name, Mr. Milbank has been rather roughly handled in the field, having been blooded no less than nine times, in consequence of severe falls with hounds. He is, however, nothing daunted, but will be close to their sterns if possible, and is entering his two sons in great style on their ponies. I saw one of them amusing himself in a way that shewed he had the old Raby blood in his veins, and a very strong dash of grand-papa. He had gotten hold of the brush of a fox just killed, which, throwing on the ground, he fell prostrate upon, and seizing it between his teeth, shook it as a terrier shakes a rat when he kills him. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it!"

Mr. George Sergeantson is esteemed a very good performer, and I have mentioned him before; but he is not mounted like Mr. Milbank. I was also much pleased with the style of riding of Mr. Thomas Maude, of Selaby. Captain Baird I did not see in the field during my stay in the North,

* I intended, in the progress of this Tour, to have gone a little at length into the non-preservation of foxes in Noblemen and Gentlemen's preserves; but I shall make it a separate article in the course of this summer.

but I believe he was unwell. Of that great artist, however, or of Sir Bellingham Graham—who is now a Raby huntsman—I need say nothing, as I should only waste my words.

I have always taken much notice of saddles and bridles, and all other appendages to what is called the furniture of a horse. There is a sort of breast-plate used in the North which I very much condemn, and I have great reason to believe that to one of these articles was Mr. Williamson indebted for the bad fall he had, and the consequent loss of his teeth. To this breast-plate there are no loops to the D's in the front of the saddle; the consequence of which is, there being merely a strap to the girths, and a sort of collar round the neck of the horse, the moment the horse inclines his head to the ground, the collar follows it. Now we all know, that in rising from the ground, a horse always raises his head with the first effort he makes, and if this be confined, the effort, of course, is checked.

Monday, 26th.—The Raby pack met this day at a place with a wild name, and wild also by nature. I think it is called Crain-raw. It is situated on the borders of an open country almost approaching to moors, and affords some very fine runs with old travelling foxes in the spring. The Marquis promised me a treat this day; but un-

fortunately our game took the wrong line of country, and we had no great diversion. We found in an unenclosed gorse, but could make nothing of it. I saw a fox and I saw a hare, and farther this deponent sayeth not. There are times, however, when the steadiest of hounds will have a bit of hare if they can. So it was when Virgil wrote his third Georgic; and by the following lines it will appear hounds of his day were by no means particular*.

“ Sæpe etiam cursu timidos agitabis onagros:
Et canibus leporum, catibus venabere damas.
Sæpe volutabris pulsos sylvestribus apros
Latratu turbabis agens: montesque per altos
Ingentem clamore premes ad retia cervum.”

We found again, and had a very sharp thing to ground — Lord Cleveland viewing him before his hounds for more than two miles. Bolted him, and killed him. Did not find again, and drew more country blank this day than I had ever seen with the Raby pack. There was a good field, considering the wildness of the place.

In going to covert, we passed some large lead mills, belonging to my Noble host, where there was about seven thousand pounds worth of lead, lying on the bank, *in pigs!* “I come from the land of hogs, my Lord,” said I; “but you beat us all for pigs.”

* They had their choice of hare, stag, boar, or wild ass, but no mention is made of the fox. The idea of ass-hunting carries absurdity with it; but we are told the wild ass of the desert is an animal of such extraordinary swiftness, that Oppian, in his “Treatise of Hunting,” calls it *αελλοποδην*, or, *swift as the wind*; an epithet Homer gives to the horses which Jupiter bestowed on the father of Ganymede, to make him amends for the loss of his son. Xenophon speaks of seeing wild asses in his march through a desert with the army of Cyrus, but the best mounted horsemen had no chance with them for speed. By dividing themselves into relays, however, and succeeding each other in the chase, they sometimes took them, and found their flesh like that of the red deer. I have been told there is a skin of the wild ass in the College of Physicians in London, and that he is very different, both in shape and colour, from the common ass or donkey.

Tuesday, 27th.—The fixture, Raby, and the turn out from the castle was grand—the scarlet habits again mingling with the throng, and the Marchioness on her favorite Raby. We found; but our fox taking down wind with very little scent, we could do nothing worth speaking of. Found two more foxes in the morning—chopping one; but in the afternoon we drew one of the fine whins in the park, when a fox went gallantly away, and gave them a good half hour, very best pace.

I was only an humble spectator of this sharp burst; but as far as my eye carried me, I never saw anything faster. I was on one of Lord Cleveland's horses; but as his action was powerful and rough, and I was suffering from my accident, I was obliged to return to the Castle and go to bed till dinner time. Major Healey says, a man, to ride a run over a strong country, should be as flush as a cock out of a bag when he makes his appearance on the sod; and his simile is by no means a bad one.

There was a fine old sportsman on a visit at Raby Castle on this day, the veteran Colonel O'Callaghan; who, although at a very advanced age, retains all the good humour and gaiety of youth, and was a match at a rubber of shorts for any of them. He resides at Heighington, not far from Raby, and is, I conclude, related to the gallant Captain of that name who sacrificed his last breath to "the Joys of the Tally," his death and good qualities having been so feelingly noticed by NIM NORTH.

Wednesday, 28th.—Took leave of Raby, and made the best of my way for Ferrybridge, about eighty miles south, where some horses awaited my arrival, and where I

intended sojourning a few days to see the Badsworth hounds. My first point was Darlington, which is twelve miles from Raby, and whither a yellow postchaise brought me in time for the York Highflyer coach. This, I found, would deliver me at Ferrybridge about nine o'clock at night; and being a drag of no small celebrity—as old as the days of Hogarth—I got upon the box with the coachman with the hope of obtaining a wrinkle. There was nothing, however, for the *book*—all very seedy and slow. We had not proceeded two miles before snap went a wheel trace, and the guard was called to put matters to rights. He went to his tool-box; but what did it produce? not a chain kept there for the purpose, but, to my surprise, a rope. Then the rope would not go through the eye of the hames; and so we were as many minutes about this bungling job, as Jack Peer or Tom Brambel would have changed horses in, and got two miles on the road.

Looking at the country from Raby to Darlington, and thence to Northallerton and Basingwold, with an agricultural eye, I admired it much; and as there was some appearance of spring on the ground, it looked very much like money. The poets will have it, that the same animal spirit which make the birds sing in spring, rises also sensibly in the heart of man; but, as the harbinger of the finish to hunting, it has always made mine sad.

Thursday, 29th.—Met the Badsworth at Hutt Green, about eight miles from Ferrybridge. There had been a ball at York the night before; so that, instead of meeting, as I expected, a large field, with many of whom I should have been

acquainted, Jack Richards, the huntsman, was the only man out to whom I could say "how do you do?" I do not know that this ever happened to me before; but so it was; and to add to my disappointment, the day was about as rough as the month of March could produce.

It is, I suppose, pretty well known, that Lord Hawke has had the management of these hounds since Mr. Petre gave them up; and his Lordship, in spite of the ball, which he had attended, was at his post about an hour after the usual time. Having been informed by his huntsman that Nimrod was in the field, he very politely addressed me, and informed me (which I heard with pleasure) that he had enjoyed a good season's sport, and had not been absent from his hounds one day since the hunting season had commenced. This I thought looked very well in a young one.

When I say we found a fox, I have said all. The clerk of the weather was determined we should do nothing; for, what with wind, rain, and snow, a more miserable day no man ever encountered by choice. After drawing Pollington whin, I returned to Ferrybridge, where I was capitally accommodated in every way.

It would be presumptuous in me to give an opinion of the Badsworth pack after so short an acquaintance, and this with only part of them; but what I saw did not very much captivate my sight. I thought them rather coarse, and wanting that airy form and peculiar scale which characterize the high-bred fox-hound of the present day. Modish and Roman attracted my notice; and on looking at the list I find they have bred from Roman, although

they have very little of their own blood on the sire's side. Modish is neat, but of too close a frame to please my eye. I believe she is dam of the York Twister. The pack is small, consisting of only forty couples.

Of their country I can say nothing, for I saw nothing. Jack Richards looked uncommonly well and sportsmanlike, but is a good deal heavier than when I saw him swim the Thame in Staffordshire, when whipping-in to Sir Bellingham Graham, by whom he was brought up; and I used to think him an excellent whipper-in when in his service. Jack Chapel—another of Sir Bellingham's pupils—whips in to Richards, and a very clever fellow he is; perhaps as fine a horseman as ever sat in a saddle.

Saturday, 31st.—Set out to meet Lord Harewood's hounds, which met twelve miles from Ferrybridge, but where, I do not now recollect. When I had proceeded about a mile on my road, I found the weather so boisterous, that any chance of sport was at an end; and, having sent some horses to Melton Mowbray, turned right about, put myself on the box of the Edinburgh mail, and got to Grantham by dinner. I learnt afterwards that I had acted wisely; for the day, the country, and every thing was against sport; and those who reached the covert soon made the best of their way home again.

I was, however, disappointed in not seeing Lord Harewood's hounds. It is an old-established pack, and, of course, there is no want of the means to do the thing well; and money is almost a *sine qua non* in fox-hunting. A strange circumstance happened last season with these hounds. Their huntaman im-

prudently capped them into a very rapid mill-stream, and three or four couples were drowned. A young gentleman, whose name I was told was Markham, gallantly plunged in to their assistance, and very narrowly escaped their fate. He succeeded in saving one of them.

I was much gratified by my journey from Ferrybridge to Grantham, having passed through a very beautiful country. We had by no means a bad old-fashioned coachman as far as Doncaster, who has been on the mail some years; but, safe as he might have been considered, it only wanted a man to keep his eyes open, and by looking at him, to account for the various coach accidents we have lately heard of—over and above the hundreds we have *not* heard of—from horses being overpowered on descents. The road in these parts is made of the hardest lime-stone; and, having been acted upon by March winds, was as hard as adamant itself. The horses were weak; and it was quite apparent that, over a great proportion of that ground (being very hilly), they were completely at the mercy of their load. On descending steep hills, of course, the chain was resorted to; but this had but little effect. Why, then, should not a narrow slip of broken stones be left on the near side? All coachmen with whom I have conversed on the subject approve of this simple suggestion.

When we got to Doncaster, we changed for the well-known Tom Pye; but I believe I must call him Tom Pye, *jnr.*, as his father drives the other Edinburgh mail, and we met him on the road. Tom is a

workman quite of the better order; and I conceive his Doncaster master so considers him, for he had a leader in his team that but few men would like to contend with. He was a well-bred horse, with immense powers; but although he had a bit in his mouth to which the *clipper* is a trifle, yet Tom was often obliged to run his near-side wheels into soft ground, to prevent his perceiving the bars rattle, for he would stand nothing of that sort. No man in England could drive this horse, with any degree of safety, on a road on which there are hills; and, in my humble opinion, a coach-master is highly reprehensible for allowing one of his description to be at work at all.

The following circumstance is not unworthy of remark, this being the only country under the sun which can produce similar instances. I remember I was at work at the time, but don't exactly recollect the spot, when Tom Pye addressed me, and said, "Before we go three hundred yards, we shall meet the down mail;" and so we did. Now that coach had come about one hundred and fifty, and ours two hundred and fifty miles; so the time must have been most strictly kept. The month of March, to be sure, is generally very favorable to fast road-work; but, as I said before, the world cannot produce any thing like this out of Great Britain.

I believe I have already spoken of the excellent dinner we had with the mail at the George and Blue Boar at Grantham*. This house was the George and Dragon; but being the property of Lord Huntingtower, late Sir William

* This is the only inn at which I have ever seen the *Sporting Magazine* presented to an inmate, to beguile a tedious hour on a journey.

Manners, who will have every thing *à la*, the sign has been altered to his fancy. I felt myself so comfortable here after my drive, that I determined on remaining the night, and not going to Melton till the morning. A little retirement, in the midst of gaiety, gives a govt to enjoyment, and brings us fresh again to the post:—as Shakspeare says,

—“ To make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourselves
Till supper time alone.”

April 1st.—Arrived at Melton, and had the pleasure of dining at the Old Club. Found the town filling fast for this gay week, which may be said to wind up the Leicestershire season with the Croxton Park Races, and the Cocking. All that passed, however, would be an old story now—I mean on the turf and sod—so proceed to the joys of the chase.

Monday, 2d.—Met Mr. Osbaldeston at Kirby Gate—the *Lady pack* looking in high beauty, and a thundering large field. Rode Captain Ross's Waterman, own Brother to Clinker; and, in spite of the Decalogue, could not help wishing he belonged to my stable.

A curious circumstance connects itself with this day's hunting. There was a fox which has given these hounds no less than three remarkably sharp bursts from Carberry Hill, without their being able to catch him, and he had in consequence obtained the name of the Carberry Hill Fox. What was also extraordinary, he always took the same line, towards Orton—and the following are the various periods for which he stood before this celebrated pack:—first time, twenty-eight minutes; second time,

twenty-five minutes; third time, twenty-three minutes, defeating them on each*. On the day I am speaking of, he did not wait to be found; but we viewed him going gallantly away, and taking his old line—George Marriott close at his brush, with his hat in his hand, hallooing as if the devil was in him; but George Marriott, I suppose, is a privileged man.

As may be expected, all the hard-riding men were on the alert, and hard indeed did those ride who went any where near the hounds on this day. The pace was truly awful; but that was not all. If he had picked Leicestershire, this fox could not, I should imagine, have found four or five more distressing fields for the nags than those they had at first to encounter—all against the collar, high ridges with deep furrows, and the latter, between wet and dry, almost enough to pull their legs off. Had it not been for a bit of a check in a road for a minute or two, where several changed their horses for fresh ones, some of the best must have declined; as I heard Lord Alvanley (who went as usual like a good one) say, *his horse had just carried him those ten minutes, and that was all he could do*. His Lordship, however, jumped on a fresh one at the check, and went on. As Captain Ross's horses had been thrown out of work, in consequence of his having been an invalid, I was only a looker-on; but to any one who had never seen Leicestershire before, this burst would have afforded a very pretty specimen. Sir Bellingham Graham also declined at the same time with myself, having only taken a peep at them on one of Mr. Maxse's horses,

* I understand Mr. Osbaldeston had another turn at this fox late in the month of April, and that he beat him again, after a very severe run over partly the same country.

being still unable to ride, from the fracture he had received in the North. I finished this day most agreeably under Sir Harry Goodricke's mahogany, where I met several old friends, who, like myself, were partakers of the hospitality and good fare of the truly sporting Baronet.

Tuesday, 3d.—Met the Quorn hounds at Widmerpool Inn. This was never a favorite fixture with me. The country about Wynnstay Gorse is about as bad as any thing in the Provincials; and it is not only deep, but most disagreeably sticky and holding for horses, of which none but the very best can go there. We drew a good covert, however, on this day, called Parson's Gorse, and encountered one of the evils attending spring hunting. The pack had passed through without a feather, when unfortunately a farmer espied a fox in one corner of the gorse, and gave the office. It is in vain to attempt to stop fox-hounds with their game in view; and in less than two minutes, a vixen, with six cubs in her, was torn to pieces by the pack. No doubt she had been in her kennel for a day or two, preparing to lay up her cubs, which accounted for there being nothing like a drag to her. We had a large field; a great deal of hard work for horses, and a beautiful pack of hounds—dog pack No. 1.

I had the use of my own horses this day, but was treated to a ride on Mr. Maher's Picton, which I call a perfect hunter for the weight he can carry. The free use of his

shoulders, in all his paces, is quite above praise. Highly, however, as Mr. M. values this first-rate horse, he rode him hack in London in May and June last, and told me he thought it was better for him than doing nothing. Mr. Maher has been a regular Melton man for twenty-two seasons; and his nerve and horsemanship are unrivalled, even there. He amused me by saying he had rather ride to and from covert all his life in Leicestershire, than hunt in three parts of the counties of England in which hounds are kept. Met a considerable party at dinner this evening at Sir Harry's*.

Wednesday, 4th.—Croxtan Park races. All went off very pleasantly and well, with a good display of gentleman jockeyship—Messrs. White, Kent, Captain F. Berkeley, Lord Wilton, &c.—Returned from the course on Mr. Payne's coach—a beautiful team, and very well handled by Mr. P.; made one of a very large party at Sir Harry's; and finished the evening at the Cocking.

Thursday, 5th.—Met the Duke of Rutland's hounds at Stowe Wood, about twelve miles from Melton, a woodland country, but looking much like the land of fox-hunting:—a very large field, and drew a great tract of country without touching on a fox—partly, perhaps, owing to Lord Lonsdale's hounds having run through several of the coverts on the preceding day. When we did find, however, we could not get on; for we had two enemies to contend with—a

* The race week generally produces an extra lark or two at Melton Mowbray. It was voted a certainty on this evening that the mare I was to ride the next day was to break my neck, and my body was put up for sale. Mr. John Moore's hump-back helper having been exhumated only a few days before, and sold for thirty shillings, had a bad effect upon the market; but, perhaps in compliment to fox-hunting, my body was knocked down to Tom Edge for eighteen pounds! As this is nearly as much as it was ever worth when alive, I thought it a fair bid.

harsh wind and hot sun. The hounds hunted to admiration, and looked in their usual good form; but April hunting is generally a failure. Found my knife and fork again this evening at the Old Club.

No sooner is a thorough-bred hunter seen in Leicestershire than he is sold, if his owner is disposed to part with him. I rode Shamrock at Stowe Wood, and the following morning he became the property of Mr. Middleton Biddulph—at a premium, of course, as they say on 'Change.

Friday, 6th.—Met Mr. Osbaldeston at Six Hills. Found in Cussington Gorse*, the fox taking a beautiful line, as if thinking of Melton Spinney; but there was not an atom of scent. To my surprise we drew Munday's Gorse blank, and a vast deal of country besides—persevering till five o'clock. Amongst a host of sportsmen from all parts of His Majesty's dominions, was Sir Edward Mostyn, on the Clipper, for which horse he gave six hundred guineas†. He is certainly a very grand animal, although Nature has somewhat defaced her work by giving him white stockings. Went with Mr. Osbaldeston to Quorn, and, although past seven o'clock when we arrived there, looked over the young hounds before we fed.

Saturday, 6th.—Met the Quorn hounds at Widmerpool Inn—as I

said before, an ungentlemanlike place, but good enough for the season. As we were riding to covert I asked myself the question, "Are there any two post-boys in England who ride so many miles in the year as Mr. Osbaldeston?" I answered *No*; but he is as hard as nails, and fox-hunting is the delight of his heart. Long may he live to enjoy it‡! Jack Stevens is also a tough one. He broke a blood vessel last year, but only lay still a few days for it, saying, "It was no use living if he could not go with the hounds."

We were a long time finding a fox this day. At half-past three o'clock, however, Lord Rancilffe's wood at Bunny produced us a good one, and we had half an hour very sharp, but lost him. I rode a charming horse of Mr. Osbaldeston's, called Blucher, and had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Biddulph say he would not take three hundred guineas for little Shamrock, although he ran away twice with him in the run; but I told him, before we found, he would be too much for him in a snaffle bridle. In the skurry, that straight-forward one, Captain Frederick Berkeley, got a damper in a brook, but it was a yawner.

On Sunday afternoon we had a long spell at the kennel, and I was delighted with the fifteen couples and a half of young hounds, got by that magnificent hound Furrier.

* On this day two years I saw a beautiful run of an hour, from this covert, with a kill at the end.

† Sir Edward Mostyn is about the best buyer of horse-flesh now going. I understand he recently offered upwards of four hundred guineas for Lord Lynedoch's White-stockings at Messrs. Tattersall's.

‡ I am certain my readers will very much regret to hear that Mr. Osbaldeston had a bad fall the other day in Northamptonshire, and very much damaged his ivories. Accidents of this nature have lately become fashionable. That veteran sportsman, John Lockley, has just had seven teeth knocked out by a blow from his horse's head, and, unwilling to part with such useful articles, has had them all put in again by a Birmingham dentist—riding, as he told me, upwards of four hundred miles between his own house and that town during the operation of re-modelling them.

I understand they have particularly distinguished themselves this season in Northamptonshire, as also have the young Rockets, as usual.

Good hounds and sport are not naturally co-existing circumstances. Excellent as the Quorn packs must be allowed to be, they did not shew much sport last year, with the exception of a few splendid things, particularly one from the Coplow, with the bitches, which, I believe, was considered quite the ultra of fox-hunting. They went away close at his brush from this classic ground, taking over the fine lordships of Norton-by-Galby, and Oadby, and ran in to him, near Wigston, AFTER A BURST OF FORTY-EIGHT MINUTES WITHOUT A CHECK!! There was a trifling pause, I was told, owing to a flock of sheep; but the scent was carried on in a trot, so there was but little relief for the bellows, and only six or seven saw the finish. I need not say these were *first-raters*; but, for the honour of that noble animal the horse, I am proud to add, there was one welter-weight up at the death—Mr. Maxse, on the Baron.

Such runs as these, in any country, are "like angel's visits, few and far between," but they must be highly gratifying to a master of hounds in Leicestershire; and I can fancy the 'Squire and Jack Stevens talking over this day's sport on their road home with the pack. "Well, Jack," methinks the 'Squire to have exclaimed, "*thank God we went fast enough for them to-day!*" There was no occasion to cry, Hold hard! no pressing upon the hounds; and I would have betted a guinea to a shilling on blood after the first ten minutes." The 'Squire might have

added the following, by way of a little soliloquy:—"Joshua bade the Sun stand still upon Gibeon, and the Moon in the Valley of Ajalon, and they obeyed the bold command; but nothing but *the pace*, for *forty-eight minutes without a check*, can stop a Leicestershire field in February." The Joshuas of the present day would certainly have but a poor chance of doing so.

I have already spoken of the very great sport Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds have shewn in their new country, Northamptonshire—the natural consequence of having, what may be called, fair play. I also understand that in his office as huntsman *he has been extremely fair towards his foxes*, on which subject it would be well if some of his brother huntsmen would take a hint. "Murdering foxes," said the great Meynell, "is a most absurd prodigality; for seasoned foxes are necessary to sport as experienced hounds." That Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds are *as good as hounds can be*, I think no sportsman who has seen them will deny; and I very much regret my inability to accept of his kind invitation to spend some time with him this season at Pitsford, which would have been a great treat to me.

Speaking of treats, I was delighted to see Lord Alvanley going so brilliantly over Leicestershire, notwithstanding his increased weight, and having been, as we say in the stable, out of regular work for some of the past seasons. His Lordship also, we well know, has been very intimate with "*the little hours*," which the doctors tell us are not favorable to the nervous system; but his nerves are equal to the largest fence in Leicestershire, and, for *pace*, he is quite in the first flight.

Lord Alvanley's return to Melton Mowbray has been hailed as a happy omen of perpetuating the renown of Leicestershire as a hunting country. Whithersoever he goes, he must act as a magnet; for his presence and conversation may be compared to the Sun's rays, which enliven every hour of the day; and, as for the night—

"He is so full of pleasant anecdote;
So rich, so gay, so poignant is his wit;
Time vanishes before him as he speaks,
And ruddy morning through the lattice
 peeps,
Ere night seems well begun."

His appearance and costume in the field also amused me much. He wears what may be compared to the Regulation jack-boot of the Royal Horse Guards Blue, the top of which reaches considerably higher than the knee, and doubtless protects him from the thorns and blows he would otherwise receive in cramming through the rough Leicestershire fences, of which he is any thing but shy. His Lordship's cooking at Melton is, I am told, quite the cream of the thing; and it was not his fault that I did not have demonstration of it: but good wine needs no bush; and his conversation would give a *gout* to very humble fare. I understand he has been staying a good deal this season with Mr. Osbaldeston at Pitsford.

NIMROD.

ILSLEY COURSING MEETING.

TUESDAY, MARCH 4, 1828.

FOR the Cup and Goblet.—Mr. Ensworth's f. b. Eliza beat Mr. Goodlake's yel. b. Glance; Mr. Shipperry's f. b. Sally beat Mr. Long's blk. and wh. d. Lochinvar; Mr. Dundas's yel. d. Dreadnought beat Mr. Goodlake's f. b. Gainsay; Mr. Shipperry's blk. b. Sprite beat Mr. Ensworth's f. d. Ebor.

TIES FOR THE CUP.

Eliza beat Sally.

Sprite — Dreadnought.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Mr. Ensworth's Eliza beat Mr. Shipperry's Sprite, and won the Cup; Sprite won the Goblet.

Sally was winning her course cleverly, but a *Johnny Raw*, mounted on a black horse, rode over the hare and killed her; otherwise Mr. Shipperry would have won the Cup and Goblet, as Dreadnought was his property. The Meeting having been put off so late, owing to Ashdown Park and Deptford, very few members attended, and the hares were scarce. The Judges appointed to decide did not seem competent for the task they had undertaken, as one of the most ridiculous occurrences took place that was ever recorded in the annals of coursing. When Mr. Goodlake's Grammar ran his match with Mr. Ensworth's blk. b., Mr. Goodlake not being satisfied with the decisions for the Cup, requested Mr. Williams and Mr. Palmer, the Judges of the Ashdown Park Club, who happened to be in the field, to decide his course: they gave it very properly to Grammar. The other umpires, *not knowing this*, gave it in favour of Mr. Ensworth, which of course put the whole field in an uproar of laughter.

ON THE GAME LAWS.

A GAIN, Mr. Editor, are we in the midst of a Committee upon the old long-mooted question of the present system of the Game Laws. Since the Committee of the House of Commons, which sat upon this subject in 1816, there has been scarcely a Session in which the policy or impolicy of those laws has not been brought forward in some shape or another. Public attention has been called to the discussion; pamphlets have issued from the press; essays and reviews have multiplied; country gentlemen, magistrates, and sportsmen; men with land, and men without land, have written and talked upon the subject; and after all that has been said, and all that has been written upon it, we are still sailing in a sea of doubts and difficulties.

So unsettled is public opinion upon the various points involved in the consideration of it, that we

have, even at this late period of the investigation, to go back to the examination of first principles, and to argue upon the laws of Nature and the rights of man—for there are not wanting men, in the present enlightened and philosophical days, who would fain persuade us that the rights of man give to every individual (who has a double-barrelled gun to mount upon his shoulder) full power to start over the lands of every owner, noble, gentle, or simple; to strike into his preserves at his pleasure; and try his hand at every pheasant, in which he would have us believe that the laws of Nature give him a property in common with that owner.

Such opinions should be looked to before they have spread too far, and taken too strong hold of the prejudices of certain classes of society. They are indeed supported by individuals, from whose education and station in life such sentiments could scarcely have been expected.

Your old and highly-favored correspondent NIMROD seems to have given up the subject—not, however, before he had written with much ingenuity and at great length upon it. Indeed he has by his labours in some degree made the ground his own: and were he disposed to take up his gun again, I am too old a sportsman to wish to interfere with his beat. I fear, however, I must not be understood as concurring in all that he has written upon the question. There are many points upon which I should feel myself compelled to differ from him, high as I know his authority is with most of your readers on all sporting matters. The subject, however, seems to me to require farther consideration, in the present state of public feeling upon it. I take

some interest in the result, and have therefore given some attention to it; and I am much disposed to trouble you with my ideas upon the subject, should they appear to you worthy attention.

The question is not one of a very attractive nature; and I am fully conscious that I cannot throw into it half the life and spirit that it would acquire in the hands of NIMROD: at the same time I feel satisfied that it is one in which the land-owner and the sportsman cannot fail to take an interest. Thus much I may venture to promise your readers, that if I am not half so entertaining in the communication of my ideas as he would have been, at least it shall be my care not to detain them upon the subject half so long as he has already done.

My main object will be, to trace the right of property in game to its original source, and to fix that right upon its proper owner: to trace and fix in the same manner the right of pursuing game: to point out the parts of the present system of the laws upon the subject, which seem to require amendment: and to examine into the theory of the alterations supposed to be in contemplation, suggesting the probable practical results.

Amidst the variety of opinions which have been from time to time put forward by different writers, there seems to be one, and indeed scarcely more than one, upon which they all agree—that there are existing defects, and that those defects require to be remedied. Beyond that, little concurrence of opinion is to be found: and, indeed, the warmest advocate and supporter of “things as they are,” can scarcely refuse to admit, that there are practical inconveniences

and anomalies in its system at present recognized by law. From what causes the acknowledged evils spring, it is, in many instances, perhaps, scarcely less difficult to say, than it is in fact highly necessary to determine, before proper and judicious remedies can be applied.

When so many shades of dissension are apparent in the objections, it is not very easy to make any satisfactory arrangement of the objectors. Perhaps the different parties who cry out for more or less alteration in the system now established, cannot be more fairly divided than into the three following classes:—

The first consists of those who unhesitatingly demand the total abolition of all Legislative enactment in respect of game.

The second is formed of those who are not disposed to quarrel with the present state of the law in general respects, but who feel dissatisfied with the nature of the qualifications required, or, as they rather term them, the disqualifications created by it, in respect of the right to kill game.

The third and last is composed of a numerous and discordant body, who look upon the whole system as open to many objections; who consider that it tends to the demoralisation of the lower classes of society, and to a continual increase of crime. They propose various amendments to remedy the evils they contemplate: at the same time they acknowledge that there may be, and is, a species of property to be acquired in game, even whilst living, and wild in its nature.

I will first address myself to those who seek to abolish all Legislative regulation upon the matter. They tell us, that by the

laws of nature, all animals *feræ naturæ* are common property; that every one is therefore at full liberty to pursue them, when and where he pleases; and that possession alone can give an exclusive right of property in them to any individual. They argue, that all game comes under the general designation of "*animals feræ naturæ*;" and that therefore all have an equal right to pursue and kill game at their pleasure.

Now, on a subject on which almost every body considers himself at liberty to express his sentiments, and on which it is notorious that those sentiments are often put forward without much previous reflection or consideration—perhaps, too, without any very adequate means of forming a right judgment—it is not very surprising that arguments which appear plausible at first sight, but which will not bear investigation, should be met by answers apparently as plausible, but which will scarcely stand the test of more strict and close examination. Such is the case with the answer usually given to this claim of a general right to kill game. It is this:

Preserves are formed by purchasing the original stock of game; and continued, by breeding and feeding from that stock so acquired.

But, in fact, this reasoning is not very conclusive; indeed, until the question of purchase has been examined and settled, it is little more than what would be termed in the Schools a *petitio principii*.

However, such as the reasoning is, I do not know that I have heard or seen it put forward in better language, or in a stronger light, than in a contemporary periodical. *Blackwood*, in his Magazine for December last, has an article on the subject, which is

not without much merit; but in which he reasons thus:—"A man forms a part of his estate into a preserve, and buys, or hires men to procure him game with which to stock it. The game in this case possesses every quality that law and reason could require for making not only it, but all its offspring, the property of this individual. To argue that what a man buys or breeds, and maintains on his own grounds at a great expense, is no more his property than it is that of another, would be to strike at the foundations of all property. It matters not whether this be hares or pheasants, or sheep and oxen, &c. &c.—The preserved grounds in this country," he afterwards continues, "have been to a great extent stocked in this manner."

I certainly do not feel much disposed to admit that it is in this manner that preserves have in general been stocked. For the credit of those gentlemen who have in modern times formed preserves, I am unwilling to admit it; but supposing, for the sake of discussion, that the fact is so, let us look a little at the bearing of the argument founded upon such a supposition.

Now I will ask, what will your contemporary say to this? We will imagine that he is a little bit of a sportsman, likes his gallop now and then after the hounds, and, to enable him to indulge in this, keeps a valuable mare in his stable. We will suppose that a thief makes his appearance some night, (though I sincerely wish him a better fortune,) and carries off his favorite mare. Away rides the thief; and, when far from the scene of his plunder, contrives, in a quiet way, to dispose of the animal to some purchaser, who has a tolerably good notion of the manner in which she was ob-

tained, but yet does not hesitate to buy her. When your contemporary afterwards hears where his mare is, will he be disposed to sit down quietly, and leave the purchaser in peaceable possession of his purchase? Will he be prepared to admit a right of property in this same purchaser? *He* may keep the mare in his stable, I suspect, as long as he pleases, turn her out to grass when he likes, give her her regular feeds of corn every day, nay breed from her, if he thinks good; but after all, I imagine, he will never acquire a legal or a moral right to her in the eyes of your contemporary, let him feed, physic, or breed from her as he will.

So it is with preserves formed in the manner in which your contemporary supposes. We all know that their present prodigious numbers and vast extent have obtained their increased existence in very modern times. Indeed it seems to be to *the present day* that the whole tenor of your contemporary's argument upon this point is applied: and yet, as far back as in the reign of Henry the Eighth, all buying and selling of pheasants and partridges was prohibited by law; nor has there been, as I recollect, any period at which that prohibition has been removed. Now if it is to be understood that preserves are spoken of which were in existence before that reign, (as I cannot think to be the case,) then, as was said before, the argument deduced from the supposed fact of purchase is of little use until the right of purchase has been settled. But if on the contrary, and as I believe to be the fact, preserves are meant which have been formed since that period, let me ask this: When the owner of the land was thus forming his preserve, from whom did he "purchase this ori-

ginal stock of game?" Or, "what men did he so hire to procure it?" No man had any legal right to sell it; none had any legal means of procuring it. Either mediately or immediately, therefore, the purchased stock must have come from poachers. He who pretended to sell had no legal property to part with: he who affected to buy knew that he bought nothing to which the law recognised any right. He might feed his stock so acquired; he might breed from it, as he pleased; but, after all, how does the case of the birds differ from the case of the stolen mare? The source of acquiring a supposed property was, in either case, much alike, and alike impure.

Where then are "all the qualities" so vauntingly put forward, "which law and reason are said to require to constitute property?" And yet this course of argument is followed up by your contemporary, with a sort of lecture on the disregard to moral principles exhibited in modern days by the public press upon this subject; and a call upon that press to inculcate purer principles of morality, and a stricter regard to the rights of property.

But I must not forget my own purpose, in following the lucubrations of another; though, in truth, a weak defence, is almost worse than none:

"Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis
Causa eget."

What then is it, your readers will ask, which I mean to contend for? Do I mean to say that there can be no property in game? Far otherwise: but I feel that that property, in order to substantiate its existence, ought to be traced to some better and purer source, some origin more agreeable both to reason and to law, than the

one which I have been examining. It appears to me that it may be so traced: but it is necessary to go a little farther back in order to do so. We must ascertain a right of property in those who professed to sell the living stock from which to breed, even though there had been no Legislative restriction against the sale. This, indeed, has been taken for granted by your contemporary; but it is in fact the main point in dispute.

It seems agreeable to nature and to reason to trace back the source of all property to occupancy. The earth, and its spontaneous produce when mankind first appeared upon its stage, presents itself to our minds in no other light than as the common property of all. In those days, he who first possessed himself of an unoccupied portion of it acquired a property in that portion. The wants of man were then few. The shade of the tree afforded him shelter, whilst its fruit supplied him with food. The ground upon which he reposed, and the tree from which he fed, were his property whilst he occupied them. But at first the ownership was confined to the mere use: when he rose and quitted the actual occupation, that ownership ceased. The earth was to him what the theatre was to the Roman spectator, as Cicero in his expressive illustration of the idea tells us—*Cum commune sit, rectè tamen dici potest, ejus esse cum locum quem quisque occuparit.*

By degrees, as the wants of man increased, and his means of supplying them multiplied, he improved; he cultivated; he built his rude shed upon the portion of ground which he had so occupied; and general expediency soon led to the recognition of a more permanent title: he acquired a property in

the substance of that land which he had so identified as his own.

To the same source must be traced all property in those creatures, *feræ naturæ*, which pass under the general designation of game. He who first possessed himself of them acquired a property in them. Such is the law of Nature, as laid down by all writers on the subject; and reason appears to recognise its propriety.

Were we to stop here, it would seem to follow that all men had the same *natural* right to pursue game every where—for it is to be remembered, that, although the portion of ground first acquired by occupation might be identified by that very occupation as private property, game, so long as it continued living and wild in its nature and habits, admitted of no such identification. It could not be made, in that state, the property of any individual; and "*quod nullius est, naturale ratione, occupanti conceditur.*" Let us examine this a little.

There are writers who have in this stage of the discussion put forward certain doctrines, not perhaps very intelligible, about appropriation of property to *classes of individuals*. The author of a pamphlet, intitled "*Observations on the Game Laws, &c.*" tells us, that, "In opposition to the principles of those laws, it may be alleged that by the law of Nature all persons have alike the right of killing wild animals, of which those laws divest them. And before any distinctions of property arose, this would necessarily be the case, unless claimed by some one who had sufficient strength to maintain his superior title. But the same may be said with equal justice of every description of real or personal possessions. The social compact is

supported only by the sacrifice of smaller rights, for the protection of those which are of higher importance. Every class of individual property is secured only to its owner by the existence of those laws which he is required to obey. And, therefore, the principle, which denies the right of appropriating particular animals to certain classes of society, would equally prove the tyranny of appropriating the soil. The latter, indeed, is a right of earlier date, and arising more immediately from the necessities of mankind; but it is no more inherent in particular individuals, by any dispensation of Nature, than the liberty of destroying game."

In arguing from first principles, in order to trace the origin of a right, it is rather incongruous to talk of a title which can be supported in no better manner than by the plea of superiority of mere strength. As little dependency is there to be placed on the notion of any original or early appropriation of property to any particular class of individuals. It has been already shewn, that the soil was originally the property of him who first occupied and cultivated it. By his occupation and cultivation he made it his own; but he made it his own as an individual, and not as a member of any particular class. As well might it be said that the privilege of adorning the person in all the habiliments of modern dandyism was confined to a particular class of individuals. No! the trades of the tailor and the boot-maker, the hatter and the mercer, are open to all alike, subject only to certain municipal regulations, which may at first sight appear to affect the argument, but which in reality do not touch it, and which may vary in different places. When a number of sepa-

rate and unconnected individuals have attached themselves to any particular trade, they may, as such, be spoken of, in common parlance, as a class; but it is not because they are members of a class that they are permitted to practise the trade, but because they all practise the trade that they are termed a class.

So it is in respect of land. When a number of individuals, separate and distinct from each other, have made themselves the owners of certain quantities of land, from that very circumstance they become a class. But it is a fallacy to say that the land was appropriated to them because they were members of a class. On the contrary, they first became a class, merely because they had procured or effected an appropriation to themselves, as individuals, of the land.

When the soil had been identified, in the manner before pointed out, as the property, not of a class of individuals, but of an individual, it necessarily became capable of being made the subject of transfer: and thus has a title to it descended, subject only to the interruption of accident, from age to age, and from man to man.

The same principle must be applied to animals *feræ naturæ*. Acquire a property in them, and the same rights will follow as in the case of land. But hitherto we have seen only a right of property acquired by actual possession: nor have we traced any restrictions to the right of every one to pursue his course, in whatever direction, and over whatever ground, he pleased.

But, as land began to be acquired in an extended degree, and cultivation and building rendered it more valuable, it became necessary

for the owners to guard against the boundary fences being broken down, the springing seeds trampled upon, or the growing plants torn up, by the wanton or even innocent intrusion of others. Reason, therefore, suggested the propriety of preserving the possession in the most exclusive form, and protecting it from every possible trespass: and it became a necessary rule, that none but the actual owner should be at liberty to come upon the particular land. It followed as a consequence, that the universality, if it may so termed, of the right to pursue game became limited in regard to place. Let us see how the respective rights of individuals, as to land and game, then stood.

We will suppose A to have been the owner of a certain portion of land, on which there was game; B to have had no land whatever. Under these circumstances, A had precisely the same abstract right to kill game that B had: but A had farther a right to come upon the particular portion of ground where the game was; whilst B had no such right. A, therefore, had a right to pursue and kill game upon that ground, whilst no other person (for B for the purpose of this argument represents all the rest of the world) had any such right. It follows, as a natural and easy consequence, that A had a species of property in the game on his land, so long as it continued there. He had not an absolute property; for so long as it remained alive, and wild in its nature and habits, it might fly away from his land. Indeed it has been seen, that, to acquire an absolute property in anything, occupancy is required; in other words, and in the case of birds, it is requisite to obtain possession by

catching and taming, or by killing. But he had a qualified species of property resulting from the nature of the subject—a property so long as the game remained upon his land. This the lawyers call a property *ratione soli*.

Thus then have I, as it appears to me, traced, and I hope satisfactorily, the existence of property in game according to the laws of Nature and of reason. The principles so laid down will be seen to have prevailed in the laws of our own country, in the earliest times to which we can now trace them. As far back as in the days of Canute, we find the right to pursue game recognized as existing in every individual; but we find it subjected to the necessary restriction, which confined the pursuer

to his own grounds. "*Præterea autem concedo*:"—(I quote from the laws of Canute, according to the Latin translation, sanctioned by Sir Edward Coke in the Fourth Part of his *Institutes of the Laws of England*, page 320:)—"*ut in propriis ipsius prædiis quisque, tam in agris quam in sylvis, excitet agitetque feras; autem meas ne venetur, cum pœnâ præcipio*."

In my next communication I shall proceed to shew that this property continued to be recognised by the law of the land, until interfered with by Legislative enactment; and shall probably touch upon qualifications. At present I will conclude, lest I weary your readers, and occupy the space dedicated to more amusing matter.

Yours, &c. No POACHER.

MEMORANDA CANTABRIGIENSIA.—No. II.

SIR,

MANY a morning have I passed in the inspection of the various livery stables in Cambridge; and not only is it an agreeable lounge, but much information is to be acquired by the examination of so many and such good horses as are always to be found there. In nothing do we so far surpass our Oxford friends as in the excellence of our hacks. Jordan's and Baxter's stalls were full of horses, scarcely one of which was to be had under "three figures:" and of course such valuable nags were not hawked about for the sake of the two guineas of every fool who met the Gransden at Two Pot House.

Ben Jordan knew his men pretty well whom he could trust*, and

who would do justice to his cattle, and acted accordingly. In my opinion, however, Baxter beat him in hunting condition; as the horses of the former were generally too high in flesh, and more fit for sale than for hiring. Browning, at Barnwell, also had some very valuable horses, as I can say from experience. I have now in my stable one which came from his yard, who is now nineteen years old—"that he is old, the more is the pity"—and who has carried me twenty-three times during this season†. (I write on March 6.)

The other stables—except those of the two Rawlins's, who had a capital screw or two, as any one will say who has seen my friend

* Jordan used to hunt a good deal himself, and his son was a very hard rider. I remember, with Sir George Leeds's hounds, seeing a youth larking, and asked Jordan (who was near me) "if he knew who it was?" Ben's reply was peculiarly laconic: "I ought—I got him."

† N. B. I summer all my horses in the stable.

Hurt shove them along—were chiefly filled with light-carcased, half-bred, quick-going hackneys, several exhibiting the Devonshire Arms in full emblazonry; upon which might be seen aspirant Senior Ops' and embryo Wranglers, black-gaitered, seedy, and "unkempt," taking the air for one hour by Shrewsbury clock, at the very best pace along the Trumpington road—having diligently searched for and secured the roughest trotter upon which Euclid and Commons might be most effectually digested.

As such excellent hunters were to be hired, it is not to be wondered at that our sporting men had not such large studs as are kept at Oxford: indeed, I recollect but few men who went farther than to fill a three-stall, and two hunters was the general allowance. It is, moreover, no less strange than true, that the setters of the field were generally mounted from livery stables. Whence this arose—whether from comparative recklessness of injuring a hack hunter, or whether indeed from their real superiority—I cannot say: I only know that such was *generally* the case.

During the first part of my residence at the University, by far the best rider and sportsman of the day, and who I see with pleasure has not disappointed the expectations entertained by every one who then saw him, was sent forth by Westminster in the person of John Bower. I hear his performance in the North is of a very superior grade, and I fully believe it. He may be added as one more example, and as a decided proof of the assertion, *that a feather is not the weight to lead across a country*. I could bring many more names, if any additional proof were wanting, that weight, unless in an immode-

rate degree, does not stop a man in hunting. For instance, Mr. White, Lord Bantry's second son, was quite a front-rank man; and, on an extraordinary old Irish mare with a "peacock" tail, saw as much of hounds as any man in the field, and often used to take, aye and keep the lead, sorely against the will of many of us. The Scarlet Club turned out some very good men, chiefly from Eton. I was not a member of this Club; but I have lived a great deal with its constituents; and in justice must say that it by far excelled, in the splendour of its entertainments and in the general sporting reputation of its members, any other Club in Cambridge. The evening dress—a scarlet coat, white waistcoat and breeches—gave an air of peculiar gaiety to a room, and the Hoop was at their meetings the scene of infinite jollity and good company. The Beef Steak, the Yorkshire, the True Blue, the Eton, and the Westminster, were the other chief Clubs. The "Owls," the great merit of which society was *never* to go to bed till day-light, was the invention of some worthies after my time, with several other "Smokes," &c. which I trust are knocked up long ere now, as by no means tending to support or improve the reputation of gentlemen, to which the *best* set of Cambridge men have so good a title.

Cambridge of course sent out some capital amateur coachmen. One of the neatest light ones, however, that I remember, was not one of us, but from the Sister University, and only took his *whip* degree from our bench. This was Sir St. Vincent Cotton, the only man whom I ever saw work the *Times* the whole way from Cambridge to town: and, rely upon it, Mitchell and Edwards, one of whom saw

the start from the Eagle yard, and the other from Chesterford, knew pretty well what sort of a coachman had hold of their nags; for they were too good judges to run any risks. By the bye, Sir St. Vincent has been one of the most unlucky men I ever knew in meeting with accidents, and those pretty severe ones. While I was at Cambridge one of his horses put a foot in his mouth and demolished a considerable portion of the dining room furniture; he was next floored from Mr. Wombwell's drag, and very much hurt by falling upon some iron spikes; and this very day I read an account of his being seriously wounded in some street mob in Lisbon, where his regiment (the Tenth Hussars) is at present quartered. Stevenson, as is well known, is now gone into the *regulares*—and sundry others are converted to graver pursuits and professions, which forbid their being shewn up in the pages of the *Sporting Magazine*.

Most of the shooting round Cambridge was nothing less than decided and unequivocal poaching. The Trumpington and Ditton manors were most infested by our unlicensed depredators; generally with no other qualification forthcoming than that which was furnished by a gun, a pointer, and a light pair of heels upon the appearance of a keeper. Nor were Bottisham, and the well-stocked turnip fields of the worthy Master and Fellows of Downing*, exempt from an occasional visit. Madingley was pretty safe. Most of the *élite* were acquainted with the worthy Baronet, its owner, and of course were in honour bound not to trespass; and for those who were not so particular, there was generally a watch set proportionable to the

quantity of game known to be contained on the estate, and which *chassait* the intruders before much mischief was done. Whittlesea Mere I never visited, nor do I know any thing of the sport it affords, except from hearsay; and as I never retail aught but *quorum pars fui, quæque ipse vidi*, all that has come to my knowledge of this far-famed resort of the pupils of Colonel Hawker in the art of wild-fowl shooting, is contained in a simple ballad, commencing

“ Did never you hear of a fat Auctioneer?

* * * *

So he goes twice a year to Whittlesea Mere.” K. T. L.

All your Cambridge readers will, I am sure, remember this pleasing canzonet, and its hero.

When bad weather hindered our out-of-door amusements, my friend Harry Angelo's room was a great attraction: he had some excellent fencers in his school in 1823-4. Morris, Crole, Scarlett, and some half-dozen more, generally had a match with either foils or sticks, and were all very good swordsmen. But Angelo himself—his grace—his strength—his eye and hand—his rapidity—his steadiness: my good reader, fill up this *ἀπορίων* as may best suit your fancy, believing me, that you cannot picture to yourself too brilliant an idea of this phoenix of modern gladiators.

Then for sparring, you might amuse yourself for half an hour with Bill Eales, who would give you a rehearsal which might be put in practice on any evening you chose, if you took a stroll over the Market Hill after dark, which was the usual “*Champ de Mars*” for those Quixotes, who, with more wine than wisdom in their heads, were sure to find some townsman

* Quay was a manor upon which a good deal of poaching was done.

—*reynolds* “Snob”—equally fond of and ready for a *mill* as themselves. On one occasion (I think it must have been in my freshman’s term) I was returning from a neighbouring town on the evening of the day upon which the late Queen Caroline’s trial had terminated, and when I arrived in Cambridge at about seven o’clock in the evening, I was sure that a *row* was on foot. Partics of five or six, both “gown” and “town,” were parading abreast, with the peculiar and not-to-be-mistaken air which provokes a fight, each in hopes of the opposite party commencing aggression. Down which-ever street you cast your eye, fresh detachments of this sort were pouring toward the Market Place, which seemed by mutual tacit consent to be fixed upon by both parties as the “trysting place.” I, of course, hooked on to a line of my friends who were bound thither, and on our arrival all was ripe for riot. Shop-shutters were closed—heads peeped out of upper windows for a moment—feet shuffled thicker and thicker along the muddy pavement—“Cavaliers and Roundheads” eyed each other as if measuring the strength of a future opponent—Proctors and Bull-dogs, Deans, Tutors, and Big-wigs, all in motion—and “name and College” instantly demanded of any one who shewed any symptom of disorderly conduct. Presently lights were exhibited in the *Safety* coach-office, which were immediately saluted with a rattling volley of coppers; and the *Safety* coming in at the same moment, decorated with laurels, favours, and a key bugle, was stopped and stripped of its ornaments “*vi et armis*.” A rush took place, and “town” was borne up the narrow street in which Simeon’s church stands (I forget

its name), by a capital front rank of “tassells,” thrust on by hundreds more, all eager for a “slap at a snob.” The Proctors had headed us here, and the tide rolled back to the Market Place. Here, in the centre of a ring, I found a friend of mine—a spare-lengthy-wiry ten stone man, a hard rider, a quick sparrer, and the best oar on the river—his coat and gown torn short off between the shoulders, his cap tied under his chin by a broad black riband, which made his pale face and bright eye look more pale and more bright than common, manœuvring his man under a lamp, and, whenever favored by the reflection of the light, banging “one two” into his face (a pretty broad one), and with the most dismal effect. Four fair rounds did this straw-yard savage fight; at the end of which, in consequence of making an experiment between the “power of resistance” in the back of his head, and an iron area railing, he was put *kors du combat*, and a Don arriving, the ring was broken, and another general *mêlée* occurred.

“Those who in quarrels interpose,
Will often wipe a bloody nose.”

I saw the Big-wig in danger, and screaming “gown, gown,” most lustily, I charged the man nearest him as best I might. Mr. ——— turned round, caught me by the collar, “name and Colleged” me, and desired me to call upon him next morning. I never went: and whether he forgot me, or was ashamed of his treatment, I know and care not. Thank God, he got an infernal black eye during the night’s amusements! Thus passed four or five hours until the College gates were locked; by which time the scene of action was pretty well cleared of “snobs;” but some unhappy men of our

College, who stayed out too late, were caught,

run him to earth under a root, and for the life of me I cannot dig him."

"From help too far,
Before them walls, around them war,"
and mauled most desperately. I never shall forget, in the general charge, the number of poor devils who were run over in our advance, and who must have been regularly M'Adamized, in the most approved acceptance of the word.

New Steyne, Brighton, March 6.

My hunting and Newmarket notices must be reserved for another Number: and before I conclude my Memoranda, I hope to conduct you through most that is worth seeing from "matriculation" to "degrees:" the latter of which afford much fun to the audience, and (when they are over) to the actors also; although four books of Euclid, arithmetic, algebra, and Paley, sound awful in the ears of one, who for three years has been suspected, tried, and found guilty of such academical enormities as have been attributed to some of us! By the bye, a very good fellow (C—H—) was strapping away in the Senate House at an equation, when one of the Examining Masters, who knew him well, asked, "Well, Mr. H—, how do you get on?" It was very near "woo-hoop" with poor C—; but still he shewed the "reigning passion strong in death."—"Why, Sir," says C—, "I work *x* pretty well when I get him in the open; but I have just

P. S. I trust, from what I have said above, no imputation may be laid upon me, of decrying reading men, sound mathematicians, and those who doubtless turned their three probationary years of Cambridge life to better account than myself. Such a charge I feel that I neither willingly incur nor deserve. Coming (as I did) from a public school, where mathematics and every branch pertaining to them are very lightly treated, and almost laughed at; and associating, from my first introduction to the University, with men who made it more a place for amusement, than one which was to afford them academical honours or emolument, I entered into their pursuits with the ardour natural to nineteen years of age: and from the day on which I first made my bow to my large-whiskered tutor, until that on which I sported a pair of bands both on my own neck and on that of my black spaniel, as I left the Senate House, I look back with pleasure to those years, which, in the opinion of some, I may have wasted; but which, in my own judgment, shewed me far more of life and human nature, than a triennial sojourn in any other situation could have opened.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Chase.

IT will be seen by a letter from our valuable correspondent VENATOR, (see page 375 of this Number,) that His Majesty not only patronises fox-hunting, but has commanded that *no more foxes shall be killed on the Royal domain*. We had heard that the

hounds hunting the country of which Windsor Forest forms a part were on the point of being given up, in consequence of the number of foxes massacred by game-preservers; but that since the King has patronised the sport, they are to be continued, in the hope that the Royal example will

be followed in the immediate neighbourhood of the Hunt—and, we add, throughout the kingdom.

We understand an excellent pack of harriers, consisting of fourteen couples, which have been kept for some years about twenty miles from London, are to be disposed of, and that the country will be open to any Gentleman who may be inclined to take it. For reference to the Proprietor, apply at the Office of the *Sporting Magazine*, 18, Warwick-square.

SIR—Whilst out with our hounds (Linlithgowshire) a fortnight ago, a curious circumstance took place. The hounds were drawing a small covert of my brother scribe, SCOTII BARTANNICUS, when a good many pheasants being sprung, a cock flew foul of a fine hen, with such violence as to fell her to the earth, stunned with the blow, and she was in a few minutes after snug in the great-coat pocket of, yours, &c. VAGUS.

The Turf.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

Newmarket Craven Meeting.—Monday: The Duke of Grafton's Brother to Carbonaro, 8st. 7lb. agst Lord G. H. Cavendish's f. by Godolphin, 8st. 3lb. 500 sovs. 300 ft.; the Duke of Grafton's Lancastrian agst Mr. Payne's Oppidan, 8st. 7lb. each, 200, h. ft.; Lord Wharcliffe's Carthusian agst Mr. Udney's c. by Partisan, 8st. 4lb. each, 200, h. ft.—Tuesday: Lord Anson's c. by Merlin, 8st. 7lb. agst Lord Verulam's f. by Whalebone, 8st. 3lb. 300, h. ft.; Mr. Udney's f. by Partisan, 8st. 1lb. agst Mr. Irby's Toso, 7st. 13lb. 200, h. ft.—Lord Wharcliffe's Matilda, 8st. 8lb. agst Mr. Udney's f. by Partisan, 8st. 200, h. ft. off by consent.—Wednesday: the Duke of Grafton's Legend, 8st. 3lb. agst Mr. Thornhill's Mariner, 8st. 7lb. 200, h. ft.—Thursday: the Duke of Grafton's c. Segar, agst the Duke of Rutland's c. by Andrew, 8st. 4lb. each, 100, h. ft.

Newmarket First Spring Meeting.—Friday: Lord Verulam's Brocard agst Mr. Forth's Translation, 8st. 3lb. each, R. M. 100, h. ft.

Newmarket Second October Meeting.—Thursday: Lord Tavistock's b. c. by Tiresias, out of The Governess, agst Gen. Grosvenor's ch. c. by Phantom, out of Moonshine, T. Y. C. 50.

The entry for the Gold Cup at Ascot, to be run the third day in the First Meeting, exceeds all former years in the character of the horses. It stands thus:—

Lord Verulam's Brocard, 4 yrs.
Mr. Delmè Radcliffe's (His Majesty's) b. m. Fleur-de-Lis, 6 yrs.
Mr. Delmè Radcliffe's (His Majesty's) Mortgage, 6 yrs.
Mr. Gully's Mameluke, 6 yrs.
Marquis of Cleveland's Memnon, 6 yrs.
—— Nonplus, 4 yrs.
Lord G. H. Cavendish's ro. c. Rapid Rhone (Espagnolle), 4 yrs.
—— b. c. Amphion, by Partisan, out of Antiope, 4 yrs.
Mr. Scott Stonehewer's Souvenir, 4 yrs.
Sir R. K. Dick's Bobadilla, 3 yrs.
Mr. Wyndham's Chateau Margaux, 6 yrs.
Mr. Payne's Shakspeare, 5 yrs.

Clinker and Radical, the two horses rode by Capt. Ross and Mr. Douglas in the great Leicestershire steeplechase on the 31st of March 1826, are again matched; the former to be rode by Mr. White, and the latter by a Gentleman from Ireland.

Mr. Giffard has purchased the bl. c. Othello of Mr. Dilly; Mr. Molony, Upas by Abjer, of Mr. G. Edwards; and Mr. W. Chifney, Zinganee by Tramp, of Lord Exeter.

Mr. Hunter's Lutzen is sold to go to France, and Dandelion to Mr. Bacon.

Rufus has been shipped for India by the East India Company.

Died at Preston, the 10th March, of inflammation in the brain, Antonio, winner of the Leger in 1819. He was bred by Mr. Ferguson, of Catterick Bridge, (got by Octavian, out of an Evander mare,) from whom he was purchased immediately after the above race by J. Clifton, Esq. of Lytham Hall, at the price of 1000ga., who refused 2500 for him.

STALLIONS.

GAMECOCK, at Whittlesford, near Cambridge, at 3 sovs. and 5s.:—by Giles, out of Rosabella by Whiskey. Gamecock is a bay horse, 15 hands 2 inches high, with strength and bone superior to most, and equal to any

thorough-bred horse in the kingdom ; but, in consequence of one of his fore-feet being much injured when only a fortnight old, he never was put in training.

6. **BUNBURY**, at Hinxton, between Bournbridge and Chesterford, at 3 sovs.:—by Williamson's Ditto, dam by Stamford, grandam by Highflyer, out of Flora, by Squirrel.

22. **CLINKER**, at Barnoldby-le-beck, near Great Grimsby, Lincolnshire, blood mares at 5gs.; country ditto at 2gs. and a half:—by Sir Peter, out of Hyale (Anticipation's dam), by Phenomenon; grandam Rally, by Trumpator, out of Fancy, Sister to Diomed, by Florizel.—Clinker is nearly the only son of Sir Peter living, and is uncommonly fresh.

13. **MANDEVILLE**, at the same place as Clinker, blood mares at 3gs. and 5s.; country ditto, at 1g. and 5s.:—by Young Woodpecker, out of Platina (great grandam of Matilda), by Mercury (Son of Eclipse), grandam by Herod—Young Hag, by Skim.

Courting.

Newmarket.—The Spring Meeting, though not so numerously attended by Members as the one in November, was still highly respectable. The Duke of Gordon, Lord Stradbroke, Mr. Rust, Mr. Scott Stonehewer, Mr. Hoskins, and several other Gentlemen of sporting celebrity, were present on each of the four days; and though there was a great scarcity of hares, particularly on the third day, the sport was on the whole good.—The Cup was won by Mr. Redhead's f. b. Lynx beating in the deciding course Mr. Rust's r. d. Bustle.—The Newmarket Sweepstakes for Puppies was won by Mr. Kelly's r. b. Quince beating Duke of Gordon's bl. b. Venture; the Newmarket Sweepstakes for Aged Dogs, by Duke of Gordon's f. b. Vesta beating Mr. S. Stonehewer's brin. d. Ivanhoe; the Chippenham, for Puppies, by Mr. Hoskins's r. d. Master Henry beating Lord Stradbroke's blk. b. Mouse; and the Allington by Mr. Golding's r. d. Xanthus beating Mr. Purser's brin. d. Premier.—Eleven matches

were run the first day in Chippenham Field; nineteen the second day, in Cheveley Field; twelve on the third day, at Allington Hill; and eleven the last day, in Chippenham Field.—During a match between Mr. Edwards's blk. and w. b. Zitella (the winner of the November Cup) and Mr. Redhead's r. b. Lively, the former broke her leg.

Malton.—The Cup was won by Sir J. Johnstone's wh. d. Vizier beating Lord Macdonald's bl. d. Brutus.—A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. for Puppies, run in Classes on Tuesday and Thursday, was won by Mr. Best's r. and wh. d. Moslem beating Sir B. R. Graham's r. and wh. b. Thetis; a ditto for Aged Dogs, First Class, run same days, by Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Pelter beating Mr. Best's blk. b. Reagan; a ditto, Second Class, by Sir B. R. Graham's blk. and wh. d. Mercury beating Lord Macdonald's bl. ticked b. Finesse.—Two Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each were run in classes on Wednesday and Friday; the First Class won by Mr. Swann's r. d. Miller beating Mr. Best's wh. p. b. Modish; and the Second Class by Lord Macdonald's bl. p. b. Maiden—Sir B. R. Graham's w. b. Mayflower drawn, having been lamed.—Thirty-four matches were run during the four days of the meeting.

Barton-upon-Humber.—This Meeting was numerously attended, and the sport in general excellent. The great stoutness of the hares afforded some unusually fine runs.—The Cup was won by Mr. Everett's blk. and wh. d. I-win-it beating Mr. Healey's cream-col. b. Lady.—The Appleby Carr Stakes were divided between Mr. West's r. b. Venus and Mr. Richardson's brin. d. Milton, having run a long course which was undecided by the Judge.—The Compulsion Stakes were also divided between Mr. Maniss's blk. b. Fly and Mr. S. Egginton's blk. and w. b. Venus, after an unprecedented long course, undecided.—The Puppy Stakes were carried off by Mr. J. Green's wh. d. Cliff beating Mr. Wrigglesworth's blk. b. Fan.—Five matches concluded the Meeting.

Derbyshire.—This Meeting took

place at Sudbury February 26, and two following days. The sport was excellent, and, in addition to the Stakes, sixty-two matches were run.—The Cup was won by Mr. Smith's Negress beating Mr. Calvert's Margaret, who won the Goblet.—The Puppy Cup was won by Mr. Crockett's f. and wh. b. beating Mr. Burgess's Brutus, who carried off the Goblet.—The Vernon Stakes was won by Mr. Worthington's Nelson; the Bye, by Mr. Hassall's Hecuba; the First Class Sudbury Stakes by Mr. Nixon's Matilda; the Second Class, by Mr. Vernon's Venus; the Third Class, by Mr. Birch's Eagle; and the Great Doveridge Stakes, by Mr. Crockett's Roseberry—Mr. Hassall's Harpalyse receiving back his stake.—Sixty-one matches were run in the three days of the meeting, and the hares being remarkably stout afforded an excellent treat to the amateurs.

Ashdown Park.—Lord Molyneux's r. and wh. d. Milo beat Mr. Biggs's f. d. Belzoni, and won the Cup in a very satisfactory manner after a course of nearly two miles.—Milo was got by Medlar, a son of Leveller, who with his sister (afterwards Mr. Hoskins's r. b. Harebell) were sent by Captain Lidderdale, when puppies, to his friend Mr. John Bellyse, Audlem, Cheshire: they were got by Tom, out of a daughter of Prince, son of the celebrated dog Champion.—The First Class of Craven Stakes was won by Colonel Newport's wh. d. Nemeon beating Mr. Pettatt's blk. b. Prate; the Second Class, by Lord Molyneux's brin. d. Merlin beating Mr. C. Long's blk. b. Lustre; the Ashdown Stakes, First Class, by Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Emerald beating Mr. Capel's blk. b. Josephine; the Second Class, by Colonel Newport's wh. b. Niagara beating Mr. Browne's wh. d. Brontes; the First Class of the Lambourn Stakes, by Mr. Cripps's blk. d. Calaban beating Mr. Browne's blk. d. Barsac; the Second Class, by Mr. Pettatt's blk. b. Pucella beating Mr. E. Cripps's bl. b. Eglantine; and the Third Class, by Mr. Capel's r. d. Iachimo beating Mr. Goodlake's blk. d. Galloway—the latter carrying two ounces of shot according to agreement.

Seventeen matches were run during the meeting; at the conclusion of which the following Resolutions were entered into.—RESOLVED UNANIMOUSLY, That the Sweepstakes in November be denominated *the Derby and Oaks*: the Derby Stakes to consist of Dog Puppies, and the Oaks of Bitch Puppies, with the same qualifications as those puppies which formerly ran for the Puppy Cup. The Stakes to be a subscription of 3 sovs.; and the owner of the losing dog of the main course to receive 5l. out of the stakes.—It was also RESOLVED, that the November Cup be for All-aged Greyhounds.

Lustre, the winner of the Cup at the Union Deptford Meeting, (see p. 382,) was bred by Capt. Holmes, of Hanney, Berks, got by his dog Hector (son of the celebrated dog Champion), or by Williams's Whisker; but from the strong likeness to the Champion family there is little doubt but that Hector is the sire—her dam, Mr. West's Tiney, by Mr. Goodlake's Gelart, out of Capt. Lidderdale's Tulip by Champion, out of his bitch Zone, by Mr. Wilkinson's Zug, out of Colonel Lovelace's Mary, by Colonel Mellish's Atlas (son of Old Snowball), out of Colonel Lovelace's Puss.

STALLION GREYHOUNDS.

SENATOR (late Mr. Shipperry's), the property of Capt. Lidderdale, at Hungerford, Berks, at 3gs. He was got by Mr. Browne's Brutus (sire of the celebrated dog Boxer), out of Mr. Shipperry's Shilleta, by Sovereign (own Brother to the speedy bitch Goldenlocks), out of Springflower, by Mr. Edward Cripps's Champion (Brother to Calypso, the dam of Eleanor, that bred Emerald and Elegant), out of Snowdrop (winner of the Bowers Cup), by Capt. Lidderdale's Champion, out of Buff, by Lord Rivers's Rolla, &c.—Senator won the Cup at the Bowers, December 1, 1826, and is very nearly related to Lustre that won the Union Deptford Gold Cup.

SNAIL, at Mr. Shipperry's, Childney, near Wantage, Berks, at 3gs. He was got by Gas (Brother to the celebrated bitch Goldenlocks), out of Toovey's Trimmer by Waterloo (Son

of Capt. Lidderdale's Champion), out of Tomkins's Lively, &c. &c.—Snail won the Beaconhill Cup, and, in the name of Mr. Hains's Hannibal, the Cup at Ilsley, November 22, 1826.

RACER, at Mr. Roote's, Cottesford, near Bicester, Oxon, at 3gs. He was got by Capt. Lidderdale's Champion (and the last son he got), out of Darling, by White Parson's Duke, out of Mr. J. Day's celebrated bitch Spite, by the famous Essex dog, Miller.—Racer won several matches at Ashdown Park, Deptford, &c. The blood of this dog is now very valuable, by Lustre winning the Union Gold Cup at Deptford.

SNOWBALL, at Whittlesford, near Cambridge, at 3 sovs. He is an immensely powerful white dog, by Mr. Wilkinson's Climax, out of Mr. W. Rawling's bl. and wh. b. Fly, and is estimated to have run (in seven seasons) nearly three hundred courses, and never had but two decided against him, and one of those so short as scarcely to be considered a course.

COCKING.

A great annual main between Norfolk (Nash feeder), and Gloucestershire (Cook feeder), for 10 sovs. a battle, and 500 the main, commenced on the 10th March at the new Royal Cock-pit, Milbank, and continued during the week. Norfolk won by two battles, as under:—

NORFOLK.		GLOUCESTER.	
Monday	3	2
Tuesday	2	3
Wednesday	4	1
Thursday	2	3
Friday	2	4
Saturday	4	2
Total	17		15

During Stamford races, which commence the 16th of July, there will be a regular main of Cocks fought between Gloucestershire and Nottinghamshire (Weightman feeder), and Lincolnshire and Norfolk (Fleming feeder), for 10gs. a battle and 200 the main.

A grand main of three double days' play of cocks will be fought at the new Royal Cock-pit, Westminster, to commence the 14th inst. (April), for 10 sovs. the battle and 200 the main,

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between Staffordshire (Partridge and Potter feeders), and Hampshire (Ryder feeder).

A grand main of cocks, for 10 sovs. a battle, and 1000 sovs. the main, will be fought at the ensuing York Spring Meeting, in the new pit, between Sir Bellingham Graham and Mr. H. Wormald.

PATENT SHOT CARTRIDGES.

SIR—Having had many inquiries as to where the newly-invented shot cartridges may be purchased, of which you gave an account in your last Number, page 355, I will thank you to inform your numerous friends and subscribers, that I can furnish them with any quantity at 2s. per dozen. A wadding must be sent of the size of the bore. I have given them a fair trial, and they are highly approved, particularly for long distances, by several first-rate shots—as they will kill full twenty yards farther than with the common charge.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.—J. LANG.—*Gun and Pistol Repository, Shooting Gallery, &c. No. 7, Haymarket.*

Duglism.

Brown, the Bridgnorth hero, and Phil. Sampson, contend the 8th of this month (April), 250l. a-side, half way between Birmingham and Bridgnorth.—The stakes are made good.

A match is made between Jem Ward and Jack Carter, for 50l. a-side, to come off the 27th of May. Jem's condescension in entering the Ring for so small a stake has raised him many friends, and shews his willingness to support his high pretensions against all competitors.

Ned Neal and Whiteheaded Bob.—The stakes for this great match were made good on the 5th of March, when a strong muster of the Fancy assembled at Harry Holt's. Both of the men were present; and Bob urged that the 21st of April (the day to which the battle was postponed in consequence of the dilemma in which he was placed by the Leicester squabble) was the first day of the Newmarket Spring Meeting; and as this might prevent many of his backers, Members of the Turf, from being

present, it was desirable to put off the fight till the following Tuesday. Ned immediately acceded to the proposal, on condition that he should name the place of meeting, which Bob at once agreed to. The battle therefore is now fixed for the 29th of April.—Ned is in training at Portsmouth and Bob at Staines.

SPORTING OBITUARY.

- That all-powerful pugilist, DEATH, to whose prowess all mortals must knock under, whether old or young, rich or poor; whose insatiate maw is never satisfied; at whose summons the prince and the peasant, the warrior, the legislator, the coward and the brave, must alike surrender; to whom all must pay tribute, and who spares neither good nor great, neither beauty nor deformity; to whom virtue and vice, justice and equity, and "all that flesh is heir to," are but as "shadows of a passing cloud;" who, whether clothed as the "Grim King of Terrors," or cowardly "hurling his dart" at his unconscious victim, is equally unerring in his mark—this Leviathan has again opened his ponderous and capacious jaws, and swallowed up in victory another Hero of the Ring, a brilliant of the first water, the brightest star in the pugilistic hemisphere:—the *Nonpareil* of the Honey—Jack Randall—is no more!

Like "the best man that ever stood before him in the Ring," (Ned Turner,) he dropped off his perch at an early age, on the 12th of March, at his crib in Chancery-lane, being only in his 33d year, while Ned scarcely exceeded him twenty moons—and both thus prematurely hurried to the grave by their devotion to the order—that "liquid damnation," as a facetious friend uniformly styles this compound of deleterious ingredients.

Having given in our pages a detail of all Jack's leading battles at the time they took place, it will only be necessary here to recapitulate the heads of them, commencing with a brief outline of his "birth, parentage, and education." He was born, on the 28th of November 1794, in the *Holy Land*, of Irish parents, from whose poverty he was obliged at an

early age to shift for himself. His education was in the school of adversity, by which he acquired an independence of character that stuck to him through life; and having naturally a strong and hardy frame, he soon learnt how to take his own part, which he did successfully in several gallant encounters, coming off victorious in six battles before he was eighteen. His first battle of note was with Jack the Butcher, which he won cleverly in twenty minutes; and in 1815 he beat the Twickenham Youth (Walton), his antagonist leaving the ring in ten minutes without a chance. The next year he beat George Dodd, and Ugly Borrock, a Jew; and having in both instances exhibited extraordinary capabilities, he was matched against West Country Dick for 25ga. a-side. This ugly customer he also polished off in twenty-nine rounds, occupying thirty-three minutes and a half. In this battle he shewed such admirable science, combined with heavy hitting and sound judgment, that a match was made between him and Harry Holt, which took place at Coombe Warren the 20th of May 1817, and in eight rounds Jack took the shine out of his scientific opponent. General Barton, who backed Randall, and who was ever after his staunch supporter, with Colonel Berkeley, Captain Barclay, and other distinguished amateurs, were present on this occasion; and, perhaps, the science of pugilism was never displayed to greater advantage. In his former fights, Jack was most remarkable for his in-fighting qualities; but with Holt, who was a master of the art, he had to play a different game: he had, in fact, to out-fight him; and this he did in a style which electrified the Ring. He planted not less than forty blows on Holt's face, and altogether spoiled the symmetry of his nose: in fact, the terrible character of his punishment admitted of no parallel, and all Holt's knowledge went for nothing.

Four months afterwards, on the 30th of September 1817, he fought Belasco, at Shepperton Range; and by the astonishing display of his miffing qualities on that day he obtained the

cognomen of *The Nonpareil*, which he richly deserved, never having met his equal. His hitting and getting away, his style of stopping and returning, with the excellent judgment he manifested, added to his activity and quickness on his legs, all tended to stamp him as one of the most finished boxers of his weight. The men fought for 50gs. a-side, and the fight lasted fifty-four minutes and a half, during which seven rounds only were fought.

Jack now mounted in the scale of consequence, and was matched against Parish the Waterman, for 100gs. a-side. The fight came off on Haves Common, Kent, on the 27th of November 1817; and again did Jack wear the laurels of victory, winning in eleven rounds and fifty-three minutes, after a most determined scientific fight. He next beat Woolwich Burke on Wimbledon Common for 100gs. a-side, whom he finished off in forty-five minutes.

The most important epoch of his life now approached: it was that in which he was matched against the supposed invincible Ned Turner. On the 5th of December 1818, the men met at Crawley Hurst. Perhaps, in the annals of boxing, there never was an event which excited more speculation. On the day of fighting the odds were 6 to 4 in favour of Randall. Never was witnessed such an extraordinary exhibition of talent and generalship as in this fight. So well did each man guard his points, and so admirably did he out-manceuvre his opponent, that no less than *two hours, nineteen minutes, and thirty seconds*, were occupied in the struggle, which ultimately terminated in favour of Randall, after fighting thirty-four rounds.

Randall had now reached the *acmé* of his glory, and on defeating Turner was considered to have gained the "top of the tree"—an elevation the more extraordinary, as he never received a lesson on the art of self-defence; and was, from first to last, the architect of his own glory. In the same month of December, he was matched against Jack Martin (the Master of the Rolls), 150l. to 100l.,

to fight on the 30th of April; but this day was afterwards altered to the 4th of May, in order (as in Neal and Baldwin's case) that it might not interfere with the Newmarket racer. On the day appointed, the fight came off on Crawley Downs, in the presence of a multitude scarcely less numerous than that assembled at his fight with Turner. Jack had it all his own way, and won without a scratch, in nineteen rounds, and in forty-nine minutes and ten seconds.

Randall now took to the "victualing line," and opened the Hole-in-the-Wall, Chancery-lane, where he was most liberally patronised, his friends giving him a pipe of wine, instead of a piece of plate, to commence operations with.

Two years now elapsed in the "quiet calm of domestic troubles," when Jack again started from his lethargy, and challenged all England of his weight for 500. Martin's friends took up the gauntlet for 300l. and the match came off on the 16th September 1821, on Crawley Downs, and was decided in *one minute*!—Martin afterwards challenged Randall for 300gs. and a bet of 700, and two deposits amounting to 410l. were down; but Jack's backers being too late by a few minutes at the third meeting, Martin claimed and received forfeit. Jack, the following year, publicly challenged Martin at the Fives Court for 500 or 1000; and a fourth match was made, which, however, though the whole of the stakes (1000l.) were made good, became a draw, Jack's backers in the third match insisting on the return of the 205l. paid as forfeit. Several private turns-up occasionally kept Jack in exercise, in all of which he was equally successful as in his public exhibitions.

His predilection for *daffey* of late years grew upon him so forcibly, that, for many months previously to his death, he was but the shadow of his former self; and though he kept "about the house," he was evidently *bespoke* for some time before he took to his bed, which was ten weeks previously to his being floored for ever.

Jack had many temptations to do wrong; but he was proof against

every species of dishonesty. Faithful to his word, he entered the ring determined to do his best ; and the brief summary we have given of his talents there prove that he was *above price*. Though an *Anglo-Irishman*, the customs of the Sister Kingdom were preserved at his death ; and poor Jack was *waked* with all the customary ceremonies peculiar to his "father's house." He was buried in St. Giles's burying-ground, on the 29th March, followed to the grave by his relatives and friends, several of his *pals* "piping their eye" at a respectful distance.

Died the 1st of March, at the advanced age of 85 years, Daniel Cross, formerly well known in the neighbourhood of Thorndon and Ingrave, Essex, as an earth-stopper, thatcher, and mole-catcher ; surviving his wife (to whom he had been married 63 years) about a twelvemonth. His remains were followed to the grave by his relatives, consisting of children, grand-children, and great-grand-children.—He had often latterly expressed an anxious wish to see *one more* fox killed before he died. Though he did not exactly attain his desire, the hounds crossed the field opposite his house a day or two previous to

his death ; and on seeing the attention of his attendants drawn to the spot, and learning the cause, he insisted on being taken to the window, from which he was with difficulty removed backed to his bed. He succeeded in his *titles*, and part of his *estates*, by his only son, Daniel, who now "reigns in his stead."

The following lines were written to the memory of the "Veteran," by D. W. C. :—

No more shall he watch for the dew-gilded dawn—

The smile of his master—the sound of his horn :

No more shall he feel the soft raptures that roll

In a stream of delight round the fox-hunter's soul,

When Thorndon unkennels and pours on the gale

Those gaily-toned notes of the "mount and the vale ;"

For age cross'd his path and unpack'd all his store,

And he answer'd the *hallo* with fox-hunting lore.

The *chase* was well run—for the *hunter* was Death,

The *hounds* were diseases—the *prize* was his breath—

So they sent him to *covert*—a calm one, no doubt—

And they stopp'd him in *earth* though he stopp'd others out.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Thanks to our numerous COURSING Correspondents. We regret we cannot give insertion to all their communications ; and sorry are we that our mode of printing the result of the various Meetings does not give all of them the satisfaction we could wish. All persons who have been in any way connected with a periodical publication soon learn that *universal* satisfaction is not to be expected. The same Post that brings approbation from the North, sometimes produces censure of the very same article from the South ; but our Coursing friends, in all quarters, each want the lists printed in *OUR COLUMNS* in their OWN PARTICULAR FORM ; to do which is impossible, or our whole Work would, during the Coursing season, be devoted to that one sport.

Perceiving that Coursing is gaining great ground, and now excites a lively interest in most counties, before the next season our attention shall be given towards the attainment of that which seems so generally called for ; although we much doubt whether it is to be accomplished, except by the means of a separate publication.

The subject shall be farther noticed, and we still hope to be favored with our friends' wishes on this particular topic.

Many thanks to "A."—The above remarks will apply to his communication.

"Honestas,"—"A South Country Courser,"—"Western Alopex," and other favours are received—they shall appear in our next publication.

If a good painting of LINCOLN is sent us, it shall be engraved.

"ANSTRY" most certainly in our next.

A "Constant Reader," and "C. W." came too late for insertion in this Number.

The remainder of "NO POACHER" in our next ; we return him our thanks, and hope he will favour us with all he has to say on a subject so interesting to sportsmen.

Racing Calendar, 1827.

WORCESTER MEETING, 1827.

TUESDAY, August 21.—The WORCESTERSHIRE STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. and only five if declared, &c. for horses of all ages.—Two miles.
Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. h. *Hesperus*, by Hollyhock, aged, 8st. 8lb. (S. Darling)..... 1
Mr. Bartley's b. c. *The Constable*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. 2
Six subscribers paid 10 sovs. each, and three others having declared by the time prescribed, paid only five sovs. each. Six to 4 agst *Hesperus*, 5 to 2 agst *The Constable*, and 5 to 1 agst *Palatine*. A very fine race, and won by half a neck.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Pickernell's br. c. *Zaniel*, by Mango, 4 yrs old, 8st. (H. Arthur) ... 1
Mr. Tomes's b. f. *Lady Jane*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb..... 2
Mr. Griffith's b. c. *Harry*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3
 Even betting on *Lady Jane*, and 2 to 1 agst *Zaniel*. Won easy.

The CITY MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for maiden horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. J. B. Phillipson's b. f. *Eliza* (late Emerald) by Smolensko, out of Ep- som Lass, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (Moss)..... 2 1 1
Mr. Field's b. f. *Mary*, by Friday, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb..... 1 3 dr.
Mr. Wood's ch. f. *Pithys*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb..... 3 2 dr.
Major Ormsby Gore's b. g. *Capon*, by Bustard, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb..... 4 dr.
Mr. Stone's ch. c. by Woful, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (bolted) dis.
 Capon the favorite; after the first heat, 2 to 1 on *Mary*. Each heat well contested.

WEDNESDAY, August 22.—The SEVERN STAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—One mile.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Griffith's b. c. *Harry*, by Sir Harry, out of Fanny Leigh, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (Calloway) 1
Mr. Cooke's b. m. *Maid of Mansfield*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. T. H. Cook's b. g. *Chagrin*, aged, 9st. 4lb. 0
Mr. Field's b. f. *Mary*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb..... 0
Mr. Tomes's b. f. *Lady Jane*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb..... 0
 Even betting on *Maid of Mansfield*. An excellent race.

The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. (the surplus in specie), by seventeen subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Four miles.

Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. c. *Mayfly*, by Piscator, 4 yrs old, 8st. (S. Barnard).. 1
Mr. Mytton's ch. g. *Euphrates*, aged, 9st. 11lb. 2
Major Ormsby Gore's b. h. *Hesperus*, aged, 9st. 4lb..... 3
Mr. Pickernell's b. m. *Susan*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. .. 4
Mr. Haywood's b. c. *Sceptre*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5
Mr. Thorne's br. m. *Forester Lass*, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb..... 6
 Even betting on *Euphrates*, 2 to 1 agst *Hesperus*, 3 to 1 agst *Mayfly*, 5 to 1 agst *Forester Lass*, and 5 to 1 agst *Susan*. A capital race.

The HUNTERS' PURSE of 50l. given by the County Members, with subscriptions of five sovs. each, for hunters.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. Haywood's b. f. *Bay Betty*, by Young Grimaldi, 3 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. (H. Arthur)..... 1 1
Mr. Pickernell's b. f. *Vision*, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb..... 2 2
 Won by half a neck.

THURSDAY, August 23.—SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, three ft., added to the Ladies' Subscription, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Cook's b. m. <i>Maid of Mansfield</i> , by Filbo da Puta, 5 yrs, 8st. 9lb... 1 1	Mr. J. B. Phillipson's b. f. <i>Eliza</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb..... 4 3
Mr. Bartley's b. c. <i>Borderer</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st..... 3 2	Mr. Pickernell's br. c. <i>Zamuel</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb..... 2 dr.

Even betting on *Maid of Mansfield*. Won easy.

HANDICAP STAKES of seven sovs. each, three ft., with 40 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Pickernell's b. m. <i>Susan</i> , by <i>Mango</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (H. Arthur)..... 1 1	Mr. Thorne's br. m. <i>Forester Lass</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 4lb..... 4 3
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. <i>Chesterfield</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb..... 3 2	Mr. Will's b. m. <i>The Deuce</i> , by <i>King of Diamonds</i> , out of <i>Gleaner's</i> dam, 5 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.... 2 dr.

Susan the favorite. Won cleverly.

BURTON UPON TRENT MEETING, 1827.

TUESDAY, August 21.—The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. (the surplus in specie), by twelve subscribers of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, for horses of all ages.—Twice round and a distance.

Mr. Yates's b. c. <i>Paul Pry</i> , by <i>Paulowitz</i> , out of <i>Blackamoor's</i> dam, 4 yrs old, 8st. (J. Spring)..... 0 1	Sir W. Wynne's b. m. <i>Signiora</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb..... 0 2
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Six to 4 on *Signiora*; after the dead heat, the same. Won cleverly.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—The Straight Mile.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Yates's br. c. <i>Sharpshooter</i> , by <i>Paulowitz</i> , out of <i>Lady of the Lake</i> (J. Spring)..... 1	Lord Derby's br. c. <i>Necromancer</i> , by <i>Milo</i> 3
Lord Grosvenor's b. f. <i>Equivoque</i> , by <i>Blucher</i> 2	Sir W. Wynne's b. f. <i>Sabrina</i> , by <i>Hobgoblin</i> 4

Even betting on *Sharpshooter*. Won in a canter.

The DRAKELOW STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Twice round and a distance.—Four subscribers paid 15 sovs. ft., and eight others having declared ft. by the 14th of June, paid only five sovs. each.

Mr. Yates's b. h. *Cain*, by *Paulowitz*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (J. Spring).....walked over.

The ANGLESKEY PURSE of 50 sovs. for horses that never won more than one Purse of that value.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Chesterfield's ch. f. by <i>Young Grimaldi</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. (J. Spring) 4 1 1	
Sir W. Wynne's b. f. <i>Effie</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb..... 1 2 2	
Mr. Mytton's b. c. <i>Mexican</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb..... 2 3 dr.	
Lord Grosvenor's <i>Equivoque</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. 3 dr.	

Six to 4 agst *Effie*; after the first heat, the same; after the second heat, 2 to 1 on the winner. A good race.

WEDNESDAY, August 22.—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 8lb.—Half a mile.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Beardsworth's bl. f. <i>Lestelle</i> , by <i>Whalebone</i> or <i>Octavius</i> , out of <i>Hecate</i> (C. Norman) 1	out of <i>Olivetta</i> 2
Mr. Mytton's b. c. <i>Halston</i> , by <i>Banker</i> , 1	Mr. Yates's ch. f. <i>Mermaid</i> , by <i>Merlin</i> — <i>Matilda</i> 3

Six to 4 on *Halston*. Won easy.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for the produce of mares covered in 1823.—Straight Mile.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Yates's br. c. *Sharpshooter*, 8st. 7lb.....walked over.

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THE BRADBY STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. with 100 added by the Earl of Chesterfield, for three and four-year-olds.—Twice round and a distance.
—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Yates's b. c. <i>Paul Pry</i> , by Paulowitz, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (J. Spring), 1	Mr. Giffard's ch. c. <i>Leviathan</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (bolt.) 0
Seven to 4 on <i>Leviathan</i> .	

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 40 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Yates's b. h. <i>Cain</i> , by Paulowitz, 5 yrs, 8st. 13lb. (J. Spring)... 1 1	Sir W. Wynne's b. c. <i>Sancredo</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. 2 2
High odds on <i>Cain</i> . Won in a canter.	

BLANDFORD MEETING, 1827.

WEDNESDAY, August 15.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds.—One mile.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Dilly's b. c. <i>Pandarus</i> , by Whalebone, out of <i>Lamia</i> , 8st. 7lb. (A. Pavis) 1	out of <i>Meg Merrilies</i> , 8st. 4lb. 2
Mr. Farquharson's b. f. by <i>Wanderer</i> ,	Mr. Biggs's br. f. by <i>Smolensko</i> — <i>Pentagon</i> , 8st. 4lb. 3

THE DORSETSHIRE GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. (the surplus in specie), by twelve subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two miles and a distance.

Mr. Farquharson's b. h. <i>Presentiment</i> , by <i>Anticipation</i> , 6 yrs, 9st. (Conolly), 1	7st. 1lb. 2
Mr. Dilly's b. c. <i>Pandarus</i> , 3 yrs old,	Mr. Portman's ch. m. <i>Prosody</i> , aged, 9st. 2lb. 3

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Gauntlett's br. f. <i>Gamelia</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. 0	Mr. C. Day's ch. c. by <i>Buffalo</i> , out of <i>Linnet</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. 0
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FIFTY POUNDS, for horses that have not won a Purse in 1827.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Gauntlett's br. h. <i>Comedian</i> , by <i>Comus</i> , 5 yrs, 9st. 2lb. (A. Pavis), 1 1	<i>Cuckoo</i> , by <i>Anacreon</i> , out of <i>Firefly</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 3 3
Mr. Trelawney's b. c. by <i>Foxbury</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 2 2	Mr. Jones's br. g. <i>Tripoli</i> , aged, 9st. 3lb. 4 dr.
Mr. Fellowes's ch. c. <i>The Little</i>	

A **SILVER BOWL**, given by the Steward, added to a Sweepstakes of two sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred, ridden by Yeomen or Tradesmen, was won at two one-mile heats, by Mr. Stent's *Giantess*, 5 yrs old, beating two others.

THURSDAY, August 16.—**THE DORSETSHIRE STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only five if declared, &c. for horses of all ages.—Two miles.

Mr. Gauntlett's br. f. <i>Gamelia</i> , by <i>Whalebone</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. (A. Pavis) 1	Mr. Percy's b. c. <i>Premier</i> , 4 yrs, 7st. 7lb. 3
Mr. Farquharson's b. h. <i>Presentiment</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. 2	Mr. J. Day's ch. c. by <i>Buffalo</i> — <i>Linnet</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 4
	Mr. H. Jones's b. m. <i>Conquest</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 5

no subscribers paid 15 sovs. each, and four others who declared by the time prescribed, paid only five sovs. each.

FIFTY POUNDS, for three and four-year-olds.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Dilly's b. c. <i>Pandarus</i> , by <i>Whalebone</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (A. Pavis) 1 1	old, 7st. 1lb. 5 3
Mr. Day's bl. c. <i>Black Buck</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. 2 2	Mr. Farquharson's b. f. by <i>Wanderer</i> , out of <i>Meg Merrilies</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb. 4 4
Mr. Portman's ch. c. <i>Sprite</i> , 3 yrs	Mr. Radcliffe's b. f. <i>Profile</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 3 5

SWEEPSTAKES of 10gs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two miles and a distance.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Jones's b. m. <i>Conquest</i> , by <i>Waterloo</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. (A. Pavis) ... 1	Mr. Portman's ch. m. <i>Prosody</i> , aged, 9st. 13lb. 2
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The COUNTY MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two miles and a distance.

Mr. Gauntlett's br. h. <i>Comedian</i> , by Comus, 5 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. (A. Pavis), 1	9st. 4lb.....	2
Mr. Jones's b. m. <i>Conquest</i> , 5 yrs old,	Mr. Radcliffe's b. f. <i>Profile</i> , 4 yrs, 8st....	3

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 35 added, for horses of all ages. Heats, last mile.

Mr. Farquharson's b. h. <i>Presentiment</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st.	1	1	aged, 7st. 13lb.....	2	2
Mr. Baillie's br. h. <i>Naughty Tommy</i> ,			Mr. Portman's ch. f. <i>Sprite</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.....	3	3

CANTERBURY MEETING, 1827.

WEDNESDAY, August 22.—His MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for four-year-olds and upwards.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. Lumley's b. c. <i>Monarch</i> , by Comus, 4 yrs, 10st. 7lb. (R. Boyce), 1	1	Mr. Brown's b. m. <i>Maid of Kent</i> , aged, 12st.....	2	dr.
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ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, subscribed by the Gentlemen of the County, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Theobald's b. c. <i>Smuggler</i> , by Tiresias, 4 yrs old, 8st. (Walter)...				1	1	derer, out of Misery, 4 yrs, 7st. 7lb.				2	dr.
Mr. Brown's b. m. Maid of Kent, aged, 9st. 11lb.....				5	2	Mr. Coleman's b. f. Honeysuckle, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.....				3	dr.
Mr. S. Pearce's b. f. Fancy, by Wan-						Mr. Lumley's b. f. Livonia, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.....				4	dr.

FIFTY POUNDS, subscribed for as above, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. S. Pearce's ch. m. <i>My Lady</i> , by Anacreon, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....	4	1	1
Mr. Coleman's b. f. <i>Honeysuckle</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	1	2	2
Sir J. C. Honeywood's b. f. <i>Linda</i> , by Ranter, out of <i>Enchantress</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st 4lb.....	2	dr.	
Mr. Theobald's b. c. <i>Smuggler</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st.	3	dr.	

MATCH for 50 sovs.—One mile and a quarter.

Captain Wathen's ch. m. <i>Fair Eleanor</i> , 6 yrs old	1	Mr. Mortimer's gr. g. <i>Dauntless</i> , aged... 2
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THURSDAY, August 23.—The CITY PURSE of 100 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Lumley's b. c. <i>Monarch</i> , by Comus, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (R. Boyce)	1	1	Mr. Brown's b. m. <i>Maid of Kent</i> , aged, 9st. 3lb.	4	3
Mr. Newman's b. m. <i>Julia</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 4lb.....	2	2	Mr. Heathcote's br. c. <i>Syntax</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st.	3	dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for horses the property of Officers of the King's Hussars.—Gentlemen riders.—One mile.

Mr. Baird's br. g. <i>Aleppo</i> , 6 yrs old (Palmer).....	1	yrs old.....	2
Capt. Wathen's ch. m. <i>Fair Eleanor</i> , 6		Capt. Rose's gr. g. <i>Maggar</i> , 6 yrs old... 3	
		Major Studd names <i>Swordsman</i>	4

A GOLD CUP, or 100 sovs., at the option of the winner, for horses of all ages. Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Pearce's ch. m. <i>My Lady</i> , by Anacreon, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (Barker).....	4	1	1
Mr. Lumley's br. c. <i>Scamper</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Coleman's b. f. <i>Honeysuckle</i> , by <i>Whalebone</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.	2	3	dr
Mr. Heathcote's br. c. <i>Syntax</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st.....	3	dr	

The KENTISH HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, for horses not thorough bred, King's Plate weights.—Two-mile heats.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Howard's ch. g. <i>Regulator</i> , by Regent, 6 yrs old	3	1	1
Mr. Oxenden named b. f. <i>Rosebud</i> , by Regent, 4 yrs old.....	1	2	2
Mr. Kittell's br. g. <i>Lottery</i> , aged	2	3	dr
Mr. Bach's br. g. <i>Sky-Blue</i> , aged (came in first, but was short of weight) ...	dis.		

FRIDAY, August 24.—MAIDEN PURSE of 50 sovs. given by the County Members, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Bennet's b. m. <i>Pat</i> , by Whalebone, aged, 9st. 1lb. (S. Brown)	4	1	1
Mr. Pearce's b. f. <i>Fancy</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	1	3	2
Mr. Messer's bl. c. <i>Whim</i> , by Comua, out of Young Caprice, 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb. 2	2	2	dr.
Sir J. C. Honeywood's b. f. <i>Linda</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. (fell)	3	dis.	
Mr. Thurston's b. h. <i>Ripton</i> , Brother to Maldonia, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	5	dr.	

THE COUNTY PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Theobald's b. c. <i>Smuggler</i> , by Tiresias, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	1	1	Mr. Howard's b. g. <i>Kent</i> , aged, 9st. 2lb.	4	3
Mr. Newman's b. m. <i>Julia</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb.	2	2	Mr. Ward's bl. c. <i>Sir Geoffrey Peve- ril</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st.	3	dr

BURDEROP MEETING, 1827.

THURSDAY, August 23.—The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. (the surplus in specie), by 13 subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.

Lord Palmerston's b. h. <i>Luzborough</i> , by W.'s Ditto, aged, 8st. 2lb. (C. Day)....	1	Lord Ailesbury's ch. c. <i>Brother to Bare- foot</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st.	2
Mr. Cowley's b. c. <i>Lawrence</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st.	2	Mr. Goddard's ch. c. <i>Anticipation</i> , dam by Marmion, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.	4

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Goddard's ch. c. by Anticipa- tion, dam by Marmion, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb. (A. Pavis).....	1	1	Mr. Cowley's b. c. <i>Lawrence</i> , 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb.	2	dr.
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A SILVER CUP, value 50gs. the gift of T. Calley, Esq. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses the property of Yeomen in the counties of Wilts, Berks, and Somerset—two-mile heats—(five subscribers,) was won by

Mr. J. Frampton's b. h. *Burton*, by Guy Mannering, 5 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. beating two others.

FRIDAY, August 24.—The SAVERNAKE FOREST STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 forfeit, for three and four-year-olds.—Once round.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Goddard's ch. c. by Anticipation, dam by Marmion, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. (A. Pavis)	1	Lord Ailesbury's ch. c. <i>Brother to Bare- foot</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	2
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HANDICAP PURSE of 50l. the gift of Joseph Pitt and Robert Gordon, Esqrs. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Dilly's b. c. <i>Lawrence</i> , by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (T. Cowley).....	2	1	1
Mr. Goddard's ch. c. by Anticipation, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	1	2	dr.
Lord Ailesbury's b. c. by Filho da Puta, dam by Dick Andrews, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	3	3	dr.

A SILVER CUP, value 50 sovs. each, the gift of Lord Bruce, added to a Sweepstakes of 2 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred, the property of persons residing in Wiltshire—two-mile heats—four subscribers, was won at two heats, by

Mr. Masheling's b. f. beating three others.

TAUNTON MEETING, 1827.

THURSDAY, August 23.—The TAUNTON STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c. with 30 sovs. added, for horses of all ages.

Mr. Farquharson's b. h. *Presentiment*, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.walked over.

The BOROUGH MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Farquharson's b. h. <i>Presentiment</i> , by Anticipation, 6 yrs old, 9st. 9lb. (T. Cowley).....	1	1	old, 8st. 10lb.	2	2
Mr. Hardwick's b. g. Jericho, 5 yrs			Mr. J. Day's bl. c. Black Buck, by		
			by Buffalo, 3 yrs, 6st. 8lb. (felly)...	dis.	

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. H. Jones's b. m. <i>Conquest</i> , by Waterloo, 5 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. (J. Day)	1	1	Mr. Baillie's b. c. Premier, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	2	dr.
Mr. Hardwick's b. g. Jericho, 5 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.	4	2	Mr. Chambers's b. g. Nimrod, 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	3	dr.

FRIDAY, August 24.—The LADIES' PURSE of 50l. for horses that never won that value.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Trelawney's b. c. by Foxbury, 3 yrs old, 7st.	1	1	derer, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	2	2
Mr. Farquharson's b. f. by Wan-			Mr. Chambers's br. g. Nimrod, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.	dis.	

The TOWN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. H. Jones's b. m. <i>Conquest</i> , by Waterloo, 5 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. (J. Day)	1	1	ment, 6 yrs old, 9st. 1lb.	2	dr.
Mr. Farquharson's b. h. <i>Presenti-</i>			Mr. Hardwick's b. g. Jericho, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	dis.	

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, twice round.—Five subscribers.

Mr. White's b. g. <i>Pavilion</i> , by Pavilion, aged, 11st. 9lb.	1	1	old, 11st. 1lb.	2	2
Mr. Chambers's br. g. Nimrod, 6 yrs			Mr. A. Baillie's b. h. Naughty Tommy, aged, 11st. 12lb.	3	3

RUGELEY MEETING, 1827.

MONDAY, August 27.—The BEAU DESERT STAKES of 15 sovs. each, with 15 added, for horses of all ages.—Twice round and a distance.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. <i>Don Diego</i> , by Amadis, out of Miss Cragie, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	1		Mr. Yates's b. f. Little-po-Peep, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	2	
			Two to 1 on Little-po-Peep.		

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Howard's br. f. by Filho da Puta, out of Loo Choo, 3 yrs old, 7st. ...	1	1	Lord Grosvenor's br. c. Christmas, 3 yrs old, 7st.	3	4
Lord Grosvenor's b. g. Glead, 6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.	0	2	Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Lorraine, by Mountebank, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. (bolted)	2	dis.
Mr. Walmsley's bl. f. Pink, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	0	3			

The HALF-BRED STAKES was not run for, in consequence of a dispute amongst the Subscribers.

TUESDAY, August 28.—The RUGELEY STAKES of 10 sovs. with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Geary's br. m. <i>Arachne</i> , by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ...	1	1	Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Don Diego, 4 yrs old, 8st.	2	dr.
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SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 2lb.; fillies, 8st.—Half a mile.—Three subscribers.

Lord Anglesea's ch. f. by Cosack, dam by Selim, out of Donna Clara.	1		Mr. Beardsworth's bl. c. Frederick, by Waterloo, out of Pilot's dam.	2	
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EGHAM MEETING, 1827.

TUESDAY, August 28.—The GOLD CUP, (in specie,) by 15 subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—About two miles and a half.

Duke of Richmond's b. c. *Link Boy*, by Aladdin, 4 yrs old, 8st. (F. Boyce) ... 1 | back her stake) 2
 Mr. Ball Hughes's br. f. *Elephanta*, by Filbo, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (received | Mr. De Burgh's ch. m. *Selina*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 3
 Four to 1 on *Link Boy*. Won cleverly.

SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. for three and four-year olds.—About a mile and three quarters.—Four subscribers.

Lord Egremont's ch. f. by Partisan, out of Silvertail, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.... walked over.

THE EGHAM STAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—One-mile heats.

Mr. I. Sadler's ch. f. <i>Tears</i> , by Woful, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (J. Day)	6	1	1
Duke of Richmond's bl. f. <i>Buske</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.....	1	2	2
Mr. De Burgh's ch. m. <i>Selina</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	2	3	dr.
Mr. Isherwood's br. f. <i>Medora</i> , by Buffalo, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.....	5	4	dr.
Mr. Day's b. m. <i>Young Zuleika</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st.....	3		dr.
Mr. Brown's br. h. <i>Charnwood</i> , aged, 9st. 9lb.....	4		dr.

Two to 1 agst *Buske*, 3 to 1 agst *Tears*, and 7 to 1 agst *Charnwood*; after the first heat, 5 to 4 on *Buske*, and 5 to 2 agst *Tears*; after the second heat, 4 to 1 on *Tears*. Won cleverly.

THE COUNTY PURSE of 50 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Lord Mountcharles's ch. c. <i>Inglemere</i> , by Catton, 3 yrs old, 7st. (Doncaster)	1	1	4lb. 3 2
Mr. Day's b. g. <i>Nimrod</i> , aged, 9st.			Mr. Caulfield's b. f. <i>Whimper</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. 2 dr.

Five to 4 agst *Whimper*, and 6 to 4 agst *Inglemere*; after the heat, 4 to 1 on *Inglemere*. Won cleverly.

WEDNESDAY, August 29.—The **SURREY and MIDDLESEX STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c. for horses of all ages.—Two miles and a distance.

Lord Mountcharles's b. c. <i>Royal Oak</i> , by Catton, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb. (J. Day) ... 1	Mr. Forth's ch. f. <i>Martha</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 3
Lord Egremont's b. c. <i>Grampus</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb..... 2	Duke of Richmond's b. c. <i>Link Boy</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb..... 4

Five and 6 to 4 agst *Grampus*, 5 to 2 agst *Martha*, 3 to 1 agst *Royal Oak*, and 4 to 1 agst *Link Boy*. A most excellent race.

THE MAGNA CHARTA STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—New mile.—Six subscribers.

Duke of Richmond's b. f. <i>Guinare</i> , by Smolensko, out of <i>Medora</i> , 8st. 7lb. (F. Boyce)	1	Mr. Ramabottom's ro. c. <i>Prism</i> , by Rainbow, 8st. 5lb..... 2
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Six to 1 on *Guinare*. Won by two lengths.

SWEEPSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, five ft. for regular hunters, 11st. 11lb. each.—Maiden horses at the time of naming allowed 4lb. half-bred horses 9lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Winners once in 1827 to carry 4lb., twice, or more, 7lb. extra.—Two miles.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Day's b. g. <i>Nimrod</i> , by Topsy Turvy, aged (Mr. D. Radcliffe)	1	Woodman, out of <i>Rosabella</i> , 4 yrs old, 3
Mr. Newman's b. m. <i>Julia</i> , 6 yrs old... 2		Mr. T. Jones's ch. f. <i>Deuce Ace</i> , by Cael, aged 4

Captain Berkeley's ch. c. *Sylvester*, by Won very easy.

THE TOWN PURSE of 50 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a half.

Duke of Richmond's bl. f. <i>Buske</i> , by Whalebone, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. (A. Pavis)	1	1	Capt. Locke's ch. c. <i>Hawk's-Eye</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st..... 3 3
Mr. Ball Hughes's br. f. <i>Elephanta</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.....	4	2	Mr. Brown's br. h. <i>Charnwood</i> , aged, 9st. 4lb..... 2 4

Two to 1 agst *Charnwood*, 2 to 1 agst *Buske*, and 5 to 2 agst *Elephanta*; after the heat, 6 to 4 on *Buske*. Won cleverly.

THURSDAY, August 30.—The **SUNNINGHILL STAKES** (handicap) of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—Last three quarters of the new mile.

Lord Mountcharles's ch. c. *Jaglomere*, by Catton, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (S. Day) 1 | Mr. Porth's bl. f. by Interpreter, out of Ally, 3 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. Berkeley's bl. c. *Sparkler*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. 0 | old, 8st. 3lb. 0

Mr. Ramsbottom's ro. c. *Prism*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. 0 | Capt. Locke's ch. c. *Hawk's-Eye*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. 0

A fine race, won by half a neck.

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st.—Three quarters of a mile.—Four subscribers.

Mr. A. Cockburn's ch. c. by Woful, out of Agnes, by President (A. Pavis) ... 1 | Mr. Norton's b. f. by Rasping, dam by Waxy 2

Four to 1 on Mr. A. Cockburn's colt. Won by half a neck.

The **LADIES' PURSE** of 50l. for horses of all ages.—One-mile heats.

Lord Mountcharles's b. c. *Royal Oak*, by Catton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (J. Day) 1 1 | Mr. Bond's bl. c. *Sparkler*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. 0 0

Mr. Sadler's ch. f. *Tears*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 2 2 | Mr. Bulkeley's *King Rufus*, by Blacklock, dam by Remembrancer, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. 0 0

Seven to 2 agst *Royal Oak*, and 4 to 1 agst *Tears*; after the heat high odds on *Royal Oak*. Won easy.

MATCH for 50 sovs.—New Mile.

Captain Berkeley's ch. c. *Sylvester*, by Woodman, 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb. (T. Macdonald) 1 | Captain Burrow's b. c. *Hotspur*, aged, 11st. 1lb. 2

PORTSMOUTH TOWN AND GARRISON MEETING, 1827.

TUESDAY, August 28.—The **LADIES' PURSE** of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Half-bred horses allowed 10lb.—Gentlemen riders.—Two-mile heats.

Lord G. Lennox's gr. c. *Laburn*, by Grey Middleham, 4 yrs old (Captain Berkeley) 1 1 | yrs old (half bred) 2 dr.

Mr. Boldero's b. m. *Lady Jane*, 6 | Mr. Scriven's *Popinjay*, 6 yrs old (half bred) dis.

The **TOWN PURSE** of 50 sovs. for horses of all ages.—One-mile heats.

Mr. A. Berkeley's ch. f. *Edith*, by Magistrate, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb. (H. Miller) 2 1 0 1

Lord G. Lennox's gr. c. *Laburn*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 1 2 0 2

Mr. Chaproniere's *Little Mab*, aged 3 3 3

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses not thorough bred.

Mr. Hay's b. g. *Inniskillen*, aged 0 1 1

Mr. Gale's br. h. *Forester*, 5 yrs old 0 2 2

Mr. Boldero's b. m. *Lady Jane*, 6 yrs old 0 3 dr.

Mr. Vicat's *Miss Fanny*, 6 yrs old 1 dis.

In consequence of *Miss Fanny* having been entered in a false name, this stake was given to *Inniskillen*.

WEDNESDAY, August 29.—**HANDICAP PURSE** of 50l. for horses of all ages.—One-mile heats.

Mr. A. Berkeley's br. g. *Logic*, by Selim, aged, 9st. 12lb. 1 1 | yrs old, 7st. 10lb. 2 dr.

Lord G. Lennox's gr. c. *Laburn*, 4 | Mr. Chaproniere's *Little Mab*, aged, 7st. 10lb. 3 dr.

Two to 1 on *Logic*. A good race.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with a Purse added, for horses of all ages.

Mr. A. Berkeley's ch. f. *Edith*, by Magistrate, 4 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. 3 1 1

Mr. Vicat's *Miss Fanny*, 6 yrs old, 11st. 6lb. 1 2 2

Mr. Wyatt's gr. f. by Young Gohanna, 4 yrs old, 11st. 2lb. 2 3 dr.

THE RACING CALENDAR, 1827.

BRIDGEWATER MEETING, 1827.

TUESDAY, August 28.—The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Portman's ch. m. <i>Prosody</i> , by Don Cossack, aged, 9st. 4lb. (Colly).....	1	1	3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.....	2	2
Mr. Trelawney's b. c. by Foxbury,			Mr. Day's bl. c. Black Buck, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb.	3	dr.

The LADIES' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. H. Jones's b. m. <i>Conquest</i> , by Waterloo, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. (C. Day)	1	1	old, 6st. 7lb.	2	dr.
Mr. Day's bl. c. Black Buck, 3 yrs			Captain Hardwick's br. c. Tarquin, by Smolensko, dam by Waxy, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	3	dr.

WEDNESDAY, August 29.—The BOROUGH MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. H. Jones's b. m. <i>Conquest</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 1lb. (C. Day)	3	1	1
Mr. Portman's ch. m. <i>Prosody</i> , aged, 9st. 6lb.....	2	2	2
Mr. Ackland's b. f. <i>Profile</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	1	3	dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses not thoroughbred.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. White's b. g. <i>Pavilion</i> , by Pavillion, aged, 12st. 6lb. (Mr. Gough)	1	1	Mr. W. Pinney's Maid of the Inn, aged, 12st. 6lb.	4	3
Mr. A. Baillie's b. h. <i>Naughty Tommy</i> , aged, 12st. 7lb.	2	2	Mr. Chamber's br. g. <i>Nimrod</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 8lb.....	3	dr.

The TOWN PURSE of 50l. (handicap) for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a distance.

Mr. Hiron's b. f. <i>Profile</i> , by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (W. Iren) ...	1	1	Mr. Sergeantson's ch. f. <i>Sprite</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st.	4	3
Mr. F. J. Cooper's b. c. <i>Premier</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	2	2	Mr. Chamber's br. g. <i>Nimrod</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.....	3	4

LEOMINSTER MEETING, 1827.

WEDNESDAY, August 29.—The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of three sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats. Three subscribers.

Mr. Griffith's br. m. <i>Palatine</i> , by Filho da Puta, aged, 8st. 13lb. (Calloway)	1	1	Mr. Gwalter's b. m. <i>Prude</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	2	2
			A fine race, each heat won by only a head.		

The WOLPHY STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 15 added, for horses of all ages. Heats, one mile and a half.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Griffith's b. m. <i>Palatine</i> , by Filho da Puta, aged, 8st. 13lb. (Calloway)	1	1	Mr. Bartley's b. c. <i>Borderer</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	2	dr.
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The HEREFORDSHIRE CAVALRY STAKES of four sovs. each, with 15 added, for horses not thorough bred.—Two-mile heats.—Eleven subscribers.

Mr. Vaughan's br. m. <i>Cholstry Lass</i> , 5 yrs old, 12st. 5lb. (Mr. Ball)	2	0	1	1
Mr. Edward's bl. m. <i>Tenbury Lass</i> , aged, 12st. 12lb.	1	0	2	2
Mr. Grosvenor's b. m. <i>Harriette Wilson</i> , by Wildboy, 6 yrs old, 12st. 5lb.	3	0	3	3

THURSDAY, August 30.—The LADIES' PURSE of 50l. the gift of T. Bish, Esq. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Smith's b. f. <i>Mary</i> , by Friday, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (Calloway) ...	1	1	7st. 11lb.	2	2
Mr. Wood's ch. f. <i>Pithys</i> , 4 yrs old,			Mr. W. E. Stone's ch. e. by Woful, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb....	3	3

The BOROUGH STAKES of four sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses not thorough bred.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. J. Huxley's b. m. <i>Fanny</i> , by Ambo, 5 yrs old, 10st. 11lb.....	1	1	Mr. Moss's b. h. Grimaldi, 5 yrs old, 11st.	5	4
Mr. Edward's br. f. Leominster Lass, 4 yrs old, 9st. 11lb.....	2	2	Mr. B. Coates's b. f. Heart of Oak, 3 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.....	3	5
Mr. J. P. Bradford's br. m. Win-if-I-can, 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.....	4	3	Mr. Morris's ch. m. Everlasting, 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.....	dis.	

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 15 added (handicap), for horses not thorough-bred.

Mr. Vaughan's br. m. <i>Cholesty Lass</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 13lb. (Jones).....	2	1	1
Mr. J. Edward's b. m. Tenbury Lass, aged, 10st. 3lb.	1	2	2
Mr. George's b. c. Jerry, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.....	3	dr.	

STOURBRIDGE MEETING, 1827.

TUESDAY, August 28.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Cook's b. m. <i>Maid of Mansfield</i> , by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs, 9st. 1	1	old, 8st.....	3	2
Mr. Haywood's br. c. Sceptre, 4 yrs		Mr. Thompson's ch. c. Predictor, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	2	3

The HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Gentlemen riders.—Three-mile heats.—Six subscribers.

Colonel Lygon's gr. g. by Fitzjames, aged, 12st.....	1	2	1
Mr. Pickernell's b. f. Vision, 4 yrs old, 11st. ...	2	1	2

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for maiden horses.—Two-mile heats.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Wadlow's br. h. <i>Hazard</i> , by Hazard, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	1	1	Hearts, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.....	2	2
Mr. J. H. Foley's b. f. Queen of			Mr. Thompson's ro. h. Mountaineer, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.....	3	3

WEDNESDAY, August 29.—The TOWN PURSE of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Nine subscribers.

Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. c. <i>Mayfly</i> , by Piscator, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. 1	1	field, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.....	3	dr.
Mr. Barrow's b. m. Alecto, aged, 9st.	5	Mr. Wightwicke's ch. c. Vatican, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.....	3	dr.
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Chester-	2	Mr. Cook's b. c. His Majesty, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.	4	dr.

The LADIES' PURSE of 30 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Gleave's b. h. <i>Miller of Mansfield</i> , by Filho da Puta, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	1	1	5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.....	2	2
Mr. Cook's b. m. Maid of Mansfield,			Mr. Charlton's ch. g. Constantine, by Comus, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. (bolted).....	3	dis.

The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by nine subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.

Sir W. W. Wynne's ch. c. <i>Mayfly</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.....	1	6 yrs old, 9st.....	2
Mr. Gleave's b. h. Miller of Mansfield,		Mr. Pickernell's br. f. Miss Eversley, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	3

The WORCESTERSHIRE STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for regular hunters.—Two-mile heats.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Painter's b. g. <i>Fitzwilliam</i> , by Fitzjames, aged, 11st. 7lb.....	1	1	11st. 12lb.....	3	2
Mr. Russell's ch. g. Moses, 5 yrs old,			Mr. Davies's b. g. Healey, aged, 12st. 2	2	3

WARWICK MEETING, 1827.

TUESDAY, September 4.—The GUY STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Mile Course.—Twenty-one subscribers.

Sir G. Pigot's b. f. <i>Colombia</i> , by Filho da Puta, out of Sunflower, 8st. 11lb. (H. Arthur)	1	Mr. Rawlinson's b. f. <i>Passion</i> , by Spectre, 8st. 11lb.	3
Mr. Yates's br. c. <i>Sharpshooter</i> , by Paulowitz, 8st. 4lb.	2	Mr. Payne's br. c. by Whalebone, out of Snowdrop, 8st. 7lb.	4

Five to 4 on Sharpshooter, and 4 to 1 agst Colombia. Won cleverly.

The LEAMINGTON STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c. with 100 added, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.

Colonel Yates's b. f. <i>Garcia</i> , by Octavian, dam by Shuttle, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (J Spring)	1	Mr. Dilly's b. h. <i>Escape</i> , 5 yrs, 8st. 3lb. 2	
		Mr. F. Craven's b. h. <i>El Dorado</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	3

The following also started but were not placed :

Lord Warwick's ch. m. <i>Double Entendre</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	0	Mr. L. Sadler's br. c. <i>Jocko</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.	0
Mr. White's b. c. <i>Granby</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 0	0		
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. <i>Don Diego</i> , 4			

Eight subscribers paid 15 sovs. ft. and eighteen others having declared by the time prescribed, paid only five sovs. each.—Two to 1 agst El Dorado, 2 to 1 agst Granby, 5 to 1 agst Don Diego, and 11 to 2 agst Garcia. Won cleverly.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 50 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Seven subscribers.

Colonel Yates's b. f. *Garcia*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. walked over.

The WARWICK ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 2lb.; fillies, 8st.—Once round and a distance.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Giffard's ch. c. <i>Pantaloon</i> , by Castrel, out of Idalia, by Peruvian (W. Lear)	1	Mr. Yates's br. c. <i>Sharpshooter</i> , by Paulowitz	2
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Seven to 4 on Sharpshooter. Won easy.

WEDNESDAY, September 5.—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 2lb.; fillies, 8st.—T. Y. C.—Thirteen subscribers.

Mr. Sadler's ch. c. by Rubens, out of Little Folly (J. Robinson)	1	Mr. Rawlinson's ch. f. <i>Ruby</i> , by Rubens, out of Reality's dam (ran against a post)	5
Mr. Beardsworth's bl. f. <i>Lestelle</i> , by Whalebone or Octavius, out of Hecatc, 2			

The following also started but were not placed :

Lord Warwick's ch. c. <i>Brother to Paul Jones</i>	0	Ball, out of Lady Ern, by Stamford... 0	
Mr. Platel's b. c. <i>Projectile</i> , by Cannon		Mr. Charlton's b. c. <i>Macassar</i> , by Hedley, Black Beauty	0

Even betting on Ruby, 2 to 1 agst Lestelle, and 7 to 1 agst Mr. Sadler's colt. A good race.

The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. (the surplus in specie) by 20 subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Four miles.

Mr. Giffard's ch. c. <i>Leviathan</i> , by Muley, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb. (T. Whitehouse) 1		Mr. D. Radcliffe's b. c. <i>Dervise</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	3
Mr. White's br. c. <i>Euxton</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	2	Mr. White's b. c. <i>Granby</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	4

Five to 4 agst Euxton, 2 to 1 agst Leviathan, and 3 to 1 agst Dervise. A good race. Run in seven minutes.

The MAIDEN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. L. Charlton's ch. g. <i>Constantine</i> , by Comus, out of Canvas's dam, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (Clift) ...	1	3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.	2	2
Mr. Giffard's b. c. <i>Billy Lack-a-day</i> ,	1	Mr. Canning's br. f. <i>Maria</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	3	dr.

Billy Lack-a-day the favourite.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for regular hunters.—Two-mile heats.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Davis's br. g. <i>Edward</i> , by Guy Mannering, 5 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. (H. Arthur)	1	1	maldi, 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb.	2	2
Mr. Benton's gr. h. by Young Gri-			Mr. Platel's b. m. <i>Velocity</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb.	3	3

Even betting on Edward.

THURSDAY, September 6.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 8lb. ; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—One mile.—Eight subscribers.
 Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. *Lorraine*, by Mountebank, out of *Ina* (C. Norman) 1 | Mr. Canning's b. f. *Maria*, by Spectre... 2
 Seven to 4 on *Lorraine*. A good race, won by a head.

HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for four-year-olds and upwards.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. D. Radcliffe's b. h. <i>Mortgage</i> , by Teasdale, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. (J. Robinson)..... 1	1	Mr. Heywood's br. g. <i>Edward</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. 2	dr.
		High odds on <i>Mortgage</i> .	

THE TOWN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Giffard's ch. c. <i>Pantaloon</i> , by Castrel, 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. (W. Lear)..... 1	1	4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 2	2
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. <i>Chesterfield</i> ,		Mr. Barrow's b. m. <i>Alecto</i> , aged, 9st. 7lb. 3	3
		Six to 4 on <i>Pantaloon</i> . Won easy.	

ROTHERHAM MEETING, 1827.

WEDNESDAY, September 12.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Three-quarters of a mile. Four subscribers.

Mr. Riddale's ch. c. <i>Harlequin</i> , by Cervantes, out of <i>Flora</i> , by Camillus (S. Templeman) 1	1	Blacklock, dam by Whisker 2
Mr. W. Scott's b. f. <i>The Nun</i> , by		Mr. Churchill's gr. c. <i>Vivian Gray</i> , by Grey Petworth 3
Five and 6 to 4 on <i>Harlequin</i> . Won in a canter.		

A SILVER TURKEN, value 60gs. given by the Rotherham Racing Club, added to a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, h. ft. for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Milward's b. g. <i>Brother to Hexgrave</i> , by Filho da Puta, 6 yrs old, 12st. 4lb. (Mr. Kent) 1	1	Mr. Long's br. g. <i>Limestone</i> , 6 yrs old, 12st. 2lb. 3
Mr. Hopkinson's br. m. <i>Harriet</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. 2	2	Mr. Athorpe's br. g. <i>Candidate</i> , 6 yrs old, 12st. 4lb. 4
Seven to 4 on <i>Brother to Hexgrave</i> , and 2 to 1 agst <i>Harriet</i> .		

THE SHEFFIELD PURSE of 50l. for maiden horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Jaddiss's b. f. by Whisker, out of Vicissitude, 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb. (Scruggims)	4	2	1	1
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. <i>Beggar Boy</i> , by Tramp, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	2	1	2	2
Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. <i>Bhurtpore</i> , by Magistrate, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. ...	1	4	5	dr.
Mr. J. Scott's b. f. <i>Rosalie</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	5	3	4	
Mr. Hopkinson's ch. c. <i>Geloni</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	4	5	3	
Lord Scarbrough's b. f. <i>Jubilee</i> , Sister to Coronation, 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb. (bolted)	dis.			

THURSDAY, September 13.—THE SOUTH-WEST YORKSHIRE YEOMANRY CAVALRY STAKES of 5gs. each, with 20 added by Lord Wharncliffe, for horses not thorough-bred.—Ridden by Gentlemen of the Regiment. One-mile heats.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Brown's br. h. <i>Hexgrave</i> , by Filho da Puta, aged, 12st. 5lb. (Mr. R. Haywood)..... 1	1	cane, 5 yrs old, 11st. 9st. 3	2
Mr. R. Haywood's ch. g. by Hurri-		Mr. Kirk's br. m. <i>Elizabeth</i> , by Cervantes, 6 yrs old, 12st. 5lb.	2
		Ten to 1 on <i>Hexgrave</i> .	

THE ROTHERHAM PLATE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. f. <i>Dinah</i> , by Dinmont, out of <i>Valentia</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb. (L. Lye)	2	1	1
Mr. W. Fox's b. c. <i>Soldan</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	1	2	2
Five to 2 on <i>Dinah</i> . Won by a length.			

The BROOMHILL STAKES of seven sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses not thorough-bred. Gentlemen riders.—Two miles.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Milward's b. g. <i>Brother to Hexgrave</i> , by Filho da Puta, 6 yrs old, 12st. 9lb. (Mr. Kent)	1	old, 12st. 9lb.	2
Mr. Athorpe's br. g. <i>Candidate</i> , 6 yrs		Mr. Alderson's ch. g. <i>Bucephalus</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.	3
		Two to 1 on <i>Brother to Hexgrave</i> .	

DONCASTER MEETING, 1827.

MONDAY, September 17.—The **FITZWILLIAM STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added :—for three-year-olds, 8st. ; four, 9st. ; five, 9st. 6lb. ; six, and aged, 9st. 10lb.—One mile and a half.—Six subscribers.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. <i>Mulatto</i> , by Catton, out of <i>Deademona</i> , 4 yrs old (T. Lye).....	1	Mr. Charlton's ch. f. <i>Camellia</i> , by Manfred, 3 yrs old	3
Mr. Petre's b. c. <i>Nonplus</i> , by Catton, 3 yrs old	2	Mr. Wilkinson's ch. f. <i>Duchess of Lancaster</i> , 3 yrs old	4
Five to 2 on <i>Mulatto</i> , and 3 to 1 agst <i>Nonplus</i> , who took the lead to the rails, when <i>Mulatto</i> passed him, winning easy, by half a length.			

HANDICAP STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. with 20 sovs. added, for horses of all ages.—One mile.—Eight subscribers.

Lord Scarbrough's b. f. <i>Lady Georgiana</i> , Sister to <i>Coronation</i> , by Catton, 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. (J. Gilbert)	1	Mr. Powlett's br. g. <i>Gazebo</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.	3
Duke of Leeds's b. c. <i>Sirius</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.	2	Sir J. Byng's ch. c. <i>Thales</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb.	4

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Sykes's b. g. <i>Cock Robin</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	0	Lord Kennedy's bl. f. <i>Mary Ann</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb.	0
Lord Kelburne's ch. m. <i>Purity</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	0	Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. <i>Harriet</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	0
Five to 2 agst <i>Sirius</i> , 3 to 1 agst <i>Mary Ann</i> , 4 to 1 agst <i>Thales</i> , 5 to 1 agst <i>Cock Robin</i> , 6 to 1 agst <i>Purity</i> , 6 to 1 agst <i>Harriet</i> , and 7 to 1 agst <i>Lady Georgiana</i> . A beautiful race, and won by half a length.			

The CHAMPAGNE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb ; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Red House In.—Eighteen subscribers.—The winner to give six dozen to the Doncaster Racing Club.

Mr. Petre's ch. c. <i>The Colonel</i> , by Whisker, out of My Lady's dam (W. Scott) 1	of Marchesa	2
Lord Kelburne's b. f. by Blacklock, out	Lord Fitzwilliam's br. f. <i>Ballad Singer</i> , by Tramp	3
Five to 2 and 3 to 1 on <i>The Colonel</i> . Won very easy.		

PRODUCE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for four-year-olds.—Four miles.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Petre's ch. f. <i>Missey</i> , by Catton, out of <i>Agatha</i> , 8st. 11lb. (J. Robinson).....	1	Mr. Clifton's b. c. <i>Tom</i> , by Walton, 8st. 7lb.	2
Eleven to 8 on <i>Tom</i> . Won easy.			

HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for four-year-olds and upwards.—Four miles.

Mr. Richardson's br. h. <i>Brownlock</i> , by Blacklock, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. (W. Scott)	1	Lord Scarbrough's b. f. <i>Pasta</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.	3
Mr. Powlett's br. g. <i>Gazebo</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.	2	Mr. Wilkinson's b. c. <i>John o'Gaunt</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.	4
Five to 4 agst <i>Brownlock</i> , and 5 to 2 agst <i>Gazebo</i> . <i>Pasta</i> took the lead to the distance post, when <i>Brownlock</i> came out and won cleverly.			

TUESDAY, September 18.—**PRODUCE STAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 2lb. ; fillies, 8st.—Red House In.—Eight subscribers.

Lord Kelburne's ch. f. by Viscount, out of Georgiana, by Woful (R. Johnson) 1
 Lord Milton's ch. f. Mariqueta, Sister Six to 4 on Mariqueta, 2 to 1 agst Lord Kelburne's filly, and 3 to 1 agst Mansfield Lass. A good race.

The GREAT ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds :—colts 8st. 6lb. ; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—St. Leger Course.—Ninety subscribers.

Mr. Petre's b. f. *Matilda*, by Comus, out of Juliana, by Gohanna (J. Robinson) 1
 Mr. Gully's b. c. Mameluke, by Partisan, out of Master Henry's dam..... 2
 Major Yarrburgh's b. c. Laurel, by Blacklock, out of M'Adam's dam 3

The following also started but were not placed :

Lord Milton's b. c. Kit Cat, by Catton—Kitten 0	Mr. Crompton's br. c. Sancho Panza, by Cervantes..... 0
Mr. Petre's ch. c. Granby, by Cannon Ball 0	Mr. Crompton's b. c. Burlador, by Cervantes..... 0
Mr. Johnson's ch. c. Jupiter, by Tramp 0	Mr. W. Fox's ch. c. by Vandyke Junior or Cardinal Wolsey, out of Linguist's dam 0
Lord Kelburne's b. c. Reviewer, by Abjer 0	Lord Kennedy's br. c. by Smolensko—Olivera 0
Lord Scarbrough's br. c. by Comus—Byram's dam..... 0	Mr. Powlett's b. c. Popsy, by Blacklock, 0
Duke of Leeds's gr. c. Moonahine, by Grey Middleham, out of Miss Cliffe... 0	Mr. Hopkinson's ch. c. Geloni, by Hazard 0
Duke of Leeds's b. f. Lunaria, by Whisker..... 0	Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Partisan, out of Antiope..... 0
Mr. Riddell's ch. c. Hartpury, by Abjer, 0	Mr. Forth's ch. c. Spondee, by Interpreter 0
Mr. Darnell's b. f. Nivalis, by Blacklock 0	Mr. Forth's b. f. Translation, by Interpreter 0
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. Medoro, by Cervantes 0	Mr. Clifton's b. c. Fylde, by Antonio—Fadladinida..... 0
Sir J. Byng's ch. c. Pedlar, by Tramp, 0	
Sir W. Milner's ch. c. Malek, by Blacklock 0	
Mr. Russell's ch. f. Emma, by Whisker, 0	

Three to 1 agst Granby, 3 to 1 agst Mameluke, 11 to 1 agst Matilda, 17 to 1 agst Lunaria, 20 to 1 agst Malek, 20 to 1 agst Popsy, 30 to 1 agst Reviewer, 30 to 1 agst Translation, 100 to 4 agst Kit Cat, 100 to 3 agst Lord Scarbrough's colt, 100 to 3 agst Medoro, 40 to 1 agst Nivalis, 100 to 1 agst Laurel, 100 to 1 agst Fylde, 100 to 1 agst Sancho Panza, 200 to 5 agst Moonahine, 1000 to 5 agst Pedlar. During the attempts to start, from Mameluke's restive temper, Granby was the favorite. The horses, after having been paraded past the stand, and taken their canter, were got together at the post, and the word "go" was given, but two or three not being ready, the flag was hoisted, and they pulled up. This occurred a second time, when Mameluke got on the fret, and every endeavour on the part of Chifney to bring him up coolly was in vain; the horse kicked and plunged, and refused to turn his head the right way. Five other false starts were the consequence. At the eighth, they went off: Matilda took the lead from 60 to 80 yards, followed by Translation, Laurel, Pedlar, and Kit Cat, the others pretty well together. The two leading horses maintained their places to the hill, when Translation was beaten off. Mameluke gradually crept forward, got up to the mare, and at the distance post shewed his head in front, but this he did not keep, and the race was then betwixt the two; the mare winning by a length. Laurel, who was third, ran a very stout horse. Kit Cat was fourth, and Granby fifth, Medoro being also near. Reviewer was beaten some distance from home, and was far in the rear. Run in 3 min. 24 sec.

SECOND YEAR of the RENEWED DONCASTER STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.—Twenty-nine subscribers.

Sir M. W. Ridley's b. m. *Fleur de Lis*, by Bourbon, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (G. Nelson) 1
 Lord Cleveland's b. h. Memnon, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb..... 2

Six to 4 on Fleur de Lis, who took the lead, was never headed, and won by a neck. Run in 4 min. 4 sec.

The CORPORATION PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Sykes's b. g. <i>Cock Robin</i> , by Blacklock, 5 yrs old, 8st. (S. Templeman)..... 1	of Vicissitude, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. (reed. 24ga.) 3	2
Mr. Jaddis's br. f. by Whisker, out Eleven to 8 on Cock Robin. Both heats won easy.	Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Harriet, 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. 2	dr.

WEDNESDAY, September 19.—The FOAL STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—One mile and a half.—Twelve subscribers.

Mr. Petre's ch. c. *Granby*, by Cannon Ball, out of Shoehorn (W. Scott)...walked over.

The DONCASTER RACING CLUB STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for horses of all ages.—Two miles.—Five subscribers.

Lord Kelburne's ch. h. *Actæon*, by Scud, 5 yrs, 8st. 12lb. (H. Edwards)...walked over.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, 20 ft. for four-year-olds.—St. Leger Course. Four subscribers.

Lord Scarbrough's b. f. <i>Lady Georgiana</i> , by Catton, out of Coronation's dam, 8st. 4lb. (G. Nelson)	1	Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. <i>Fanny Dav-</i> <i>vies</i> , 8st. 4lb.	2
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Five to 4 on *Fanny Davies*. Won very easy. Run in 3 min. 34 sec.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—St. Leger Course.—Four subscribers.

Lord Kelburne's ch. m. <i>Purity</i> , by Oc-	6st. 12lb.....	2
tavian, 5 yrs, 8st. 10lb. (H. Edwards), 1	Sir J. Byng's ch. c. <i>Thales</i> , 4 yrs, 8st...	3
Mr. W. Fox's b. c. <i>Soldan</i> , 3 yrs old,	Mr. Petre's ch. f. <i>Missey</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 4	

Seven to 4 agst *Missey*, 5 to 2 agst *Thales*, and 5 to 2 agst *Purity*. Won easy. Run in 3 min. 35 sec.

THURSDAY, September 20.—The GASCOIGNE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, 30 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—St. Leger Course.—Eleven subscribers.

Mr. Petre's ch. c. <i>Granby</i> , by Cannon	1	Duke of Leeds's 'gr. c. <i>Moonshine</i> , by	
Ball (Scott)		Grey Middleham	4
Lord Sligo's b. c. <i>Pelican</i> , by Oiseau—		Sir W. Milner's ch. c. <i>Malek</i> , by Black-	
Miss Aide	2	lock	5
Mr. Russell's ch. f. <i>Emma</i> , by Whisker, 3			

Six to 4 agst *Granby*, 3 to 1 agst *Moonshine*, and 5 to 1 agst *Emma*. Won cleverly.

SWEEPSTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—St. Leger Course.—Six subscribers.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. <i>Medoro</i> , by	1	Duke of Leeds's b. c. <i>Brother to Cat-</i>	
Cervantes, out of Marianne (T. Lye), 1		terick	2

Five to 2 on *Medoro*. Won in a canter.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T.Y.C.—Twenty-six subscribers.

Col. King's br. f. <i>Bessy Bedlam</i> , by		ther to Malek	2
Filho da Puta, out of Lunatic (T. Lye)	1	Mr. W. Fox's b. f. by Blacklock, out of	
Mr. Armitage's ch. c. <i>Velocipede</i> , Bro-		Miss Paul.....	3

The following also started but were not placed:

Lord Cleveland's gr. c. by Jonathan—		Lord Kelburne's b. f. by Blacklock, out	
Shuttle	0	of Marchesa	0
Lord Kennedy's b. c. by Champignon—		Mr. Watt's ch. f. by Whisker, out of	
Shuttle	0	Sister to Dupont	0

Three to 1 on *Velocipede*. Won easy by half a length.

The GOLD CUP, value 150gs. for horses of all ages.—To start at the Red House, and run once round to the Ending Post.—Two miles, five furlongs.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. *Mulatto*, by Catton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (T. Lye)..... 1

The following also started but were not placed:

Lord Cleveland's b. h. <i>Memnon</i> , 5 yrs		Lord Sligo's br. h. <i>Starch</i> , aged, 9st. ...	0
old, 8st. 10lb.....	0	Lord Kelburne's ch. h. <i>Actæon</i> , 5 yrs	
Sir M. W. Ridley's b. m. <i>Fleur de Lis</i> ,		old, 8st. 10lb.....	0
5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	0	Mr. Nowell's b. h. <i>Longwaist</i> , 6 yrs, 9st. 0	
Lord Kelburne's b. c. <i>Reviewer</i> , 3 yrs		Lord Scarbrough's b. c. <i>Tarrare</i> , 4 yrs	
old, 7st.	0	old, 8st. 3lb.	0

Seven to 4 agst *Fleur de Lis*, 7 to 2 agst *Memnon*, 5 to 1 agst *Mulatto*, 6 to 1 agst *Tarrare*, 7 to 1 agst *Longwaist*, 10 to 1 agst *Starch*, 20 to 1 agst *Actæon*, and 100 to 3 agst *Reviewer*. Won easy by a length.

FRIDAY, September 31.—SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Last mile.—Twenty-five subscribers.

Mr. Petre's b. c. <i>Nomplus</i> , by Catton, out of Miss Garforth, by Walton (W. Scott)..... 1	Blacklock 2 Lord Milton's b. c. <i>Kit Cat</i> , by Catton... 3 Mr. Johnson's ch. c. <i>Jupiter</i> , by Tramp, 4 Lord Scarbrough's b. c. by Comus 5
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Six to 5 agst *Kit Cat*, 2 to 1 agst *Nomplus*, 4 to 1 agst *Moonshine*, and 5 to 1 agst *Popsy*.
Won easy.

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, with 20 added, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lb.—St. Leger Course.—Thirteen subscribers.

Duke of Leeds's b. <i>Lunaria</i> , by Whisker, dam by Sancho (R. Johnson)..... 1	Mr. Darnell's b. <i>Nivalis</i> , by Whisker... 2 Mr. Tarlton's b. <i>Sarah</i> , by Whisker ... 3
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The following also started but were not placed:
Lord Scarbrough's br. *Sister to Tarrare*, 0 | Mr. Russell's chs. *Emma*, by Whisker 0
Lord Milton's b. *Dinah*, by Dinmont... 0
Six to 5 agst *Sarah*, and 5 to 2 agst *Lunaria*. Won easy.

Second Year of the SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Four miles.—Eleven subscribers.

Lord Milton's b. c. *Mulatto*, by Catton, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. (T. Lye).....walked over.

ONE HUNDRED POUND PLATE, for three and four-year-olds.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Petre's ch. c. <i>Tom Jones</i> , by Abjer, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. (Nicholson) 8	1	1
Duke of Leeds's b. c. <i>Sirius</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (recd. 75ga.)..... 1	8	3
Lord Scarbrough's b. c. <i>Brother to Pasta</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb..... 5	2	2
Mr. T. O. Powllett's br. g. <i>Gasebo</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb..... 2	3	dr.
Mr. W. Fox's b. c. <i>Soldan</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb..... 3	4	dr.
Mr. Clifton's b. c. <i>Tom</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb..... 7	5	dr.
Lord Kennedy's bl. f. <i>Mary Ann</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 9	6	dr.
Mr. Marson's ch. c. by Cardinal Wolsey, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb..... 4	7	dr.
Sir W. M. Milner's b. c. <i>Mr. Pengander</i> , by Tramp, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb..... 6		dr.

Two to 1 agst *Gasebo*, 9 to 2 agst *Sirius*, and 5 to 1 agst *Brother to Pasta*; after the first heat, 6 to 4 agst *Sirius*, 7 to 2 agst *Brother to Pasta*, and 6 to 1 agst *Tom Jones*; after the second heat, *Tom Jones* the favorite. Won cleverly.

Mr. Hopkinson's br. m. *Harriet*, by Fitzteazle, 5 yrs old, rec. ft. from Mr. Hudson's b. f. *Miracle*, by Young Ardrossan, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. each, 100ga. each, h. ft. One mile and a half.

Mr. Petre's b. f. *Matilda*, by Comus, out of *Juliana*, agst Mr. Feljambe's bl. f. by *Tiresias*, dam by Walton, 8st. 2lb. each, 100ga. h. ft. One mile.—Off.

Mr. Yates's br. c. *Fairlawn*, by Comus, 8st. 3lb. rec. ft. from Lord Muncaster's gr. f. *Tittle Tattle*, by Blacklock, 8st. 200 sovs. 50 ft. Last mile.

ABERDEEN, FORFAR, KINCARDINE, AND BANFF MEETING, 1827.

(Over the Course at Aberdeen.)

WEDNESDAY, August 29.—The MEETING STAKES of 25 sovs. each, five ft., with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Twice round.—Twenty-two subscribers.

Mr. Fraser's br. c. <i>Hartlepool</i> (late Billy Watson), by Walton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (T. Shepherd)..... 1	Mr. Maule's gr. c. <i>The Apostate</i> , by King David, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (fell lame) 2
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Won easy.

FIFTY SOVEREIGNS, given by the Citizens of Aberdeen, added to a Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Twice round and a distance.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Gray's b. c. by Catton, dam by Remembrancer, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (Wakefield) 1	Mr. Maule's br. h. <i>Presody</i> , aged, 8st. 7lb. 2
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A good race, and won by half a neck.

THURSDAY, August 30.—The **LADIES' PURSE** of 60l. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Twice round.

Mr. Gray's b. c. by Catton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (Wakefield)	1	Mr. Fraser's gr. g. Richmond, 6 yrs old, 9st. 1lb.	2
Won easy.			

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—Twice round and a distance.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Gray's b. c. by Catton, 4 yrs old, 8st. (Wakefield)	1	Mr. Fraser's gr. g. Richmond, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	2
Won easy.			

FRIDAY, August 31.—The **CALEDONIAN WELTER STAKES** of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. with 10 added, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Fraser's br. c. <i>Hartlepool</i> , by Wal- ton, 4 yrs old, 9st. 12lb. (T. Shepherd) 1	Mr. Maule's br. h. <i>Prosody</i> , aged, 11st. 2
A good race.	

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Gray's b. c. by Catton, dam by Remembrancer, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (Wakefield).....	2	1	1
Mr. Maule's br. h. <i>Prosody</i> , aged, 9st.....	1	2	dr.

PONTEFRACT MEETING, 1827.

TUESDAY, September 4.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 30gs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile and three-quarters.—Eleven subscribers.

Mr. Riddell's ch. c. <i>Hartpury</i> , by Ab- jer, dam by Ardrossan, out of Lady Eliza (R. Johnson)	1	—Leopoldine.....	4
Lord Scarbrough's b.c. Brother to Pasta, 2	Lord Milton's b. c. Beggar Boy, by Tramp.....	5	
Lord Sligo's b. c. Pelican, by Oiseau... 3	Mr. Hopkinson's ch. c. Geloni, by Hazard	6	
Mr. Petre's ch. c. Tom Jones, by Abjer	Six to 4 agst Tom Jones, and 2 to 1 agst Hartpury. Won cleverly.		

SWEEPSTAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—One mile and three-quarters.—Four subscribers.

Lord Fitzwilliam's br. c. *Medora*, by Cervantes, out of Marianne, 8st.....walked over.

The **ORFORD STAKES** (Produce) of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—T. Y. C.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Petre's br. f. <i>Emmelina</i> , by Black- lock, out of Agatha (S. Templeman) 1	vantes, out of Kitten	2
Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. f. Kitty, by Cer-	Mr. Phillip's b. c. by Phantom, out of Jupiter's dam	3
Four to 1 on Emmelina. A good race, won by only a head.		

The **NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN'S PURSE** of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and three-quarters.

Sir J. Byng's ch. c. <i>Thales</i> , by Tramp, out of Sancho Panza's dam, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (T. Lye) 1	1	Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Coalition, 3 yrs old, 6st. 2lb.	2	3
Mr. Mason's ch. f. Fair Forester, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.....	3	Mr. Haworth's b. c. Cottager, 3 yrs old, 6st. 2lb.....	4	4
Six to 4 agst Thales, and 7 to 4 agst Fair Forester; after the heat, 6 to 4 on Thales. Won easy.				

WEDNESDAY, September 5.—The **FOAL STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds.—Two miles.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. *Coalition*, by Magistrate, 8st.....walked over.

YARMOUTH MEETING, 1827.

TUESDAY, August 28.—The CUP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. R. Pettit's ch. c. <i>Tom Tit</i> , by Waxy Pope, 3 yrs old, 7st. (J. Robinson)	1	1	9st. 2lb.....	3	2
Mr. Howe's b. h. <i>Skiff</i> , 6 yrs old,			Mr. H. Wilson's ch. c. <i>Corkscrew</i> , by <i>Scud</i> , out of <i>Tippitywitchet</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	2	3

The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Col. Wilson's b. f. <i>Sister to Lamplighter</i> , by <i>Merlin</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.	1	1	Mr. Hammond's ch. f. <i>Miss Hammond</i> , by <i>Gustavus</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.	2	dr.
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WEDNESDAY, August 29.—FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. R. Pettit's ch. c. <i>Tom Tit</i> , by Waxy Pope, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. (J. Robinson) ..				2	2	1	1
Col. Wilson's b. f. <i>Sister to Lamplighter</i> , by <i>Merlin</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.	1	3	2	2			
Mr. Hinde's br. c. <i>Interloper</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	2	4	3				
Mr. Sowerby's b. h. <i>Skiff</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.	4	1	dr.				

The NELSON STAKES of five sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, one mile and a distance.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Elwes's ch. g. <i>Dragman</i> , aged, 11st.	1	1	old, 8st. 10lb.	2	2
Mr. Walsley's ch. f. <i>Edith</i> , 3 yrs			Mr. Munroe's br. g. <i>Paddy</i> , aged, 11st.	3	dr.

ABERYSTWYTH MEETING, 1827.

TUESDAY, August 28.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for regular Hunters.—Two-mile heats.—Seven subscribers.

Capt. Bowen Davies's b. m. <i>Mima</i> , by <i>Grimaldi</i> , aged, 12st.	1	1	Young Gincerack, aged, 12st. (restive)	2	dis.
Mr. R. Powell's gr. g. <i>Nicknack</i> , by					

The GOGERDDAN STAKES of five sovs. each, with 40 added.—Heats, once round.

Major Parry's ch. m. by <i>Soothsayer</i> , out of <i>Mary</i> , by <i>Gohanna</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.	1	1	Mr. Vivian's br. g. <i>Smouch</i> , aged, 9st. 7lb.	4	dr.
Capt. B. Davies's b. m. <i>Mima</i> , aged, 9st. 7lb.	2	2	Capt. B. Davies's b. c. <i>Multum in Parvo</i> , by <i>Euston</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. came in first, but owing to foul riding, was	dis.	
Mr. Davies's ch. g. <i>Trooper</i> , aged, 9st. 2lb.	3	3			

WEDNESDAY, August 29.—The ABERYSTWYTH STAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added.—Two-mile heats.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Davies's ch. g. <i>Trooper</i> , by <i>Militiaman</i> , aged, 9st. 2lb.	1	1	each heat)	2	2
Capt. B. Davies's b. c. <i>Multum in Parvo</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. (bolted			Mr. Musson's b. c. <i>Woodpecker</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.	3	dr.

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Pryse's gr. m. <i>Meg Merrilies</i> , by the <i>Malcolm Arabian</i> , aged, 9st. 2lb.	2	1	1
Mr. Warwick's ch. g. aged, 9st. 4lb.	3	4	2
Mr. Davies's ch. g. <i>Trooper</i> , aged, 9st. 4lb.	4	3	3
Mr. Vivian's br. g. <i>Smouch</i> , aged, 8st.	5	5	4
Mr. Edwards's b. m. <i>Miss Downs</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st.	1	2	dr.

ASHFORD MEETING, 1827.

THURSDAY, August 30.—The TOWN PURSE of 50 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Lumley's b. f. <i>Livonia</i> , by Smolensko, out of Stella, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.	1	1	Bob Booty, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	4	3
Mr. Coleman's b. f. Honeysuckle, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.	2	2	Mr. Ward's bl. c. Sir Geoffrey Peveril, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.	3	4
Mr. Dickinson's br. c. Roswal, by			Mr. Brown's b. m. Maid of Kent, aged, 8st. 13lb.	dis.	

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Dickinson's ch. c. <i>Mr. Watt</i> , by Magistrate, out of Altisidora, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	3	1	1
Mr. Brown's b. m. Maid of Kent, aged, 8st. 13lb.	1	3	dr.
Mr. Coleman's b. f. Honeysuckle, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.	2	2	dr.
Mr. Ward's bl. c. Sir Geoffrey Peveril, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.	4	4	dr.
Mr. Messer's bl. c. Whim, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	5	5	dr.

WEYMOUTH MEETING, 1827.

WEDNESDAY, September 5.—HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for four-year-olds and upwards.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Palmerston's b. h. *Luzborough*, by W.'s Ditto, aged, 12st.walked over.

The JOHNSTONE PURSE of 50l. for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, one mile and a distance.

Mr. Humphrey's b. m. <i>Sober Fanny</i> , aged	1	1
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Three others started for both heats.

The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Farquharson's b. h. <i>Presentiment</i> , by Anticipation, 9st. (Colly)	1	1	Mr. Radcliffe's b. c. Lawrence, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	3	2
Mr. Chawner's br. m. Giantess, 5 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.				3	dr.

THURSDAY, September 6.—The TRADESMEN'S PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Radcliffe's b. c. <i>Lawrence</i> , by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. (T. Cowley)	3	1	1
Mr. Farquharson's b. f. by Wanderer, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb.	1	3	3
Mr. Weston's b. c. Premier, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.	2	2	2

The HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added.—One mile and a distance.—Five subscribers—was won by

Mr. White's *Czarina*, 5 yrs old, beating three others.

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 40 added, for horses of all ages. Heats, one mile and a distance.

Mr. Farquharson's b. h. <i>Presentiment</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 8lb.	1	1	Mr. Chawner's br. m. Giantess, 6 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	2	2
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BASINGSTOKE MEETING, 1827.

THURSDAY, September 6.—The VINE STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Biggs's ch. g. <i>Sunshine</i> , by Soothsayer, aged, 9st. 1lb.	1	1	Mr. Braithwaite's br. m. (half bred) 6 yrs old, 9st. 1lb.	5	4
Mr. Pearce's b. f. Fancy, by Wanderer, out of Misery, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.	2	2	Mr. Chute's br. g. Little Driver, aged, 9st. 1lb.	3	dr.
Mr. Messer's bl. c. Whim, 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb.	6	3	Mr. Brown's br. h. Charnwood, aged, 9st. 4lb.	4	dr.

Won by a neck. The winner was claimed according to articles for 100gs.

FRIDAY, September 7.—The **HACKWOOD STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, round and a distance.—Five subscribers.

Lord Mountcharles's ch. c. <i>Inglemere</i> , by Catton, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. 1	1	7st. 11lb.....	2	dr.
Mr. Pearce's b. f. Fancy, 4 yrs old,		Mr. Isherwood's br. f. Medora, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.....	3	dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, one ft. to be made up 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Lord Mountcharles's ch. c. <i>Inglemere</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	1	1	8st. 7lb.	2	2
Sir W. Lumley's br. g. Little Driver, aged, 8st. 8lb.	3	4	Mr. Isherwood's br. f. Medora, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	5	dr.
Mr. Pearce's b. f. Fancy, 4 yrs old,			Mr. Braithwaite's br. m. 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	4	3

TENTERDEN MEETING, 1827.

FRIDAY, September 7.—The **TOWN PURSE** of 50l. for horses of all ages. Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Bennett's b. m. <i>Pat</i> , by Whalebone, aged, 9st. 4lb.....	1	1	old, 8st. 7lb.....	2	2
Mr. Coleman's b. c. Flamingo, 4 yrs			Mr. Fuller's br. m. Duchess, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.....	3	3

The **RYE PLATE** of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, thrice round and a distance.

Mr. Coleman's b. f. <i>Honeysuckle</i> , by Whalebone, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. 1	1	aged, 9st. 4lb.	2	2
Mr. Brown's b. m. Maid of Kent,		Mr. Maplesden's b. f. Maid of Sussex, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb... ..	3	3

LICHFIELD MEETING, 1827..

TUESDAY, September 11.—The **STAFFORDSHIRE STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, with 30 added, for three-year-olds.—One mile.—Four subscribers. Mr. Yates's br. c. *Sharpshooter*, by Paulowitz, 8st. 3lb.....walked over.

The **GOLD CUP**, value 100 sovs. by 11 subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.

Mr. Giffard's ch. c. *Leviathan*, by Muley, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.....walked over.

HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100ga. for four-year-olds and upwards.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. Mytton's ch. g. <i>Euphrates</i> , by Quiz, aged, 12st. (T. Whitehouse).....	1	1	Mr. Barrow's b. m. Alecto, aged, 12st.....	3	dr.
Mr. Gleave's b. h. Miller of Mansfield, 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb.	2	dr.	Mr. Chandler's b. f. Queen of Hearts, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.....	dis.	

WEDNESDAY, September 12.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Last half-mile.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Yates's ch. f. <i>Mermaid</i> , by Merlin, out of Matilda (J. Spring)	1	dam by Selim, out of Donna Clara, 2	
Lord Anglesea's ch. f. by Don Cossack,		Mr. Giffard's b. f. <i>Mischief</i> , by Skim— Miss Mirth	3

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Yates's b. c. *Paul Pry*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.....walked over.

HANDICAP STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds.—Half a mile.

Mr. Yates's ch. f. <i>Mermaid</i> , by Merlin, out of Matilda, 8st. 8lb. (J. Spring)...	1	Lord Anglesea's ch. f. by Don Cossack, 8st.	2
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THE RACING CALENDAR, 1827.

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THURSDAY, September 13.—The GENTLEMEN'S PURSE of 50l. for three and four-year-olds.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Howard's br. f. by Filho da Puta, out of Loo Choo, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. (Cleft)	1	1	old, 8st. 4lb.....	2	2
Mr. Haywood's b. c. Sceptre, 4 yrs			Mr. Giffard's ch. c. Pantaloon, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. came in first, but being short of weight, was	dis.	

The CITY PURSE was not run for.

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages.

Mr. Giffard's b. c. by Ambo, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. (W. Lear).....	1	1	(late Wenlock,) by Piscator, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.....	2	3
Mr. Barrow's b. m. Alecto, aged, 9st. 4	2		Mr. Wightwick's ch. c. Vatican, 3 yrs old, 7st.	3	4
Mr. Wilkins's ch. c. Fisherman,					

BECCLES MEETING, 1827.

TUESDAY, September 11.—SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Col. Wilson's b. f. Sister to Lamp-lighter, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. (A. Pavis)	1	1	Mr. Hinde's br. c. Interloper, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....	3	dr.
Mr. R. Wilson's br. f. Buske, 4 yrs 7st. 13lb.	2	2	Mr. Pettit's ch. c. Tom Tit, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (broke down)	dis.	

The LADIES' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Zoffani, by Woful, out of Zaida, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.	1	1	Mr. Hammond's ch. f. Miss Hammond, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.....	3	dr.
Mr. R. Wilson's ch. c. Corkscrew, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	2	2	Mr. R. Wilson's br. f. Buske, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.....	4	dr.
			A good race, won by half a neck.		

WEDNESDAY, September 12.—The GENTLEMEN'S PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a half.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Zoffani, by Woful, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.....	2	1	1
Mr. R. Wilson's ch. c. Corkscrew, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. (broke down).....	1	2	dis.
A fine race.			

EXETER MEETING, 1827.

(The Course is about Two Miles round.)

WEDNESDAY, September 12.—The DEVONSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five, if declared, &c. for horses of all ages.—Once round.

Mr. Baillie's b. c. Premier, by Phantom, dam by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. (W. Irene)	1		Foxbury, dam by Rubens, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.....	2	
Mr. Trelawney's b. c. Fadladeen, by			Mr. Portman's ch. m. Prosody, aged, 9st. 3lb. ..	3	
Four subscribers paid 15 sovs. ft. and nine others who declared by the time prescribed, paid only five sovs. each.					

A TURREN, value 100 sovs. by subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Lord Palmerston's b. h. Luxborough, by W.'s Ditto, aged, 9st. 9lb. (C. Day)	1	1	Mr. Serjeantson's ch. f. Sprite, 3 yrs old, 5st. 13lb.	2	2
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The COUNTY MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Jones's b. m. Conquest, by Waterloo, 5 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. (C. Day).....	1	1	Mr. Radcliffe's b. c. Lawrence, 4 yrs old, 9st.	2	dr.
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THURSDAY, September 12.—The CITY PURSE of 100l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Lord Palmerston's b. h. <i>Lamborough</i> , by W.'s Ditto, aged, 10st. (C. Day)	1	1	Mr. Ley's b. c. <i>Crumpet</i> , by <i>Rasping</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.....	3	4
Mr. Portman's ch. m. <i>Prosody</i> , aged, 9st. 11lb.....	5	2	Mr. Trelawney's b. c. <i>Fadladeen</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.	2	dr.
Mr. Radcliffe's b. c. <i>Lawrence</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	6	3	Mr. Jones's b. m. <i>Conquest</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 3lb.....	4	dr.

The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Jones's b. m. <i>Conquest</i> , by <i>Waterloo</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (C. Day) 1	1	old, 7st. 11lb.	2	2
Mr. Gannett's b. f. <i>Gamelia</i> , 4 yrs		Mr. Trelawney's b. c. <i>Fadladeen</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.	3	dr.

NORTHAMPTON MEETING, 1827.

WEDNESDAY, September 12.—The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. (the surplus in specie) by 12 subscribers of 10gs. each, for horses of all ages.—Twice round.

Mr. Maberley's br. c. <i>Monarch</i> , by <i>Comus</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (F. Boyce) 1		Mr. Payne's br. c. by <i>Octavius</i> , dam by <i>Election</i> , out of <i>Amazon</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.....	3	
Lord Exeter's ch. c. <i>Hobgoblin</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	2	A good race.		

THURSDAY, September 13.—SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Maberley's br. c. <i>Monarch</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (F. Boyce).....	1	1	down).....	2	dr.
Mr. Payne's ch. h. <i>Barytes</i> , by <i>Walton</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (broke			Mr. Payne's br. c. by <i>Octavius</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.	3	dr.

Several PLATES, &c. were not run for from want of horses.

ISLE OF THANET MEETING, 1827.

WEDNESDAY, September 12.—The POWELL STAKES of 10gs. each, with 50 added, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Dickinson's ch. c. <i>Mr. Watt</i> , by <i>Magistrate</i> , out of <i>Altisidora</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. (R. Meachin)	4	2	1	1
Mr. Heathcote's br. c. <i>Syntax</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	3	1	3	2
Mr. Theobald's b. c. <i>Smuggler</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. ...	1	3	2	3
Mr. Brown's b. c. <i>Tom Thumb</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	2	4	dr.	

A good race.

The RAMSGATE PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Howard's br. c. <i>Scamper</i> , by <i>Selim</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (M'Donald)	1	1	old, 8st. 11lb... ..	2	3
Mr. Dickinson's b. c. <i>Roswal</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.....	4	2	Mr. Coleman's b. f. <i>Honeysuckle</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.....	5	4
Mr. Dickinson's ch. f. <i>Amelia</i> , 4 yrs			Mr. Ryan's b. m. <i>Wildgoose</i> , Sister to <i>Salisbury</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 3	dr.	

THURSDAY, September 13.—The MARGATE PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Howard's br. c. <i>Scamper</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (M'Donald)	1	1	Mr. Dickinson's b. c. <i>Roswal</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	3	3
Mr. Brown's b. c. <i>Tom Thumb</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	3	2	Mr. Theobald's b. c. <i>Smuggler</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.....	3	dr.

The VISITOR'S PURSE of 50l. for the beaten horses.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Heathcote's br. c. <i>Syntax</i> , by <i>Amadis</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (Coleman)	2	1	3	1
Mr. Dickinson's b. c. <i>Roswal</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	4	3	1	2
Mr. Dickinson's ch. f. <i>Amelia</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.	3	2	2	
Mr. Coleman's b. f. <i>Honeysuckle</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.	5	4	4	
Mr. Theobald's b. <i>Smuggler</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	1	5	dr.	

GLOUCESTER MEETING, 1827.

MONDAY, September 17.—The GLOUCESTER STAKES of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft. and only five if declared, &c. for horses of all ages.—Two miles.

Mr. I. Day's b. g. *Liston*, by *Ambo*, 6 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.walked over.
Seven subscribers paid 15 sovs. each, and six others who declared, &c. paid only five sovs. each.

The BERKELEY STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 30 sovs. added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Day's br. f. <i>Buske</i> , by <i>Whalebone</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. (A. Pavis)	1	1	Mr. Cooke's Maid of Mansfield, 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.	2	dr.
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The BEAUFORT STAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—One-mile heats.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Sadler's ch. f. <i>Tears</i> , by <i>Woful</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (J. Chapple)	1	1	old, 9st.	5	3
Mr. I. Day's b. g. <i>Liston</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 6lb.	4	2	Mr. Day's b. m. <i>Young Zulcika</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st.	2	dr.
Mr. Hardy's br. h. <i>Verderer</i> , 5 yrs			Mr. Cooke's br. c. <i>His Majesty</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.	2	dr.

TUESDAY, September 18.—The PORTHAM STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 25 added, for regular hunters.—Two-mile heats.—Four subscribers.

Mr. I. Day's b. h. <i>Nimrod</i> , by <i>Topsy Turvy</i> , aged, 12st. 1lb. (Capt. M. F. Berkeley)	1	1	Capt. Jenner's <i>Warwick</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.	2	dr.
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The HARTPURY STAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. I. Day's br. f. <i>Buske</i> , by <i>Whalebone</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. (A. Pavis)	1	1	Mr. Cooke's br. c. <i>His Majesty</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	2	3
Mr. Bartley's b. c. <i>The Constable</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st.	4	2	Mr. Hyett's br. f. <i>Mary</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st.	3	dr.

A good race.

The SEVERN STAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Gentlemen riders.—Two-mile heats.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Day's ch. g. <i>The Tartar</i> , by <i>Don Cossack</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 8lb. (Capt. F. Berkeley)	1	1	aged, 11st. 6lb.	2	3
Mr. Leverage's b. m. <i>Lady Jane</i> ,			Capt. Berkeley's br. m. <i>Creeping Jane</i> , aged, 11st. 6lb.	2	3

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages. Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Day's b. h. <i>Nimrod</i> , aged, 8st. 6lb. (C. Day)	1	1	Mr. Cooke's b. m. <i>Maid of Mansfield</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st.	2	3
Mr. Day's b. m. <i>Young Zulcika</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	3	2	Capt. Berkeley's br. g. <i>Logic</i> , aged, 8st. 10lb.	4	dr.

HANDICAP STAKES of 20 sovs. each.

Mr. Whitcomb's <i>Emma</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	1	Mr. Hyett's <i>Billy Pitt</i> , 3 yrs, 17st. 4lb ..	2
		Mr. Walter's <i>Mary</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb...	3

TIVERTON MEETING, 1827.

FRIDAY, September 14.—The CALVERLEIGH STAKES of five sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Nineteen subscribers.

Mr. Trolowney's b. g. <i>Fox</i> , aged, 12st.	1	1	Mr. Huntley's br. h. <i>Naughty Tom</i> , my, aged, 12st...	2	2
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A good race.

The WORTH STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for maiden horses of all ages, not thorough-bred.—Heats, once round.—Twenty-four subscribers.

Mr. Bayly's b. g. <i>Anti-Catholic</i> , 4 yrs old, 9st. 5lb.....	1	1	Mr. Harris's ch. g. <i>Acorn</i> , by Cat- ton, 6 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.....	2	2
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SATURDAY, September 15.—HANDICAP STAKES of seven sovs. each, with 20 added.

Mr. Huntley's br. h. <i>Naughty Tom-</i> <i>my</i> , by Smolensko, aged, 10st. 7lb.	1	1	Mr. Trelawney's b. g. <i>Fox</i> , aged, 10st. 4lb.....	3	3
Mr. Bayly's b. g. <i>Anti-Catholic</i> , 4 yrs old, 9st. 4lb.....	2	2	Mr. Hardwick's Jack Sutton, 10st. 7lb.....	4	4

SHREWSBURY MEETING, 1827.

TUESDAY, September 18.—SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Once round and a distance.—Ten subscribers.

Sir W. Wynne's b. f. <i>Effe</i> , by Catton, out of Fanina, 8st. 4lb. (S. Darling)...	1	1	nia, 8st. 4lb.	2	2
Mr. Mytton's br. c. <i>Lechmere</i> , by Mas- ter Henry, or Castrel, out of Mervi-			Sir W. Wynne's b. f. <i>Brenda</i> , by Catton, 8st. 1lb.	3	3

SWEEPSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—About one mile and a half.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Thompson's br. g. <i>Orthodox</i> , by Filho da Puta, 6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. (C. Norman).....	1	1	Mr. White's b. g. <i>Granby</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	2	2
			Mr. Charlton's b. h. <i>Mask</i> , aged, 9st. 2lb. 3		

The MEMBERS' PURSE of 60l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Gleave's b. h. <i>Miller of Mans-</i> <i>field</i> , by Filho da Puta, 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. (C. Norman)	1	1	5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	3	2
Mr. Thompson's ch. h. <i>Cymbeline</i> ,			Sir T. Stanley's b. c. by Catton, out of Maid of Lorn, 3 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....	2	3

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Sir T. Stanley's b. h. <i>Hajji Baba</i> , by Filho da Puta, 6 yrs old (J. Spring)	1	1	Mr. Pickernell's b. m. <i>Susan</i> , 5 yrs, 4	3	
Sir W. Wynne's ch. f. <i>Latitat</i> , 4 yrs, 3	2	2	Mr. Thompson's br. g. <i>Orthodox</i> , 6 yrs old.....	2	dr.

WEDNESDAY, September 19.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds.—About three quarters of a mile.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Yates's ch. f. <i>Mermaid</i> , by Merlin, out of Matilda, 7st. 11lb. (J. Spring) 1	1	1	Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. by Master Henry, out of Lady Caroline, 8st. 3lb. 2	2	
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Five to 1 on Mermaid. Won in a canter.

The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. (the surplus in specie,) by 12 subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.—Twelve subscribers.

Sir T. Stanley's br. h. <i>Doctor Faustus</i> , by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (J. Spring).....	1	1	7st. 12lb.....	2	
Mr. White's br. c. <i>Euxton</i> , 4 yrs old,			Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. h. <i>Hesperus</i> , aged, 8st. 12lb.....	3	

Two to 1 on Dr. Faustus, and 3 to 1 agst Euxton. Won very easy.

The ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, with 20 added, for three-year-olds.—Once round and a distance.—Six subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's b. c. *Gros de Naples*, by Blucher, 8st. 1lb..... walked over.

FIFTY POUNDS, for three and four-year-olds.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Yates's b. f. <i>Little-do-Peep</i> , by Paulowitz, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (J. Spring) 1	1	1			
Mr. Haywood's b. c. <i>Sceptre</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.....				4	2

Sir W. Wynne's ch. f. *Latitat*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. 5 3 | yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 2 dr.
 Mr. Thompson's ch. c. *Predictor*, 4 | Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. c. *Job*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3 dr.
 Two to 1 agst *Little-bo-Peep*; after the heat, even betting on her. Won easy.

THURSDAY, September 20.—The **SEVERN STAKES** of 30 sovs. h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Once round and a distance. Five subscribers.

Sir T. Stanley's b. c. *Joceline*, by Catton, out of General Mina's dam (J. Spring) 1 | Blucher 2
 Lord Grosvenor's b. c. *Mavrocordato*, by | Lord Grosvenor's b. c. *Gros de Naples*, by Blucher 3
 Five to 4 on *Gros de Naples*. A good race.

The **HALSTON STAKES** of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. for three and four-year-olds. Once round and a distance.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Yates's b. f. *Little-bo-Peep*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (J. Spring) 1 | Sir W. Wynne's b. c. *Sancredo*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 2
 Two to 1 on *Little-bo-Peep*. Won easy.

HUNTERS' STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Painter's b. g. *Fitzwilliam*, by Fitzgames, aged, 12st. 4lb. (C. Norman) 1 1 | yrs old, 11st. 12lb. 2 dr.
 Sir W. Wynne's b. m. *Antiope*, 6 | Mr. Charlton's br. h. *Gluepot*, 6 yrs old, 12st. 3 dr.
 Eight to 1 on *Fitzwilliam*.

The **COUNTY MEMBERS' PURSE** of 60l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. *Grenadier*, by Waterloo, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (J. Spring) 1 1 | Sir W. Wynne's b. c. *Sangrado*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 2 2
 Ten to 1 on *Grenadier*. Won easy.

TEWKESBURY MEETING, 1827.

THURSDAY, September 20.—The **TEWKESBURY STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c. with 50 added, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.

Mr. I. Day's b. g. *Liston*, by Ambo, 6 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (C. Day) 1 | yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 3
 Mr. Dilly's b. h. *Escape*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 2 | Mr. Canning's b. f. *Maria*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4
 Lord Warwick's Double Entendre, 6 | Mr. Griffith's br. m. *Palatine*, aged, 8st. 8lb. 5
 Won easy.

The **LADIES' CUP** of 20 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Griffith's br. m. *Palatine*, by Filho da Puta, aged, 9st. 2lb. (Calloway) 2 1 1
 Mr. Brentnall's b. c. *Cymon*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 1 2 dr.
 A good race.

The **HAM STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Day's b. m. *Young Zulcika*, by Fyldener, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. won at three heats, beating Mr. Howe's b. m. *Miss Clifton*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb., Mr. Cooke's b. m. *Maid of Mansfield*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb., and Mr. A. Berkeley's br. g. *Logic*, by Selim, aged, 9st. 11lb.

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages, was won by

Mr. Day's *Young Zulcika*, 5 yrs old, beating Mr. Bartley's b. c. *The Constable*, 4 yrs old, Mr. Howe's b. h. *Warwick*, 6 yrs old, and Mr. Davis's b. g. *Healy*, aged.

The **TOWN PURSE** was not run for.

THE RACING CALENDAR, 1827.

MARTOCK MEETING, 1827.

TUESDAY, September 18.—The **MARTOCK STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 40 added, for horses of all ages not thorough-bred.—Heats, about two miles.

Mr. White's b. g. Pavilion, by Young Pavilion, aged, 11st. 4lb.....	2	1	1
Mr. Chambers's br. g. Gas Light, 5 yrs old, 10st. 4lb.....	1	2	dr.
Mr. Richards's b. g. Habberley, aged, 12st. 2lb.....	3	3	dr.
Mr. Westbrook's br. m. Lottery, 6 yrs old, 11st. 2lb.....	dis.		

The **STEWARDS' CUP**, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Chambers's br. g. Gas Light, aged, 11st. 2lb.....	3	4	
by Pendulum, 5 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. 1 1			
Mr. Westbrook's br. m. Lottery, 6 yrs old, 11st. 5lb.....	5	2	
Mr. Symes's br. m. Governess, (late Virgin,) aged, 11st. 7lb.....	2	3	
Mr. Slade's br. m. Polly Heptina, aged, 11st. 2lb.....	dis.		
Mr. White's bl. m. Gipsy, 6 yrs old, 11st. 2lb.....	4	dr.	
Mr. Alexander's br. f. Little Jane, 4 yrs old, 10st. 5lb.....	6	dr.	
Mr. Hewett's b. g. Ranger, 6 yrs old, 11st.....	dis.		

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with a Purse added, for the best horses.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Westbrook's br. m. Lottery, 6 yrs old, 11st.....	1		
Mr. Symes's br. m. Governess, aged, 10st. 3lb.....	2		

DOVER MEETING, 1827.

(Over Buckland Bottom.)

WEDNESDAY, September 19.—The **MEMBERS' PURSE** of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Dickinson's b. c. Roswal, by Bob Booty, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.....	4	1	1
Mr. Howard's b. g. Kent, aged, 8st. 11lb.....	1	4	dr.
Mr. C. Wright's b. f. Honeysuckle, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.....	2	2	dr.
Mr. Fuller's br. m. Duchess, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.....	3	3	dr.
Mr. Kennett's br. m. Wildgoose, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (bolted).....	dis.		

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 35 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Kennett's gr. g. Alexander, 5 yrs old, 10st. 8lb.....	1	1	
Mr. Maplesden's ch. f. Maid of Susan, (late Caroline,) by Anacreon, 4 yrs old, 10st. 1lb.....	4	2	
Mr. C. Wright's bl. g. Salamander, 5 yrs old, 10st. 8lb.....	2	3	
Capt. Hamilton's b. g. Crusader, 6 yrs old, 11st. 1lb.....	3	0	
Mr. Howard's b. g. Ploughboy, 5 yrs old, 10st. 8lb.....	5	0	
Mr. Stringer's b. f. Rosebud, 4 yrs old, 10st. 1lb.....	0	0	

THURSDAY, September 20.—The **TOWN and VISITORS' PURSE** of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Brown's b. c. Tom Thurst, by Whalbone, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.....	1	1	
Mr. Dickinson's b. c. Roswal, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.....	2	2	
Mr. Kennett's br. m. Wildgoose, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....	2	3	
Mr. Iggulden's b. g. Ripton, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....	4	4	
Mr. Wright's b. f. Honeysuckle, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.....	5	dr.	

The **HUNTERS' STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 35 added.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. C. Wright's br. m. Duchess, 6 yrs old, 10st. 11lb.....	3	1	1
Mr. Howard's b. g. Kent, aged, 10st. 11lb.....	1	2	2
Mr. Belsey's ch. g. Regulator, 6 yrs old, 11st. 4lb.....	4	2	2
Mr. Back's br. g. Skyblue, aged, 10st. 11lb.....	2	dis.	

BRECONSHIRE MEETING, 1827.

WEDNESDAY, September 19.—**FIFTY POUNDS**, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

THE RACING CALENDAR, 1827.

27

Mr. Gwalter's b. m. <i>Prude</i> , by Phantom, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb..... 1 1	Mr. Phillips's b. f. <i>Octavia</i> , by Waxy Pope, out of Cobbea, 5 yrs old, 6st. 4lb..... 0 dr.
Mr. Giffard's b. c. <i>Billy-lack-a-day</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb..... 2 2	Ms. Evans's ch. f. by <i>Pincator</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb..... 0 dr.
Mr. Thorne's b. m. <i>Forester Lass</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb..... 3 dr.	

A GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. given by the Town, added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance, about three miles.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Haffenden's b. c. <i>Trumpeter</i> , by Waxy Pope, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. 1 1	Mr. Thorne's b. m. <i>Forester Lass</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 4lb..... 3 dr.
Mr. Pickernell's b. f. <i>Miss Eversley</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb..... 2 2	Major Parry's ch. m. by <i>Soothsayer</i> , 5 yrs old..... 4 dr.

The USK STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses not thoroughbred.—Once round and a distance.

Mr. P. Williams's bl. m. <i>Cholstrey</i> <i>Lass</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 4lb..... 1	Mr. Peel's ch. g. <i>Brecon</i> , by <i>Weaver</i> , aged, 9st. 13lb..... 4
Mr. Edwards's bl. m. <i>Tenbury Lass</i> , aged, 9st. 13lb..... 2	Mr. Maund's b. g. <i>Sprae</i> , 4 yrs old, 6st. 2lb..... 5
Mr. Heywood's b. f. <i>Bay Betty</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb..... 3	Mr. W. Williams's ch. c. <i>Josiah</i> , 4 yrs old, 6st. 10lb..... 0

THURSDAY, September 20.—The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Haffenden's b. c. <i>Trumpeter</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb..... 1 1	6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb..... 2 dr.
Mr. Thorne's br. m. <i>Forester Lass</i> ,	Mr. Parry's ch. m. by <i>Soothsayer</i> , 5 yrs old, 6st. 10lb..... 3 dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for regular hunters not thoroughbred.—Gentlemen riders.—Two-mile heats.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Edwards's bl. m. <i>Tenbury Lass</i> , by <i>Listnahago</i> , aged, 12st. 2lb..... 1 1	by <i>Wildboy</i> , 6 yrs old, 12st..... 2 2
Mr. Guest's b. m. <i>Harriette Wilson</i> ,	Mr. Page's gr. g. <i>Nienack</i> , aged, 12st. 2lb..... 3 dr.

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 40 added, for horses of all ages. Heats, about a mile and a distance.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Giffard's b. c. <i>Billy-lack-a-day</i> , by <i>Spectre</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb..... 4 3 1 1	
Mr. Thorne's br. m. <i>Forester Lass</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 11lb..... 2 1 2 2	
Mr. Pickernell's b. f. <i>Miss Eversley</i> , by <i>Whalebone</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb. 1 2 3 dr.	
Mr. Parry's ch. m. by <i>Soothsayer</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb..... 3 dr.	

OSWESTRY MEETING, 1827.

MONDAY, September 24.—The ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 1½ ft. for three-year-olds.—One mile.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Mytton's br. c. *Lechmere*, by Master Henry or Castrel, 8st. 4lb.....walked over.

A CUP, value 50 sovs. the gift of Sir W. W. Wynn, added to a Handicap Stakes of 15 sovs. each, five ft. if declared, &c. for horses of all ages.

Mr. Thompson's br. g. *Orthodox*, by *Filho da Puta*, 6 yrs old, 9st. 4lb...walked over.
Eight subscribers, three of whom paid only five sovs. each.

FIFTY POUNDS, the gift of the Stewards, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Thompson's ch. h. <i>Cymbeline</i> , by <i>Octavian</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. (8. Darling) 1 1	Mr. Mytton's br. c. <i>Lechmere</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 4lb..... 2 dr.
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Five to 1 on *Cymbeline*. Won in a canter.

TUESDAY, September 25.—PRODUCE STAKES of 25gs. each, for three-year-olds.—One mile.—Four subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's br. f. <i>Barlesque</i> , by Blucher, out of <i>Boadicea</i> , 8st. (H. Arthur)..... 1	8st. 2 Sir W. Wynne's b. f. <i>Brenda</i> , by Cat- ton, 8st. 3 Even betting on <i>Effie</i> . A good race.
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The GOLD CUP, (in specie,) by 13 subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Three miles and a half.

Mr. Mytton's ch. g. <i>Euphrates</i> , by Quiz, aged, 8st. 12lb. (T. Whitehouse) 1	Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. c. <i>Mayfly</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb..... 2 Five to 4 on <i>Mayfly</i> . Won cleverly.
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The GENTLEMEN'S SUBSCRIPTION PURSE of 50l. for three and four-year-olds.—Two-mile heats.

Sir W. Wynne's b. f. <i>Effe</i> , by Catton, out of <i>Fanina</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb..... 2	1	1
Mr. Thompson's ch. c. <i>Predictor</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.....	1	2
Five and 6 to 4 on <i>Effe</i> ; after the first heat, 6 to 4 on <i>Predictor</i> . Won cleverly.		

WEDNESDAY, September 26.—SWEEPSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—One mile.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Thompson's br. g. <i>Orthodox</i> , by Filho da Puta, 6 yrs, 9st. (S. Darling) 1	Sir T. Stanley's b. c. <i>Joceline</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 2 Three and 4 to 1 on <i>Joceline</i> . Won by half a head.
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SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for three-year-olds.—One mile and a half. Four subscribers.

Mr. Mytton's br. c. <i>Lechmere</i> , by Mas- ter Henry or Castrel, out of <i>Mervinia</i> , 8st. 4lb. (Whitehouse)..... 1	Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. c. by Champion, out of <i>Madame Preale</i> , 8st. 7lb..... 2 Even betting. Won easy.
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A CUP, value 50l. given by Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart., added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Thompson's ch. c. <i>Predictor</i> , by Soothsayer, 4 yrs, 8st. 6lb. (S. Barnard) 1	2	1
Sir W. Wynne's br. c. <i>Sancredo</i> , 4 yrs old, 9st.	2	1
Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. c. <i>Job</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.	3	3
Six to 4 on <i>Sancredo</i> ; after the first heat, even betting on <i>Predictor</i> ; after the second heat, 3 to 1 on <i>Sancredo</i> .—The first heat won by half a head; the second and third very easy.		

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Heats, three miles and a half.		
Mr. Mytton's ch. g. <i>Euphrates</i> , by Quiz, aged, 9st. 2lb. (T. White- house) 1	1	5 yrs old, 7st. 12lb..... 2
Mr. Thompson's ch. h. <i>Cymbeline</i> ,		Sir W. W. Wyan's ch. c. <i>Mayfly</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb..... 3
Won easy.		

HEATON PARK MEETING, (NEAR MANCHESTER,) 1827.

TUESDAY, September 25.—The HEATON PARK STAKES (Handicap) of 15 sovs. each, five ft. for horses of all ages.—Once round and a distance. Seven subscribers.

Mr. White's br. m. <i>Alecto</i> , by Filho da Puta, or Hetman, aged, 12st. 3lb. (Mr. White) 1	(late Thompson,) by Buffer, aged, 10st. 9lb..... 2 Mr. B. Hoghton's bl. f. <i>Bella Donna</i> , 4 yrs old, 9st. 8lb..... 3
Mr. Grosvenor's gr. g. <i>White Surrey</i> ,	
The following also started but were not placed:	
Mr. Hulton's <i>Clare</i> , 5 yrs old, 10st. 2lb. 0	out of <i>Phoebe</i> , 3 yrs old, 9st. 6lb..... 0
Sir J. Gerard's ch. c. <i>Phoebe</i> , by Milo,	Mr. Yates's ch. g. <i>Dick</i> , aged, 10st. 11lb. 0
Six to 4 agst <i>Electo</i> . A good race.	

The STANLEY STAKES (Handicap) of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. for horses of all ages.—A. F.—Half a mile.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Thompson's br. g. <i>Falcon</i> , by Bus- tard, out of <i>Petronilla</i> , aged, 12st. (Owner) 1	11st. 5lb..... 2 Mr. White's br. m. <i>Harriet</i> , by Fitsta- le, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb..... 3
Lord Wilton's b. g. <i>Glead</i> , 6 yrs old,	

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Stanley's br. g. Armiger, by Blucher, out of Miss Hap, 5 yrs, old, 10st. 7lb.....	0	yrs old, 9st. 13lb.	0
Mr. B. Hoghton's b. g. Sir Malachi, 6		Sir J. Gerard's bl. g. Oliver Snape, aged, 10st. 3lb.....	0

Five to 4 agst Harriet, and 4 to 1 agst Falcon. Won easy.

MATCH.—Two miles.

Mr. Wainwright's gr. c. Panther, by Friend Ned, 3 yrs old, 10st. 5lb. (Lord Wilton)	1	Mr. Thompson's b. c. Billy, by Fitzlangton, 3 yrs old.....	2
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Two to 1 on Billy.

The HACK STAKES (Handicap) of 10 sovs each.—A. F.—Four subscribers.

Mr. White's br. g. Plutarch, by Pericles, 6 yrs old, 12st. (Owner).....	1	Mr. C. Stanley's b. m. Elinor, 6 yrs old, 10st. 4lb. (fell)	3
Mr. Porter's ch. g. Gift, aged, 11st.....	2	Two to 1 on Plutarch. Won easy.	

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. for three and four year-olds.—Half a mile.—Three subscribers.

Mr. White's ch. c. Geloni, by Hazard, dam by Remembrancer, 3 yrs old, 10st. 10lb. (Mr. White)	1	Mr. E. Hornby's ch. f. Marchioness, 4 yrs old, 11st. 5lb.	2
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Six to 4 on Geloni. A good race.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. for horses of all ages.—One mile.—Seven subscribers.

Lord Wilton's b. g. Glead, by Bustard, 6 yrs old, 11st. 5lb. (Owner).....	1	Mr. Thompson's br. g. Falcon, aged, 11st. 12lb.	2
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The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Yates's ch. m. Charlotte, aged, 10st. 8lb.....	0	Captain Brymer's b. g. Scrub, 5 yrs old, 10st. 5lb.....	0
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Six to 4 on Falcon. Won easy.

MATCH for 50 sovs.—St. Leger Course.

Mr. E. Stanley's br. m. Amazon, aged, 10st. 10lb. (Lord Wilton)	1	Mr. Yates's ch. g. aged, 10st. 12lb.....	2
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Won very easy.

WEDNESDAY, September 26.—MATCH for 50 sovs.—Once round.

Mr. E. Hornby's b. g. Fritz, by Blucher, dam by Sir Oliver, 4 yrs old, 11st. 2lb. (Mr. White).....	1	Mr. Stanley's br. m. Amazon, aged, 10st. 7lb.....	2
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Two to 1 on Fritz. Won easy.

The CLARET STAKES (Handicap) of 15 sovs. each, five ft. for horses of all ages.—One mile.—Nine subscribers.

Lord Wilton's b. g. Glead, 6 yrs old, 11st. 13lb. (Lord Wilton).....	1	Mr. Thompson's bl. g. Falcon, aged, 12st.....	2
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The following also started but were not placed :

Captain Brymer's b. g. Scrub, 5 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.....	0	9st. 10lb.....	0
Mr. Stanley's br. g. Armiger, 5 yrs old,		Sir J. Gerard's Cheshire Cheese, by Rinaldo, 5 yrs old, 9st. 8lb.....	0

Two to 1 agst Scrub. A good race.

MATCH for 50 sovs.—A. F.

Mr. Hulton's ch. g. Architect, by Goth, aged, 10st. 7lb. (Mr. Radcliffe).....	1	Mr. Thompson's br. g. by Tagna, 11st... ..	2
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Two to 1 on Architect. Won easy.

MATCH for 50 sovs.—Once round.

Mr. White's br. m. Alecto, aged, 11st. (Mr. White)	1	Lord Wilton's b. g. Glead, 6 yrs old, 10st. 10lb.....	2
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Five to 4 on Alecto. A fine race.

MATCH for 50 sovs.—Once round.

Mr. Yates's ch. g. Dick, aged, 11st. 4lb. (Mr. White)	1	Mr. Stanley's br. m. Amazon, aged, 10st. 12lb.....	2
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Won easy.

The WELTER STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages, 11st. 7lb. each.—Horses not thorough-bred allowed 7lb.—Once round and a distance.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. White's br. m. *Alecto*, aged (Mr. White) 1 | Mr. Rigby's br. g. *Pandurum*, 5 yrs old (allowed 7lb.) 3
 Captain Brymer's b. g. *Scrub*, 5 yrs old, 8 | Ten to 1 on *Alecto*.

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. for the beaten horses.—Three quarters of a mile.—Five subscribers.

Mr. E. G. Hornby's ch. f. *Marchioness*, by Catton, 4 yrs old, 9st. 12lb. (Mr. Radcliffe) 1 | Mr. White's br. m. *Harriet*, 5 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed:
 Mr. Yates's ch. g. *Dick*, aged, 10st. 10lb. 0 | Sir J. Gerard's *Cheshire Cheese*, 5 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. 0
 Captain Brymer's b. g. *Scrub*, 5 yrs old, 9st. 12lb. 0
 Seven to 4 agst *Harriet*, 2 to 1 agst *Dick*, and 6 to 1 agst *Marchioness*. A good race.

FORCED HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, of the winners of all the Stakes (the Hack Stakes and Handicap for beaten horses excepted).—One mile.—Six subscribers.

Mr. White's br. m. *Alecto*, aged, 11st. 11lb. (Mr. White) 1 | Mr. Thompson's br. g. *Falcon*, aged, 10st. 13lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed:
 Mr. White's ch. c. *Geloni*, 3 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. 0 | Mr. White's gr. m. *My Lady*, by Grey Orville, aged, 10st. 11lb. 0
 Six to 4 agst *My Lady*, 3 to 1 agst *Alecto*, and 4 to 1 agst *Falcon*. A capital race.

MATCH.—Half a mile.

Mr. Trafford's b. g. 1 | Mr. Rigby's b. g. 2

MATCH.—Two miles.

Mr. Wainwright's gr. c. *Panther*, by Friend Ned, 3 yrs old, 10st. 5lb. (Mr. Radcliffe) 1 | Mr. Thompson's b. c. *Billy*, 3 yrs 2

LEICESTER MEETING, 1827.

TUESDAY, September 25.—The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Thrice round.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Yates's b. h. *Cain*, by Paulowitz, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. 1 | old, 8st. 2
 Lord Tavistock's ch. f. *Leeway*, 4 yrs | Duke of Rutland's b. m. *Adeliza*, by Soothsayer, 5 yrs, 8st. 8lb. (fell lame), 0

The BELVOIR STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for hunters.—Heats, twice round.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Sumner's br. m. *Emma*, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. 1 1 | maldi, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. 2 3
 Mr. Painter's gr. m. *Sister to Fitzwilliam*, 6 yrs old, 12st. 5lb. 5 2 | Mr. C. Smith's b. m. *Esperanza*, by Cleveland, 5 yrs, 11st. 7lb. 3 4
 Mr. Falkner's gr. h. by Young Gri- | Mr. Leake's ch. g. 6 yrs old, 12st. ... 4 dr.

The FARMERS' PURSE of 50 sovs. given by Lord Southampton, for horses that have been regularly hunted with the Quorn Hounds, 12st each.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Hickling's ch. g. *Holme*, aged 2 1 1
 Mr. Wildman's ch. m. *Pastime*, 5 yrs old 1 3 3
 Mr. Gill's ch. m. *Fidget*, 6 yrs old 3 2 2
 Mr. Leake's ch. m. *Chance*, 6 yrs old 4 dr.

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round, about two miles.

Mr. Lumley's b. c. *Monarch*, by Comus, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. 1 1 | by Amadis, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. 2 2
 Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. *Don Diego*, | Mr. Bell's br. f. *Lottery*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 3 dr.

WEDNESDAY, September 12.—The BURGESS'S PURSE of 100 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Heats, thrice round.

Mr. Lumley's b. c. *Monarch*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 1 1 | Lord Tavistock's ch. f. *Leeway*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 2 2

The YEOMANRY PURSE of 50gs. for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Sumner's br. m. <i>Emma</i> , 5 yrs old, 12st. 6lb	1	1	Mr. Turner's ch. g. 5 yrs old, 12st. 3lb.....	2	dis.
Mr. Hickling's ch. g. <i>Holme</i> , aged, 12st. 7lb.....	4	2	Mr. Gill's ch. m. <i>Fidget</i> , 5 yrs old, 12st. 7lb.....	3	dr.

The BRADGATE PARK STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Twice round.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. *Don Diego*, by *Amadis*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb..... walked over.

THURSDAY, September 27.—The **TOWN PURSE** of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Longmore's gr. g. <i>Alpha</i> , by Fitz James, dam by Sir Oliver, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.....	1	1	Mr. Martin's br. m. <i>Kitty</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.....	5	4
Mr. Gambier's b. m. <i>Rosa</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.....	2	2	Mr. Bell's br. f. <i>Lottery</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (fell)	3	dis.
Mr. Briggs's b. g. <i>Rainbow</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st.....	4	3	Mr. Wildman's ch. m. <i>Pastime</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.....		dis.

Pastime went on the wrong side of the post in the first heat.

CARLISLE MEETING, 1827.

TUESDAY, September 25.—The **CITY MEMBERS' PURSE** of 50l. for maiden horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Quarton's b. c. by Catton, out of <i>Little Go</i> , by <i>Haphazard</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (S. Templeman) ...	1	1	Mr. Hudson's b. g. <i>Sir Catton</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.....	5	4
Mr. Harrison's b. c. <i>My Lord</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	2	2	Sir J. H. Maxwell's ch. c. <i>Kirouch-tree</i> , Brother to <i>Sprinkell</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.....	3	dr.
Mr. Jopp's b. g. <i>Wagtail</i> , aged, 8st. 9lb.....	6	3	Mr. Jackson's gr. f. <i>Maria</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.....	4	dr.

The first heat won easy; the second a good race.

The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. by 10 subscribers of 10gs. each, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.

Sir J. H. Maxwell's ch. h. <i>Springkell</i> , by Epperstone, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (T. Nicholson)	1		8st. 12lb	2	
Gen. Sharpe's b. h. <i>Canteen</i> , 6 yrs old, 13lb.....			Mr. Jopp's b. f. <i>Fairy</i> , by Magistrate, out of <i>Emma's</i> dam, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.....	3	

Even betting on *Canteen*, who swerved at the rails. Won easy.

WEDNESDAY, Sept, 26.—The **COUNTY MEMBERS' PURSE** of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Simpson's b. c. <i>Young Comus</i> , by Constable, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (A Boy)	1	1	Lord Kennedy's b. h. <i>Caccia Piatti</i> , by Whisker, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb....	2	2
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Won by a head.

HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for four-year-olds and upwards.—Four-mile heats.

Sir J. H. Maxwell's ch. h. <i>Springkell</i> , by Epperstone, 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. (S. Templeman)...	1	1	Mr. Mason's ch. f. <i>Fair Forester</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.	2	dr.
Mr. Jopp's b. g. <i>Wagtail</i> , aged, 12st. 3	2	2	Mr. Moscrop's b. h. <i>Stickler</i> , by Hambletonian, 5 yrs, 11st. 7lb....		dis.
Mr. Hudson's b. g. <i>Sir Catton</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.	4	3	Mr. Simpson's b. h. <i>Young Corrector</i> , aged, 12st.		dis.

Won in a canter.

THURSDAY, September 27.—**FIFTY POUNDS**, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Harrison's b. c. <i>My Lord</i> , by Percy, dam by Remembrancer, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	1	2	1
Mr. Goulden's br. c. by Walton, out of <i>Crowcatcher's</i> dam, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	3	1	2
Mr. Hudson's b. m. <i>Lady Easby</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.....	2	3	3

The CITY PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Jacques's ch. m. <i>Mystery</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (Owner)	1	7	1
Mr. Mason's ch. f. <i>Fair Forester</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.....	5	1	2
Mr. Simpson's b. f. <i>Young Duchess</i> , Sister to <i>Young Comus</i> , 3 yrs, 6st. 4lb....	2	2	0
Mr. Hudson's b. f. <i>Miracle</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.....	6	3	0
Mr. Clapham's br. c. <i>Crafty</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.	7	4	0
Sir J. H. Maxwell's ch. c. <i>Kirouchtree</i> , 3 yrs old	4	5	0
Mr. Jopp's br. f. <i>Fairy</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.	3	6	0

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses not thoroughbred.—Two-mile heats.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Bretherton's b. m. <i>Sister to Tawpy</i> , 5 yrs, 9st. 11lb. (S. Templeman)...	2	1	1
Mr. Dennison's b. f. by <i>Marmion</i> , 4 yrs old, 9st. 1lb.....	3	2	2
Mr. Blain's b. c. <i>Cumberland Johnny</i> , by <i>Jockey</i> , 4 yrs old, 9st. 4lb.	4	3	3
Mr. Wilson's b. m. <i>Netherby Lass</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 11lb.	1	4	dis.

DORCHESTER MEETING, 1827.

WEDNESDAY, September 26.—The **TRADESMEN'S PURSE** of 75 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round.—(The owner of the second horse received back his stake.)

Mr. Farquharson's b. h. <i>Presentiment</i> , by <i>Anticipation</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 6lb. (J. Lewyn)	2	1	1
Lord Palmerston's b. h. <i>Luxborough</i> , aged, 9st. 11lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Jones's b. m. <i>Conquest</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	3	dr.	

A SILVER CUP, given by the Steward, with 10 sovs. added, for horses not thoroughbred.—Heats, about two miles.

Mr. Humphrey's b. m. <i>Sober Fanny</i> , aged, 11st. 11lb. (Chambers)	1	1	11st. 6lb.	2	dis.
Mr. Hatton's ch. m. <i>Morgiana</i> , aged, 11st. 7lb.	5	2	Mr. Curme's b. g. <i>Evergreen</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.	3	3
Mr. Hill's ch. g. <i>Rambler</i> , 5 yrs old,			Mr. Oliver's ch. m. <i>Zirada</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb.	4	dis.

The LADIES' PURSE of 50 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round.

Mr. Jones's b. m. <i>Conquest</i> , by <i>Waterloo</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. (Irene).....	3	1	1
Mr. Farquharson's b. f. by <i>Wanderer</i> , out of <i>Meg Merrilies</i> , 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb. ...	1	2	2
Mr. Smith's b. c. <i>Premier</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	4	3	dr.
Mr. Radcliffe's b. c. <i>Lawrence</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.....	2	dr.	
Mr. Budd's b. g. <i>Jericho</i> (late <i>Jacko</i>), 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (ran on the wrong side of a post)			dis.

THURSDAY, September 27.—The **YEOMAN'S PURSE** of 60l. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Heats, about two miles.

Mr. Farquharson's b. f. by <i>Wanderer</i> , out of <i>Meg Merrilies</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. (P. Percy)	2	1	1
Mr. Jones's b. m. <i>Conquest</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.....	1	dis.	
Mr. Percy's b. c. <i>Premier</i> , 4 yrs old	3	dr.	
Mr. Stent's br. m. <i>Giantess</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.....	4	dr.	

In running the second heat, after passing the ropes within the distance, *Conquest* bounded suddenly forward, and then fell. She had sustained some internal injury, and it was thought right to destroy her immediately. She was buried on the spot.

A SILVER CUP, given by the late Steward, W. Manham, Esq. added to a Sweepstakes of two sovs. each, for horses not thoroughbred.—Once round.

Mr. Chamber's br. g. <i>Gaslight</i> , by <i>Pendulum</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 12lb.	1	Mr. Humphrey's b. m. <i>Sober Fanny</i> , 12st. 1lb.....	3
Mr. Symes's br. m. <i>Governess</i> , aged, 12st. 1lb.....	2	Mr. Abbot's <i>Patty</i>	4
		Mr. Oliver's <i>Zirada</i>	5

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages.
Heats.

Mr. Radcliffe's b. c. <i>Lawrence</i> , by Rubens, 4 yrs old (T. Cowley).....	1	1	Mr. Percy's b. c. Premier, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.....	3	3
Mr. Stent's br. m. <i>Giantess</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.	4	2	Mr. Farquharson's b. & by Wanderer, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb.	2	4

The DORSETSHIRE STAKES were void, only two horses remaining in after the declaration of forfeits.

LINCOLN MEETING, 1827.

WEDNESDAY, September 26.—His MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100*g*s. for four and five-year-old mares.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Scarbrough's br. f. <i>Lady Georgian</i> , by Catton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (G. Nelson)	1	1	Col. King's ch. m. <i>Ultima</i> , 5 yrs old, old, 8st.	2	dr.
			An excellent race.		

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 3lb. ; fillies, 8st.—Last mile.—Five subscribers.

Col. King's br. f. <i>Bessy Bedlam</i> , by Filho da Puta, out of Lunatic (T. Lye) 1	1	da Puta, out of Miss Wentworth, by Cervantes	2
Mr. Corbett's b. c. <i>Murphy</i> , by Filho		Won very easy.	

The CHAMPION STAKES of 80 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 3lb. ; fillies, 8st.—Two miles.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Gascoigne's ch. f. <i>Jessy</i> , by Comus, out of Louisa, by Orville (R. Johnson) 1	1	Sir J. Byng's ch. c. <i>Pedlar</i> , by Tramp —Gadabout	2
		Won very easy.	

The MACARONI STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses that have been regularly hunted during the last season.—Two-mile heats.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Bird's b. c. <i>Prodigious</i> , by Sea- grave, 4 yrs old, 10st. 11lb. (Mr. Platel)	1	1	Mr. Thorold's bl. g. <i>Tinker</i> , by Bur- tonian, 4 yrs old, 10st. 8lb. (ran wrong side of a post).....	dis.
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THURSDAY, September 27.—The CITY PURSE of 50*l*. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Golden's br. c. <i>Robin Hood</i> , by Blacklock, 3 yrs old, 7st. (J. Gray).....	0	1	1
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. f. <i>Dinah</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Marris's b. f. by Tiresias, out of Sister to Sir Sampson, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb.	2	3	dr
Mr. Capp's b. c. <i>Swallowbeck Lad</i> , by Young Driver, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.....	0	4	dr
A well-contested race.			

HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Twelve subscribers.

Mr. Aspinall's b. m. by Bellerophon, dam by Planet, 5 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. (Mr. Espener).....	1	1	Mr. Bird's b. m. <i>Velocity</i> , by The Flyer, 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. (broke down)	2	dis
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FRIDAY, September 28.—The NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN'S SUBSCRIPTION PURSE of 70*g*s. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Col. King's ch. m. <i>Ultima</i> , by Bour- bon, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (T. Lye)...	1	1	Mr. Gascoigne's ch. f. <i>Jessy</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.....	2	2
			Won cleverley.		

The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. (the surplus in specie,) by 19 subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.

Sir M. W. Ridley's b. m. <i>Fleur de Lis</i> , by Bourbon, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (G. Nelson)	1	8st.	2
Dr. Willis's b. c. Sweepstakes, 4 yrs old,		Mr. Thorold's bl. g. <i>Tinker</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.....	3
		Won very easy.	

WALSALL MEETING, 1827.

WEDNESDAY, September 26.—SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses &c. not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Cato's ch. g. <i>Moses</i> , by Southsayer, 5 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. (Mr. Brown).....	1	1	old, 12st. 5lb.	2	3
Mr. Peel's b. h. Counsellor, 6 yrs			Mr. Jenson's bl. f. <i>Julia</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 9lb.	3	dr.

The TOWN PURSE of 30 sovs. for three and four-year-olds.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Giffard's b. c. by <i>Ambo</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. (W. Lear)	2	1	1
Mr. Howard's br. f. by <i>Filho</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.	1	2	3
Mr. White's b. c. <i>Granby</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	4	3	2
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. <i>Chesterfield</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	3	4	dr.

A good race.

THURSDAY, September 27.—The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. (in specie,) by 10 subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Three miles and a distance.

Mr. White's br. c. <i>Eurion</i> , by <i>Rinaldo</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. (H. Arthur).....	1	Mr. Gleave's b. h. <i>Miller of Mansfield</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.	2
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A good race, and won by a neck.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Gleave's b. h. <i>Miller of Mansfield</i> , by <i>Filho da Puta</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. (T. Farlow).....	3	1	1
Mr. White's b. m. <i>Susan</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	1	2	dr.
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. <i>Chesterfield</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	2		dr.

The CORPORATION PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Giffard's b. c. by <i>Ambo</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. (W. Lear).....	1	1	yrs old, 7st.	2	2
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. <i>Loraine</i> , 3			Lord <i>Chesterfield's</i> ch. f. by <i>Young Grimaldi</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	3	3

NORTHERN MEETING, 1827.

WEDNESDAY, September 26.—The CAITHNESS PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—T.Y.C. about half a mile.

Mr. Bagley's b. g. <i>Peacock</i> , (late The Major,) by <i>Bustler</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. (Wakefield)	1	8st. 10lb.	2
Mr. Fraser's gr. g. <i>Richmond</i> , 6 yrs old,		Mr. Davidson's b. h. <i>Triumph</i> , aged, 8st. 10lb.	3

Won by half a neck.

The ISLE of SKYE PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Bagley's b. g. <i>Peacock</i> , by <i>Bustler</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (Wakefield)	2	1	1
Mr. Davidson's br. h. <i>Blue Bonnet</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	1	2	2

An excellent race.

The First Class of MACARONI STAKES of 20gs. each, h. ft. for horses that have been hunted with any established pack of hounds, 12st. each.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Fraser's gr. g. <i>Richmond</i> , by <i>Grey Middleham</i> , 6 yrs old (Mr. Grant)	1	1	Mr. Burns's br. g. <i>Cuyp</i> , by <i>Hazard</i> , aged	4	3
Mr. Davidson's b. g. <i>Paul Pry</i> , 6 yrs old	3	2	Mr. Davidson's gr. g. <i>Pantomine</i> , aged	2	dr.

THURSDAY, September 27.—The CROMARTY GOLD CUP, value 100gs. added to a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for horses of all ages.—One mile and a distance.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Fraser's br. c. <i>Hartlepool</i> , (late Billy Watson,) by <i>Walton</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (T. Shepherd)	1	2lb. (recd. 20L.).....	2
Mr. J. Davidson's b. h. <i>Cromarty</i> , 9st.		Mr. Fraser's gr. g. <i>Richmond</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 6lb.	3

The Second Class of MACARONI STAKES of 90gs. each, h. ft. for horses not thorough-bred, 12st. each.—Gentlemen riders.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Davidson's br. h. <i>Blue Bonnet</i> , by Fitz Orville, 6 yrs old (Owner) 1 1	8st. 2lb..... 2 3
Mr. Fraser's ch. g. <i>Sandy</i> , aged 3 2	Mr. Grant's b. m. <i>Fatima</i> , aged... 4 4
Mr. Burns's br. m. <i>Greenmantle</i> , 5	Mr. Davidson's b. g. <i>Paul Pry</i> , 6 yrs old 5 dr.

HANDICAP PURSE of 50l. for horses that have run for either of fifties on the first day.—One mile and a half.

Mr. Bayley's b. g. <i>Peacock</i> , by Bustler, 5 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. (Wakefield) 1	8st. 2lb..... 2
Mr. Davidson's b. h. <i>Triumph</i> , aged,	Mr. Davidson's br. h. <i>Blue Bonnet</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st..... 3

FRIDAY, September 28.—MATCH for 150gs. h. ft.—One mile.

Mr. Fraser's <i>Ketchup</i> , by Champignon, dam by Stamford, out of Ayrshire Lass, 8st. 11lb. (T. Shepherd)..... 1	Mr. Davidson's <i>Mignonette</i> , by Can- non Ball, out of Rebecca, 7st. 12lb... 2
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ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS, given by the County of Ross, for horses that have run in either class of Macaroni.—Gentlemen riders.—One mile.

Mr. Davidson's gr. g. <i>Pantomime</i> , by Grimaldi, aged, 12st. 3lb. (Mr. C. C. Halket) 1	12st. 10lb. 2
Mr. Fraser's gr. g. <i>Richmond</i> , 6 yrs old,	Mr. Davidson's br. h. <i>Blue Bonnet</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb..... 3

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. J. Davidson's b. g. <i>Paul Pry</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 10lb..... 0	Mr. Burns's br. m. <i>Greenmantle</i> , 5 yrs old, 10st. 10lb..... 0
Mr. Fraser's ch. g. <i>Sandy</i> , aged, 11st... 0	Mr. Grant's b. m. <i>Fatima</i> , aged, 9st..... 0
Mr. Burns's br. g. <i>Cuyp</i> , aged, 10st. 12lb. 0	

FIFTY POUNDS, given by Col. Baillie, M. P.—Gentlemen riders.—To start from the red post at the turn of the lands, and run in.

Mr. Fraser's br. c. <i>Hartlepool</i> , by Wal- ton, 4 yrs old, 11st. 8lb. (Mr. Grant)... 1	Mr. Davidson's b. h. <i>Triumph</i> , aged, 12st. 3lb..... 3
Mr. Bagley's b. g. <i>Peacock</i> , 5 yrs old, 12st..... 2	Mr. Burns's br. g. <i>Cuyp</i> , aged, 12st. 3lb. 4

HANDICAP STAKES of 5gs. each, with 50l. added by the Meeting.—To start from the blue-post near the stables and run in.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Davidson's gr. g. <i>Pantomime</i> , aged, 9st. 12lb..... 1	10st. (recd. 25gs.) 2
Mr. Davidson's b. h. <i>Triumph</i> , aged,	Mr. Burns's br. g. <i>Cuyp</i> , aged, 8st..... 3

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING, 1827.

MONDAY, October 1.—The TRIAL STAKES of 10 sovs. each :—for three-year-olds, 7st. 9lb. ; four, 8st. 9lb. ; five, 9st. 2lb. ; six, and aged, 9st. 6lb.—D. M.—Nine subscribers.

Lord Wharnccliffe's b. m. <i>Pastime</i> , by Partisan, 5 yrs old (J. Robinson)..... 1	lock, 4 yrs old 2
Mr. Payne's br. c. <i>Belzoni</i> , by Black-	Col. Wilson's b. c. <i>Lamplighter</i> , by Merlin, 4 yrs old 3

The following also started but were not placed :

Col. Russell's ch. c. <i>Upas</i> , by Abjer, 4 yrs old..... 0	lock, out of The Doe, 3 yrs old..... 0
Lord Orford's b. h. <i>Orion</i> , by Partisan, 6 yrs old 0	Mr. Wyndham's gr. h. <i>Stumpa</i> , by Whalebone, 5 yrs old 0
Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. g. by Black-	Mr. Prendergast's b. f. <i>Garnish</i> , by Co- mus, out of Consul's dam, 3 yrs old, 0

Six to 4 on *Lamplighter*, 5 to 1 agst *Pastime*, and 8 to 1 agst *Belzoni*. Won by a length.

Fifth Renewal of the GRAND DUKE MICHAEL STAKES of 50 sovs. for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—A. F.—Twelve subscribers,

Lord G. H. Cavendish's co. c. by Partisan, out of Espagnolle, by Orville (F. Boyce)..... 1

Mr. Wyndham's b. c. Gaborlunzie, by Wanderer..... 2

The following also started but were not placed :

Duke of Grafton's br. c. Turcoman, by Selim 0

Lord Jersey's ch. c. Apollo, Brother to Nicolo 0

Lord Orford's ch. c. Protestant, by Tramp. 0

Lord Jersey's b. c. Glenartney, by Phantom..... 0

Six to 5 on Glenartney, 5 to 2 agst Lord G. H. Cavendish's colt, and 7 to 1 agst Gaborlunzie. A good race, won by a neck.

Lord Exeter's br. c. *Recruit*, by Whalebone, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. rec. ft. from Mr. Udny's b. f. by Partisan, out of Donna Clara, 3 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. D. M. 300 sova. h. ft.

TUESDAY, October 2.—MATCH for 200, h. ft.—D. M.

Duke of Grafton's ch. f. *Problem*, by Merlin, out of Pawn, 8st. 7lb. (F. Buckle) 1

Lord Jersey's br. c. *Dragon*, 8st. 11lb. 2

Two to 1 on Dragon. Won by a neck.

MATCH for 200, h. ft.—D. M.

Mr. Mills's ch. f. *Lunacy*, by Blacklock, out of Alderman's dam, 8st. 4lb. (S. Day) 1

Duke of Grafton's ch. f. *Chloris*, by Partisan, 8st. 2

Two to 1 on Lunacy. Won by a length.

MATCH for 200 h. ft.—R. M.

Sir J. Shelley's b. c. *Johnny*, by Little John, out of Crossida, 8st. 7lb. (J. Robinson) 1

Mr. Prendergast's b. f. *Garnish*, by Comus, 7st. 11lb. 2

Two to 1 on Johnny. Won by a neck.

FIFTY GUINEAS, for four-year-olds and upwards.—B. C.

Mr. D. Radcliffe's br. h. *Mortgage*, by Teasdale, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. (J. Robinson) 1

Mr. Wyndham's bl. c. *Black Swan*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. 2

Seven to 4 on Mortgage. Won easy.

WEDNESDAY, October 3.—The ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sova. each, for three-year-olds ;—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. I.—Fifteen subscribers.

Mr. Udny's b. c. by Partisan, out of Antiope (F. Buckle) 1

Selim 3

Lord Jersey's b. c. Glenartney, by Phantom 2

Mr. Payne's br. c. by Whalebone, out of Snowdrop 4

Duke of Grafton's br. c. Turcoman, by

Mr. Scott Stonehewer's ch. c. Theorem, by Merlin 5

Six to 5 on Glenartney, 5 to 1 agst Turcoman, and 6 to 1 agst Mr. Udny's colt. Won easy, by two lengths.

THURSDAY, October 4.—The TOWN PURSE of 50L. for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 8lb.—D. I.

Mr. Wyndham's b. c. *Grampus*, by Whalebone, out of Rectory, by Octavius (W. Arnall)..... 1

Mr. Goddard's ch. c. by Anticipation—Marmion. 2

The following also started but were not placed :

Col. Wilson's ch. f. by Rubens, out of Tippitywitchet 0

Mr. C. Curtis's ch. c. by Rubens, dam by Election, out of Marianne..... 0

Seven to 4 on Grampus, and 3 to 1 agst Col. Wilson's filly.

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—D. M.—Six subscribers.

Col. Russell's ch. c. *Upas*, by Ahjer, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (G. Edwards)..... 1

4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. 3

Mr. Hunter's ch. c. by Gustavus, out of Shrimp, by Scud, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. 2

Mr. Sowerby's br. h. *Lionel Lincoln*, 5 yrs old, 9st. 1lb. 4

Lord G. H. Cavendish's ch. c. *Moslem*,

Duke of Grafton's ch. f. *Chloris*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. 5

Two to 1 agst Upas, 5 to 2 agst Mr. Hunter's colt, and 7 to 2 agst Moslem.

MATCH for 100, h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Lord Exeter's br. c. *Recruit*, by Whalebone, dam by Teddy, 8st. 2lb. (W. Arnall) 1

Mr. Scott Stonehewer's ch. c. *Goshawk*, 8st. 10lb. 2

Two to 1 on Goshawk.

THE KING'S PURSE of 100*gs.* for four-year-olds and upwards.—*R. C.*
 Col. Wilson's b. c. *Lamplighter*, by
Merlin, out of *Spotless*, 4 yrs old,
 10*st.* 7*lb.* (*F. Buckle*) 0 1
 Mr. Wyndham's br. h. *Chateau Mar-*
Seven to 4 on *Chateau Margaux*, and 5 to 2 agst *Lamplighter*. After the dead heat,
 Col. Wilson and Mr. Wyndham agreed to divide the Purse.

Duke of Grafton's b. f. *Monedy*, by *Woful*, out of *Miltozia*, 8*st.* rec. 64 *sovs.* from
 Mr. Greville's b. f. *Miriam*, Sister to *Moses*, 8*st.* 4*lb.* A. F. 100 *sovs.*

WREXHAM MEETING, 1827.

TUESDAY, October 2.—The **GOLD CUP**, value 100*gs.* by 16 subscribers
 of 10*gs.* each, the surplus in specie.—Four times round.

Sir W. Wynne's b. m. <i>Signiora</i> , by Champion, 5 yrs old, 8 <i>st.</i> 12 <i>lb.</i> (<i>S.</i> <i>Darling</i>) 1	Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. c. <i>Mayfly</i> , 4 yrs old, 8 <i>st.</i> 5 <i>lb.</i> 4
Mr. Mytton's ch. g. <i>Euphrates</i> , aged, 8 <i>st.</i> 5 <i>lb.</i> 2	Mr. White's br. c. <i>Euxton</i> , 4 yrs old, 8 <i>st.</i> 5 <i>lb.</i> 5
Mr. Thompson's ch. c. <i>Predictor</i> , 4 yrs old, 8 <i>st.</i> 3	Mr. White's b. c. <i>Granby</i> , 4 yrs old, 8 <i>st.</i> 6 Mr. Thompson's ch. h. <i>Cymbeline</i> , 5 yrs old, 8 <i>st.</i> 9 <i>lb.</i> 7

Seven to 4 and 3 to 1 agst *Signiora*. A good race.

SWEEPSTAKES of 25 *sovs.* each, for three-year-olds.—Twice round the
 Course.—Three subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's br. c. *Mavrocordate*, by *Blucher*, 8*st.* 7*lb.* walked over.

THE TOWN PURSE of 50*l.* for maiden horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. by <i>Magis-</i> <i>trate</i> , out of <i>Harriet's</i> dam, 3 yrs old, 6 <i>st.</i> 10 <i>lb.</i> (<i>W. Lear</i>) 1 1	Lord Grosvenor's b. f. <i>Equivoque</i> , 3 yrs old, 6 <i>st.</i> 10 <i>lb.</i> 3 3
Mr. Roberts's b. f. <i>Brenda</i> , 3 yrs old, 6 <i>st.</i> 10 <i>lb.</i> 2 2	Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. f. by <i>Phan-</i> <i>tom</i> , out of <i>Breeze</i> , 4 yrs old, 8 <i>st.</i> 4 dr. Three to 2 on <i>Equivoque</i> . Won easy.

SILVER CUP, value 50*l.* the gift of Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart. for horses, &c.
 the property of Non-commissioned Officers and Privates of the North
 Wales Yeomanry Cavalry.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Bennion's ch. g. <i>Duke Wellington</i> , by <i>Grand Duke</i> , 5 yrs old, 11 <i>st.</i> 9 <i>lb.</i> (Owner) 2 1 1	Mr. Crane's br. g. <i>Bandy Jack</i> , 6 yrs old, 12 <i>st.</i> 2 <i>lb.</i> 1 2 2
Mr. Taylor's br. h. <i>Purity</i> , 6 yrs old, 12 <i>st.</i> 2 <i>lb.</i> 4 2 dr.	Mr. Birch's ch. g. <i>Donbighshire Lad</i> , 5 yrs old, 11 <i>st.</i> 9 <i>lb.</i> (broke down) 2 dis.

WEDNESDAY, October 3.—A **CUP**, value 50*l.* the gift of the Right Hon.
 Lord Kenyon, for horses, &c. beaten on Tuesday.—Three miles.

Mr. Thompson's ch. c. <i>Predictor</i> , 4 yrs old, 8 <i>st.</i> 7 <i>lb.</i> (<i>S. Darling</i>) 1	Mr. White's b. c. <i>Granby</i> , 4 yrs old, 8 <i>st.</i> 5 <i>lb.</i> 2
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Predictor the favorite. A good race.

THE GENTLEMEN'S PURSE of 50*l.*—Heats, two miles.

Sir W. Wynne's b. f. <i>Effe</i> , by <i>Cat-</i> <i>ton</i> , 3 yrs old, 7 <i>st.</i> 7 <i>lb.</i> (<i>W. Lear</i>) 1 1	8 <i>st.</i> 7 <i>lb.</i> 2 2
Mr. White's b. c. <i>Granby</i> , 4 yrs old, Two and 3 to 1 on <i>Effe</i> . Won cleverly.	Mr. Thompson's ch. h. <i>Cymbeline</i> , 5 yrs old, 9 <i>st.</i> 2 dr.

HANDICAP STAKES of 10*gs.* each, five ft. with 20*gs.* added.—Heats, two
 miles.—Eight subscribers.

Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. c. <i>Mayfly</i> , by <i>Piscator</i> , 4 yrs old, 7 <i>st.</i> 13 <i>lb.</i> (<i>H. Arthur</i>) 1 1	6 yrs old, 9 <i>st.</i> 2 2
Major O. Gore's b. h. <i>Hajji Baba</i> , Two to 1 on <i>Hajji Baba</i> . Won by a head.	Mr. Thompson's ch. c. <i>Predictor</i> , 4 yrs old, 8 <i>st.</i> 4 <i>lb.</i> 3 2

SWEEPSTAKES of 10*gs.* each, for horses &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats, two
 miles.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Kaye's b. m. <i>Antelope</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. (J. Whitehouse).....	1	1	Mr. Stelfox's ch. g. <i>Architect</i> , aged, 11st. 13lb.....	2	dis.
Mr. Benson's ch. g. <i>Duke Wellington</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 3lb.....	4	2	Mr. Crane's br. g. <i>Bandy Jack</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.....	3	dis.

RICHMOND MEETING, 1827.

TUESDAY, October 2.—The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for maiden horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Wilkinson's b. c. <i>John o'Gawnt</i> , Brother to Don Antonio, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (T. Shepherd)	3	2	1	1
Mr. Croft's ch. c. by <i>Comus</i> , dam by <i>Waxy</i> , out of <i>Thomasina</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.....	2	1	2	2
Duke of Leeds's b. c. by <i>Whisker</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.....	1	3	3	3

WEDNESDAY, October 3.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20gs. each, p. p. for colts and fillies, then two years old:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—From the Grey Stone to the ending-post.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Armitage's b. f. <i>The Nun</i> , by Blacklock, dam by <i>Whisker</i> (M. Noble).....	1	Mr. G. Sergeantson's b. c. <i>Protens</i> , by Phantom	2
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Even betting. Won easy.

The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. by eight subscribers of 10gs. each, with 20 added.—Once round and a distance.

Lord Kelburne's ch. c. <i>Acton</i> , by Scud, 5 yrs, 8st. 9lb. (H. Edwards) 1	jer, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	3
Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. c. <i>Popsy</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.	Lord Sligo's br. h. <i>Starch</i> , by <i>Waxy</i> Pope, aged, 9st.....	0
Mr. Riddell's ch. c. <i>Hartpury</i> , by Ab- Six to 4 agst <i>Acton</i> , 11 to 5 agst <i>Popsy</i> , 5 to 2 agst <i>Starch</i> , 4 to 1 agst <i>Hartpury</i> , and 10 to 1 agst <i>Miss Patrick</i> . A good race.	Sir E. Dodsworth's ch. f. <i>Miss Patrick</i> , by Walton, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.....	0

HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for five-year-old mares, carrying 10st. each. Four miles.

Lord Kelburne's ch. *Purity*, by *Octavian*..... walked over.

The YEOMANRY PURSE, given by the inhabitants of Richmond, run for by horses *bona fide* the property of Non-commissioned Officers and Privates in the Richmond Forester Yeomanry Cavalry:—three-year-olds, 10st. 7lb.; four, 11st. 6lb.; five, 11st. 11lb.; six and aged, 12st.—To be rode by Non-commissioned Officers and Privates in the said Corps.—The second horse to receive 5l. and the third horse 3l. out of the Plate.—Heats, once round the Course and a distance.

Mr. Hee's b. m. <i>Maria</i> , 5 yrs old (Owner).....	2	1	1
Mr. Atkinson's gr. h. <i>Charley</i> , aged	1	2	2
Mr. Bowe's br. h. <i>Grantham</i> , 5 yrs old.....	0	0	3
Mr. Peacock's b. f. <i>Gilling Lass</i> , 4 yrs old	3	0	dr.
Mr. Blenkinson's b. m. <i>Middleton-one-row</i> , 4 yrs old.....	0	0	dr.
Mr. Chapman's b. m. <i>Shepherd Lass</i> , 6 yrs old	0	0	dr.
Mr. J. Jackson's b. m. <i>Creeping Kate</i> , 6 yrs old	0	0	dr.
Mr. Metcalfe's b. h. <i>Thro' th' Wood Laddie</i> , 5 yrs old	0	0	dr.
Mr. Thompson's b. h. <i>Waterloo</i> , 5 yrs old	0	0	dr.
Mr. Hoggitt's ch. m. <i>Sally</i> , 5 yrs old	0	0	dr.
Mr. Harland's b. m. <i>Lady Barrymore</i> , aged	0	0	dr.
Mr. Emmerson's gr. m. <i>Lady Jane</i> , 5 yrs old.....	0	0	dr.
Mr. Simpson's ch. h. by <i>Sampson</i> , 5 yrs old.....	0	0	dr.
Mr. Bell's ch. h. <i>Little Ashton</i> , aged	0	0	dr.

THURSDAY, October 4.—A SILVER CUP, value 60gs. given by the Corporation, added to a Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Five subscribers.

Lord Kelburne's ch. m. <i>Purity</i> , by Octavian, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (H. Edwards)	1	1	Duke of Leeds's b. c. <i>Sirius</i> , by Whisker, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.....	2	3
Sir J. Bercenford's br. c. by Grey Walton, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	4	2	Mr. Johnson's b. f. <i>Vesta</i> , by Go- vernor, 4 yrs old, 8st.....	3	4

Six to 4 on *Purity*. A fine race.

The STAND PLATE of 50l. added to a Subscription of five sovs. each, for all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Johnson's ch. c. <i>Jupiter</i> , by Tramp, dam by Sorcerer, out of Sister to Rumba, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb... 1 1	Lancaster, by Octavian, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. (rec. 20 sovs.) 2 2
Mr. Wilkinson's ch. f. <i>Duchess of Seven</i> to 4 on Sarah. A good race.	Mr. Tarlton's b. f. Sarah, by Whisker, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (bolted)... dis.

GLAMORGANSHIRE MEETING, 1827.

WEDNESDAY, September 26.—FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Day's bl. f. <i>Buske</i> , by Whalebone, out of Car, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. (A. Pavis) 1 1	Mr. Gwalter's b. m. Prude, 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. 3 3
Mr. Haffenden's b. c. Trumpeter, 3	A good race.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses bred in the Principality.—Two-mile heats.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Day's b. g. *Healy*, by Poulton, aged, 9st. 1lb. walked over.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Bradley's b. g. <i>Small Hopes</i> , by Poulton, 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb. 2 1 1
Mr. Homfray's Navigator, aged, 11st. 12lb. 1 2 2
Mr. Thomas's Roman, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. 3 dis.

THURSDAY, September 27.—FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Day's b. g. <i>Liston</i> , by Ambo, 6 yrs old, 9st. 1lb. (A. Pavis) ... 1 1	Mr. Thorne's br. m. Forester Lass, 6 yrs old, 9st. 1lb. 3 3
Mr. Haffenden's b. c. Trumpeter, 3	

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Day's b. g. *Liston*, 6 yrs old, 9st. 1lb. walked over.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with a Purse added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Richards's b. g. <i>Skyscraper</i> , aged, 8st. 3 1 1
Mr. Miers's Honesty, aged, 10st. 7lb. 1 3 3
Mr. Simpson's Sportsman, aged, 10st. 7lb. 2 2 2
Mr. Richards's Miss Wick, 6 yrs old, 9st. 10lb. 4 dr.
Mr. Reece's b. g. Yeoman, aged, 8st. dis.

FRIDAY, September 28.—SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Day's bl. f. *Buske*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb. walked over.

HANDICAP PURSE of 50l. given by the Town, added to a Sweepstakes of three sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Jones's b. m. <i>Forester Lass</i> , by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs, 9st. 3lb. (G. Boast), 2 1 1
Mr. Gwalter's b. m. Prude, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. 1 2 dr.
Mr. Day's br. h. Nimrod, aged, 10st. 3 3 dr.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of three sovs. each, with a Purse added.

Mr. Bradley's b. g. <i>Small Hopes</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. 1 1	Mr. Richards's b. g. Skyscraper, aged, 10st. 2 3
Mr. Simpson's Sportsman, aged, 9st. 7lb. 3 2	Mr. Thomas's Roman, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4 4

STROUD AND MINCHINHAMPTON MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, September 26.—The STROUD STAKES of five sovs. each, with 50 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Sadler's so. g. <i>Popinjay</i> , by Usquebaugh, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (J. Chapple) 1 1	8st. 10lb. 2 2
Mr. Dilly's b. h. <i>Escape</i> , 5 yrs old,	Mr. Watt's br. g. <i>Shylock</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 3 dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds not thorough-bred,
8st. 6lb. each.—One mile.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Baldwin's ch. g. <i>Safford</i> , by Sir Harry 1	Mr. Leverage's ch. f. <i>Gentle Kitty</i> , by Sasenagh 2
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A FORCED HANDICAP STAKES of seven sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses
of all ages.—One-mile heats.

Mr. L. Sadler's ch. f. <i>Tetra</i> , by W. ful, 4 yrs old, 9st. (J. Chapple) ... 1 1	Mr. Davis's br. c. <i>Cynthia</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. 3 dr.
Mr. Smith's br. c. <i>Grecian</i> , by Rus- ton, out of <i>Variety</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. ... 2 2	Mr. Taylor's b. f. <i>Lady Jane</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. 4 dr.

THURSDAY, September 27.—The **HAMPTON STAKES** of five sovs. each,
with 50 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Sadler's ch. f. <i>Tetra</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (J. Chapple) 1 1	Mr. Griffith's br. m. <i>Palatine</i> , aged, 8st. 2 2
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The **CHERRINGTON STAKES** (handicap) of five sovs. each, with 25 added,
for horses not thorough-bred.—Gentlemen riders.—Two-mile heats.—Five
subscribers.

Mr. Huke's <i>Tartar</i> , 6 yrs old, 12st. (Capt. Berkeley) 1 1	aged, 11st. 2 2
Mr. Leverage's b. m. <i>Lady Jane</i> ,	Mr. Richards's <i>Polyanthus</i> , 3 yrs old, 9st. 10lb. 3 dr.

The **TETSBURY STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all
ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Dilly's b. h. <i>Escape</i> , by Filho da Pata, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (C. Day) 1 1	Mr. Davis's br. c. <i>Cynon</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. 2 2
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HASTINGS MEETING, 1827.

THURSDAY, September 27.—The **TOWN PURSE** of 50l. for horses of all
ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance, about two miles and a half.

Mr. Farrall's br. f. <i>Elephanta</i> , by Filho da Pata, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 1 2 1	
Mr. Heathcote's br. c. <i>Syntax</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 0 1 3	
Mr. Coleman's b. f. <i>Honeysuckle</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 0 0 2	
Mr. Howard's br. c. <i>Scamper</i> , 4 yrs old, 9st. 0 0 4	
Mr. Dickinson's b. c. <i>Roswal</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. 0 0 dr.	
Mr. Theobald's b. c. <i>Smuggler</i> , 4 yrs old, 9st. 2 0 dr.	
Mr. De Burgh's ch. m. <i>Selina</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. 0 dr.	
Mr. Brown's b. m. <i>Maid of Kent</i> , aged, 8st. 13lb. 0 dr.	

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 40 added, for horses of all ages.—
Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Dickinson's ch. f. <i>Amelia</i> , by Amadis, out of Burlador's dam, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 1 1	Mr. Farrall's br. f. <i>Elephanta</i> , 4 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. 2 dr.
Mr. Heathcote's br. c. <i>Syntax</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3 2	Mr. Theobald's b. c. <i>Smuggler</i> , 4 yrs old, 9st. 0 dr.
Mr. Brown's b. m. <i>Maid of Kent</i> , aged 0 3	Mr. Stevens named gr. c. by Ar- drossan, 2 yrs, 6st. 7lb. (bolted)... dia. Won easy.

CALEDONIAN HUNT MEETING, 1827.

(Over the Course at Dumfries.)

TUESDAY, October 2.—The **CALEDONIAN ST. LEGER STAKES** of 25 sovs.
each, with 100 added by the Hunt, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 2lb.;
fillies, 8st.—One mile and a half.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Lye's b. c. *The Corsair*, by Champignon, out of Orange Boven (Owner) 1
 Mr. Alexander's b. c. by Champignon—
 Susanne 2
 Colonel Blair's b. f. Sister to Maria, by
 The Corsair the favorite. Mr. Alexander's colt took the lead at starting, and kept it till near the distance post, when The Corsair passed him and won easy.

MATCH for 50 sovs. each, h. ft.—One mile.

Mr. Gilmour's ch. g. *Minstrel*, by Mar-
 mion, 6 yrs old, 12st. (Owner) 1
 Sir J. Boswell's b. g. Boreas, by Holly-
 hock, 6 yrs old, 12st. 2
 Won easy.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Southern Meeting, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Jacques's ch. m. *Mystery*, 3 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. (Owner) 4 1 1
 Mr. Simpson's b. c. Young Comus, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1 2 2
 Mr. Gray's ch. c. Conjuror, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3 3 dr.
 Mr. Lye's b. c. The Corsair, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2 dr.
 The first heat was won by a head, the second by half a head, and the third easy.

WEDNESDAY, October 3.—HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 105 sovs. for three-year-olds and upwards.—Four miles.

Sir J. Maxwell's ch. h. *Springkell*, by
 Epperstone, 6 yrs old, 10st. (T. Nicholson) 1
 9st. 10lb. 2
 Mr. Watson's b. c. Tremaine, 4 yrs old,
 9st. 4lb. broke down.
 Won in a canter.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Member for the County, for horses of all ages.
 Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Fisher's ch. f. *Mystery*, by
 Whisker, 3 yrs, 7st. (W. Fisher). 1 1
 Mr. Simpson's b. f. Young Duchess,
 3 yrs old, 7st. 2 2
 Mr. Dowbiggin's b. f. Mary Ann,
 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. 3 3
 Mr. Mason's ch. f. Fair Forester, 4
 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. 4 0
 Mr. Hudson's b. m. Lady Esby, 6
 yrs old, 9st. 0 0
 Mr. Jackson's gr. f. Maria, 4 yrs
 old, 8st. 1lb. 0 0

THURSDAY, October 4.—THE CALEDONIAN GOLD CUP, value 105 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Three miles.

Sir J. H. Maxwell's ch. h. *Springkell*,
 by Epperstone, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (S. Templeman) 1
 Mr. Alexander's gr. c. by Viscount, 4
 yrs old, 8st. 2
 Mr. Baird's br. c. Dominie Skelp, 3 yrs, 3
 Won easy.

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. T. Lye's br. c. *The Corsair*, by
 Champignon, 3 yrs, 7st. (Owner) 1 1
 Mr. Fisher's b. f. *Mystery*, 3 yrs old,
 6st. 12lb. 5 2
 Mr. Gray's ch. c. Conjuror, 4 yrs, 8st. 4 3
 Mr. Simpson's b. f. Young Duchess,
 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. 2 4
 Mr. Darnell's b. c. by Walton, 3
 yrs old, 7st. 7 5
 Mr. Hudson's br. m. Isabella, 5 yrs
 old, 8st. 6lb. 8 6
 Mr. Robert's br. g. Edward, 3 yrs
 old, 7st. 3 dr.
 Mr. Gilmour's ch. h. *Minstrel*, 6 yrs
 old, 8st. 12lb. 6 dr.
 Won easy.

FRIDAY, October 5.—FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Hunt, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats—Three subscribers.

Mr. Dowbiggin's bl. f. *Mary Ann*,
 by Blacklock, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.
 (S. Templeman) 1 1
 Mr. Alexander's gr. c. by Viscount,
 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. 2 2

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Hunt, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Simpson's br. c. Young Comus, by Constable, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. (A Boy) 1 2 1
 Mr. Jacques's ch. m. *Mystery*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 5 1 2
 Mr. Robert's ch. g. Glenlivet, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 4 3 3
 Mr. Darnell's b. c. by Walton, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. 2 dr.
 Mr. Dowbiggin's br. f. Lydia, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. 3 dr.

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING, 1827.

MONDAY, October 15.—HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds.—T.Y.C.—Nine subscribers.

Lord Wharncliffe's ch. c. <i>Carthusian</i> , by Comus, out of Crusader's dam, 8st. 5lb. (J. Robinson)	1	Lord Stradbroke's br. f. <i>Memina</i> , by Smolensko, out of Tarandus's dam, 8st. 4lb.	2
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The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. Rogers's bl. g. <i>Nonsuit</i> , by Smo- lenako, 8st. 9lb.	0	Lord Jersey's ch. f. by Gainsborough— Matilda, 8st.	0
Mr. Payne's br. c. by Octavius, dam by Election, out of Amazon, 8st. 2lb.	0	Mr. Wyndham's ch. f. by Partisan—Sal- vertail, 8st.	0
Duke of Grafton's ch. f. <i>Chloris</i> , by Par- tisan, 8st. 2lb.	0	Mr. Greville's b. f. by Orville—Merry- maid, 7st. 12lb.	0

Five to 2 agst *Nonsuit*, 3 to 1 agst *Carthusian*, and 5 to 1 *Memina*. Won cleverly, by a length.

SECOND YEAR.—ONE THIRD of a SUBSCRIPTION of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 9lb. and fillies, 8st. 6lb.; *bona fide* the property of subscribers.—A.F.—Seven subscribers.

Lord Egremont's b. c. <i>Gaberlunzie</i> , Bro- ther to Elfrid, by Wanderer (W. Arnall)	1	Mr. Greville's b. c. <i>Dandelion</i> , by Mer- lin, out of Dahlia's dam	3
Colonel Wilson's ch. f. by Rubens—Tip- pitywitchet	2	Lord Wharncliffe's ch. c. <i>Carthusian</i> , by Comus	4

Six to 4 on *Gaberlunzie*, and 3 to 1 agst *Dandelion*. Won by half a length.

MATCH for 200, h. ft.—D. M.

Mr. Udny's b. f. by Partisan, out of Donna Clara, 8st. 5lb. (F. Buckle) ...	1	Lord Exeter's b. f. by Captain Candid, out of Pantina, 8st. 2lb.	2
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Five to 4 on Mr. Udny's filly. Won by two lengths.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds.—T.Y.C.—Four subscribers.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. <i>Lancastarian</i> , by Merlin, out of Mona, 8st. 7lb. (S. Bernard)	1	vua, 8st. 4lb.	2
Mr. Greville's ch. f. <i>Elinor</i> , by Gusta- vua, 8st. 4lb.	2	Sir J. Shelley's b. c. <i>Bernardo</i> , by Bus- tard, dam by Walton, grandam by Waxy, 8st. 7lb.	3

Five to 4 on *Bernardo*, 3 to 1 agst *Lancastarian*, and 4 to 1 *Elinor*. Won easy.

The GARDEN STAKES of 100 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—T.M.M.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Scott Stonehewer's b. f. <i>Souvenir</i> , by Orville, 3 yrs, 6st. 8lb. (A. Pavis) 1	1	yrs old, 6st. 12lb.	3
Mr. Payne's b. f. <i>Babel</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	2	Lord Exeter's ch. c. <i>Tirailleur</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	4
Duke of Grafton's br. c. <i>Turcoman</i> , 3	3	Lord Anson's b. h. <i>Sligo</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.	5

Six to 4 agst *Souvenir*, 7 to 4 agst *Babel*, 4 to 1 agst *Sligo*, and 8 to 1 agst *Turcoman*. Won very easy.

Lord Anson's ch. c. *Noureddin*, by Aladdin, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. recd. ft. from Mr. Prendergast's b. f. *Garnish*, by Comus, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. R. M. 100, h. ft.

Mr. Scott Stonehewer's b. f. *Souvenir*, by Orville, recd. 70 sovs. from Duke of Grafton's ch. f. *Chloris*, by Partisan, 8st. 5lb. each, D. I. 200, h. ft.

Duke of Richmond's b. c. *Link Boy*, by Aladdin, 8st. recd. 75 sovs. from Duke of Grafton's ch. c. *Paul Jones*, 8st. 5lb. D. I. 200, h. ft.

TUESDAY, October 16.—MATCH for 200, h. ft.—A. F.

Lord Tavistock's b. c. <i>Hostage</i> , by Abjer, out of Pledge, 8st. 3lb. (G. Ed- wards)	1	Mr. Mills's ch. f. <i>Lunacy</i> , by Black- lock, 8st. 7lb.	2
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Five to 4 on *Lunacy*. Won by a head.

FIFTY POUNDS, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 4lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T.Y.C.

Lord Exeter's b. f. by Tramp, out of Bon (F. Boyce)	0	1	Mr. Rush's b. f. by Skim, out of Pentagon (J. Robinson) ...	0	dr.
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The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. C. Stevenson's b. c. by Skim or Lory, out of Lezinka, by Smolensko... 0	Mr. Rogers's bl. c. Juryman, by Smolensko 0
Mr. R. Pettit's ch. f. by Woful, out of Harriet's dam 0	Duke of Grafton's gr. c. by Skim, out of Zeal 0
Mr. Payne's ch. c. Oppidan, Brother to Colleger 0	Mr. Wyndham's b. f. Sister to Mignionette 0
Mr. Howard's ch. f. by Blacklock, out of Swiss Guide's dam, by Haphazard ... 0	Lord Verulam's ch. f. by Mr. Lowe—Victoria 0
Mr. Barnard's gr. f. by Skim, dam by a Son of Dick Andrews 0	Lord Wharncliffe's ch. f. by Whisker—Propontis 0

After the dead heat, Lord Exeter's filly walked over, and divided the Plate with Mr. Rush. Six to 4 on Juryman, 4 to 1 agst Mr. Howard's filly, 5 to 1 agst Oppidan, and 12 to 1 agst Lord Exeter's filly.

The CLEARWELL STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—The winner of the July Stakes to have carried 7lb. extra.—T.Y.C.—Sixteen subscribers.

Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. <i>Merchant</i> , by Merlin, out of Quail, by Johanna (S. Chiffney) 1	Mr. Wyndham's ch. f. Urganda, by Tiresias, out of Silvertail 2
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The following also started but were not placed :

Duke of Rutland's b. c. by Waterloo, out of Sister to Adeliza, by Soothsayer 0	Mr. Payne's b. c. by Merlin, dam by D. Andrews, out of Donna Clara 0
Mr. J. Rogers's br. c. Medallist, by Tiresias—Bronze 0	Colonel Wilson's gr. c. by Young Gohanna, out of Lamplighter's dam 0
Mr. J. Rogers's b. f. Zoe, by Orville, out of Nina 0	Mr. Scott Stonebrower's bl. c. Don Miguel, by Whalebone, dam by Haphazard—Sister to Bourbon..... 0
Sir R. K. Dick's br. f. Bobadilla, by Bobadil, out of Pythoness 0	

Three to 1 agst Colonel Wilson's colt, 5 to 1 agst Merchant, 5 to 1 agst Oppidan, 5 to 1 agst Urganda, and 7 to 1 agst Zoe. Won by a length.

ONE-THIRD of a SUBSCRIPTION of 25 sovs. each, for four-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 10lb.; fillies, 8st. 7lb.; *bona fide* the property of subscribers.—D.I.—Seven subscribers.

Colonel Wilson's b. c. *Lamplighter* walked over.

WEDNESDAY, October 17.—First Class of the OATLAND STAKES of 30 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—B.M.

Lord Wharncliffe's b. m. <i>Pastime</i> , by Partisan, 6 yrs old, 9st. 6lb. (J. Day) 1	old, 7st. 5lb. 2
Lord Verulam's br. f. Brocard, 3 yrs	Lord Exeter's br. c. Recruit, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Walker's b. f. Shortwaist, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. 0	old, 8st. 10lb. 0
Mr. Wyndham's gr. h. Stumps, 5 yrs	Mr. S. Stonebrower's ch. c. Goshawk, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 0

Three to 1 agst Recruit, 4 to 1 agst Pastime, 9 to 1 agst Brocard, and 5 to 1 agst Stumps. Won by a head.

THURSDAY, October 18.—HANDICAP PURSE of 100l. for horses of all ages.—A.F.

Mr. Scott Stonebrower's ch. c. <i>Goshawk</i> , by Merlin, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb. (J. Robinson) 1	all, dam by Teazle, out of the Yellow Mare, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb..... 2
Mr. Batson's ch. c. The Vicar, by Good-	

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Sowerby's b. h. Skiff, 6 yrs old, 9st. 0	5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb..... 0
Colonel Wilson's b. c. Lamplighter, 4 yrs old, 9st. 0	Duke of Richmond's b. c. Link Boy, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. 0
Lord Anson's b. h. Sligo, 6 yrs, 8st. 7lb. 0	Colonel Russell's ch. c. Upas, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb..... 0
Mr. Forth's gr. h. Brother to St. Leger,	

Seven to 4 agst Upas, 5 to 2 agst Lamplighter, 6 to 1 agst Sligo, 7 to 1 agst the Vicar, and 6 to 1 agst Goshawk. Won by a length.

MATCH for 200, h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Lord Exeter's b. h. <i>Redgauntlet</i> , by Scud, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (F. Buckle)... 1	Mr. Payne's ch. h. Helenus, 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 2
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Even betting. Won by three quarters of a length.

The Second Class of the OATLAND STAKES of 30 sovs. each.—R. M.

Mr. Payne's br. c. <i>Belzoni</i> , by Blacklock, out of Memnon's dam, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (F. Buckle)	1	Mr. Delme Radcliffe's b. f. <i>Rachel</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	4
Lord Orford's ch. c. <i>Protestant</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.	2	Lord Anson's ch. c. <i>Noureddin</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	5
Mr. Rogers's bl. g. <i>Nensuit</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	3	Lord Exeter's ch. c. <i>Tirailleur</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (bolted).....	6

Six to 4 agst *Belzoni*, 5 to 2 agst *Noureddin*, and 5 to 1 agst *Protestant*. Won by two lengths.—Seven subscribers having declared by the time prescribed, paid 10 sovs. each, to be divided between the winners of the two classes.

MATCH for 100.—D. M.

Mr. Irby's br. f. <i>Toto</i> , by Rainbow, out of Brown Duchess, 3 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. (F. Buckle)	1	Mr. Payne's b. f. <i>Babel</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	2
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Five to 4 on *Babel*. Won by half a length.

The TOWN PURSE of 50l. :—for three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb. ; four, 8st. 4lb. ; five, 8st. 11lb. ; six, 9st. 1lb. ; and aged, 9st. 4lb.—T. M. M.

Mr. Batson's b. f. <i>Garnish</i> , by <i>Comus</i> , out of Consul's dam, 3 yrs old (Connolly)	1	Mr. Sowerby's br. h. <i>Lionel Lincoln</i> , 5 yrs old.....	2
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The following also started but were not placed :

Lord Jersey's b. h. <i>Ariel</i> , by <i>Phantom</i> , 5 yrs old.....	0	Mr. Bloss's b. f. by Orville— <i>Merry-maid</i> , 3 yrs old	0
Mr. Forbes's gr. f. by <i>Smolensko</i> , dam by <i>Selim</i> , out of an Arabian Mare, 3 yrs old.....	0	Lord Exeter's ch. c. <i>Tirailleur</i> , 4 yrs old	0
Duke of Grafton's ch. c. <i>Zoffani</i> , by <i>Woful</i> , 3 yrs old.....	0	Mr. Pettit's br. c. <i>Latimer</i> , by <i>Merlin</i> , 3 yrs old	0
		Mr. Hunter's b. f. by Orville— <i>Canvas</i> , 3 yrs old.....	0

Three to 1 agst *Garnish*, 7 to 2 agst *Lionel Lincoln*, and 5 to 1 agst *Zoffani*. Won by a length.

FRIDAY, October 19.—MATCH for 200, h. ft.—D. M.

Duke of Richmond's b. f. <i>Gulnare</i> , by <i>Smolensko</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (F. Boyce).....	1	Lord Anson's ch. c. <i>Noureddin</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	2
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Three to 1 on *Gulnare*. Won by a neck.

MATCH for 200, h. ft.—T.Y.C.

Mr. Payne's ch. c. <i>Oppidan</i> , Brother to <i>Colleger</i> , by <i>Rubens</i> , 2 yrs old, 7st. (A. Pavis).....	1	Mr. Greville's b. c. <i>Dandelion</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	2
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Two to 1 on *Dandelion*. Won by a length.

Renewal of the PRENDERGAST STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T.Y.C.—Twenty-seven subscribers.

Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. <i>Merchant</i> , by <i>Merlin</i> , out of <i>Quail</i> (S. Chiffney)	1	—Folly.....	2
Lord Exeter's b. c. <i>Zingance</i> , by <i>Tramp</i>		Mr. Prendergast's b. c. <i>Kildare</i> , by <i>Regent</i> — <i>Janette</i>	3

The following also started but were not placed :

Duke of Grafton's ch. f. <i>Sister to Goshawk</i> ..	0	Romp's dam	0
Duke of Grafton's b. c. <i>Lancastarian</i> , by <i>Merlin</i> , out of <i>Mena</i>	0	Mr. Payne's b. c. by <i>Merlin</i> , dam by <i>Dick Andrews</i> , out of <i>Donna Clara</i> ...	0
Lord Exeter's b. f. by <i>Tramp</i> , out of <i>Bess</i>	0	Major Milner's ch. f. <i>Staughton Lass</i> , by <i>Blacklock</i>	0
Mr. Rogers's br. f. <i>Scribe</i> , by <i>Woful</i> , out of <i>Scratch</i>	0	Mr. Wyndham's ch. f. <i>Urganda</i> , by <i>Tiresias</i>	0
Mr. Greville's ch. f. <i>Elinor</i> , by <i>Gustavus</i>	0	Mr. W. Lumley's b. c. <i>Smolensko</i> — <i>Olivera</i>	0

Five to 2 and 3 to 1 agst *Merchant*, 9 to 2 agst *Kildare*, 5 to 1 agst *Staughton Lass*, 8 to 1 agst *Lancastarian*, and 8 to 1 agst *Scribe*. Won by a length.

MATCH for 100.—T.Y.C.

Duke of Richmond's ch. f. <i>Starch</i> , by <i>Woful</i> , out of <i>Maid of the Mill</i> , 8st. 5lb. (F. Boyce).....	1	Lord Exeter's b. c. by <i>Captain Candid</i> , out of <i>Augusta's</i> dam, 8st. 11lb.	2
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Two to 1 on *Starch*. Won by half a length.

The FROGMORE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, 60 ft. for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—D. I.—Thirteen subscribers.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's ro. c. by Partisan, out of Espagnolle (F. Boyce) ... 1	Whalebone 2
Mr. Wyndham's b. c. Grampus, by Six and 7 to 4 agst Lord G. H. Cavendish's colt, 7 to 4 agst Grampus, and 5 to 2 agst Glenartney. Won by half a length.	Lord Jersey's b. c. Glenartney, by Phantom..... 3

Second Year of a Renewal of the SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, for four-year-olds and upwards.—B. C.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Wyndham's br. h. *Chateau Margaux*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb..... ..walked over.
 Lord Exeter's ch. h. *Enamel*, by Phantom, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. rec. ft. from Lord Jersey's br. c. *Dragon*, by Cervantes, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. T. Y. C. 200, h. ft.

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING, 1827.

MONDAY, October 29.—One-third of a SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for five-year-olds and upwards.—B. C.—Seven subscribers.

Lord Egremont's br. h. *Chateau Margaux*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb..... walked over.

MATCH for 50.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Mills's ch. f. <i>Lunacy</i> , by Blacklock, out of Alderman's dam, 8st. 7lb. (S. Day)..... 1	Mr. Pettit's br. c. <i>Latimer</i> , by Merlin, 8st. 5lb..... 2
Six to 4 on <i>Lunacy</i> . Won easy.	

MATCH for 100, h. ft. 8st. 2lb. each.—R. M.

Mr. Walker's b. f. <i>Translation</i> , Sister to Babel, by Interpreter (F. Boyce)... 1	Colonel Wilson's ch. f. by Rubena—Tippitywitchet 2
Six to 4 on <i>Translation</i> . Won easy, by a length.	

MATCH for 100.—T. Y. C.

Lord Exeter's b. c. by Captain Candid, out of Augusta's dam, 8st. 4lb. (G. Dockeray) 1	Lord Tavistock's bl. c. <i>Pilot</i> , by Waterloo, 8st. 7lb. 2
Five to 4 on Lord Exeter's colt. Won by a length.	

MATCH for 100, h. ft. 8st. 7lb. each.—A. F.

Lord Exeter's br. c. <i>Recruit</i> , by Whalebone (G. Dockeray)..... 1	Mr. Scott Stonehewer's ch. c. <i>Goshawk</i> , by Merlin 2
Seven to 4 on <i>Recruit</i> . Won easy, by two lengths.	

MATCH for 300, h. ft.—D. M.

Duke of Richmond's br. f. <i>Gulnare</i> , by Smolenako, out of Medora, 8st. 9lb. (F. Boyce)..... 1	Lord Exeter's ch. f. <i>Marinella</i> , by Soothsayer, 8st..... 2
Two to 1 on <i>Gulnare</i> . A good race. Won by a neck.	

MATCH for 100, h. ft.—T. M. M.

Colonel Wilson's b. c. <i>Lamplighter</i> , by Merlin, 4 yrs old, 8st. (F. Buckle) ... 1	Lord Wharnccliffe's b. m. <i>Pastime</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb..... 2
Two to 1 on <i>Pastime</i> . Won cleverly, by a length.	

MATCH for 300, h. ft. 8st. 4lb. each.—T. M. M.

Mr. Payne's b. f. <i>Babel</i> , by Interpreter, out of Fair Helen (W. Arnall)..... 1	Lord Exeter's ch. c. <i>Hobgoblin</i> , by Comus..... 2
Seven to 4 on <i>Babel</i> . Won cleverly by a length.	

MATCH for 100, h. ft. 8st. 4lb. each.—D. I.

Mr. Scott Stonehewer's b. f. <i>Souvenir</i> , by Orville, out of Dulcamara (J. Robinson) 1	Mr. Irby's br. f. <i>Tono</i> , by Rainbow—Brown Duchess 2
Six to 4 on <i>Souvenir</i> . Won easy, by two lengths.	

Lord Jersey's b. c. *Glenartney*, by Phantom, rec. ft. from Lord Orford's b. c. *De Vere*, by Rainbow, out of Miss Witch, 8st. 7lb. each, D. M. 500, h. ft.

Mr. Udny's b. f. by Partisan, out of Donna Clara, 8st. 5lb. rec. 70 sovs. from Lord Exeter's ch. f. *Marinella*, by Soothsayer, out of Bess, 8st. 2lb. D. M. 200, h. ft.

Lord Cleveland's b. h. *Mennen*, by Whisker, 8st. 7lb. rec. ft. from Duke of Portland's b. h. *Alderman*, by Bourbon, 8st. 4lb. Last three miles of B. C. 500, h. ft.

Sir J. Shelley's b. c. Barnardo, by Bustard, dam by Walton, rec. ft. from Mr. Payne's bl. c. by Smolensko, out of Lady Ern, 8st. 7lb. each, T. Y. C. 200, h. ft.

Lord Anson's b. c. by Anticipation, out of Schariar's dam, agst Lord Tavistock's b. c. by Lory, out of Rhoda, 8st. 5lb. each, T. Y. C. 100, h. ft.—Off by consent.

TUESDAY, October 30.—MATCH for 100.—T.Y.C.

Mr. Udny's b. h. <i>Tarandus</i> , by Sorcerer or Zodiac, 6 yrs old, 10st. (W. Wheatley)	1	Mr. Ramsbottom's ro. c. <i>Prism</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st.	2
Five to 2 on <i>Tarandus</i> .		Won easy, by half a length.	

MATCH for 50.—T.Y.C.

Lord Tavistock's b. c. <i>Hostage</i> , by Abjer, out of Pledge, 3 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (G. Edwards).....	1	Lord Wharnccliffe's ch. f. by Whisker, out of Propontia, 2 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.	2
Five to 2 on <i>Hostage</i> .		Won easy, by a length.	

MATCH for 200, h. ft. 8st. 5lb. each.—R. M.

Sir J. Shelley's b. c. <i>Johnny</i> , by Little John, out of Cressida (J. Robinson)...	1	Lord Orford's ch. c. <i>Protestant</i> , by Tramp.....	2
Two to 1 on <i>Johnny</i> .		Won easy, by a length.	

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—T.Y.C.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Wyndham's gr. h. <i>Stumps</i> , by Whalebone, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (W. Arnall)	1	Lord Anson's ch. c. <i>Noureddin</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st.	3
Mr. Payne's ro. f. <i>Serenade</i> , by Rainbow, out of Scheherazade, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.	2	Mr. Rogers's bl. g. <i>Nonsuit</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	4
Seven to 4 agst <i>Serenade</i> , 7 to 2 agst <i>Noureddin</i> , 3 to 1 agst <i>Nonsuit</i> , 6 to 1 agst <i>Stumps</i> , and 10 to 1 agst <i>Intruder</i> .		Mr. Walker's gr. c. <i>Intruder</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	5
Won easy.			

FIFTY POUNDS:—for two-year-olds, a feather; three, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st. 3lb.; six, 9st. 7lb.; and aged, 9st. 10lb.—Last three miles of B. C.

Duke of Grafton's br. c. <i>Turcoman</i> , by Selim, out of Pope Joan, 3 yrs old, (F. Buckle, jun.).....	1	Duke of Richmond's b. c. <i>Link Boy</i> , 4 yrs old.....	2
The following also started but were not placed:		Lord Exeter's ch. c. <i>Hobgoblin</i> , 4 yrs...	3

Mr. Wyndham's bl. c. <i>Black Swan</i> , 4 yrs old.....	0	Mr. Goddard's ch. c. by Anticipation, dam by Marmion, 3 yrs old.....	0
Lord Tavistock's br. c. <i>Dæmon</i> , by Amadis, 3 yrs old.....	0	Mr. C. Stevenson's b. c. by Skim or Lory, out of Lezinka, by Smolensko, 2 yrs old	0
Mr. Greville's b. c. <i>Dandelion</i> , by Merlin, 3 yrs old	0	Colonel Wilson's b. f. <i>Sister to Lamp-lighter</i> , 3 yrs old	0
Mr. R. Pectit's ch. f. by Woful, out of Harriet's dam, 2 yrs old.....	0		

Four to 1 agst *Turcoman*, 4 to 1 agst Mr. Goddard's colt, 5 to 1 agst *Hobgoblin*, 6 to 1 agst *Dæmon*, 8 to 1 agst *Black Swan*, and 10 to 1 agst *Link Boy*. Won easy, by three lengths. The winner was claimed, according to the articles, for 300ga.

HANDICAP PURSE of 100l. for four-year-olds and upwards.—D. I.

Mr. Sowerby's b. h. <i>Skiff</i> , by Partisan, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (W. Wheatley)...	1	7st. 13lb.	2
Mr. Stanley's ch. c. <i>Thales</i> , 4 yrs old,		Mr. Delme Radcliffe's br. h. <i>Mortgage</i> , 5 yrs old	3
Six to 4 on <i>Mortgage</i> , 5 to 2 agst <i>Skiff</i> , and 9 to 2 agst <i>Thales</i> . Won easy, by three lengths.			

SWEEPSTAKES of 300 sovs. each, h. ft., for the produce of mares covered in 1823:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 5lb.—A. F.—Five subscribers.

Sir J. Shelley's b. c. <i>Johnny</i> , by Little John	recd. ft.
Lord Orford's b. f. by Merlin—Shoveller	paid 100l.
Mr. Udny's b. c. (dead) <i>Brother to Emilius</i>	paid 40l.
Mr. Thornhill's f. (dead) by Merlin—Ball.....	paid 40l.

Sir J. Shelley's b. c. *Maresfield*, by Antar, 8st. 5lb. recd. ft. from Duke of Richmond's ro. f. *Miss Craven*, by Mr. Lowe, A. F. 200, h. ft.

WEDNESDAY, October 31.—SUBSCRIPTION PURSE of 50l.:—for two-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; and three, 8st. 10lb.—T.Y.C.

Sir R. K. Dick's br. f. <i>Bobadilla</i> , by Bobadil, out of Pythoness (A. Pavis)..... 1	Mr. Dilly's bl. c. <i>Othello</i> , by Blacklock, 3 yrs old 2
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The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. Payne's ch. f. by Cervantes, out of Trinculo's dam, 2 yrs old..... 0	Woful, 3 yrs old 0
Mr. Udny's b. f. by Woful, out of Miracle, 2 yrs old 0	Mr. Rush's b. f. by Skim, out of Pentagon, 2 yrs old..... 0
Mr. Forbes's b. c. by Smolensko, dam by W.'s Ditto, 3 yrs old..... 0	Lord Orford's b. c. De Vere, by Rainbow, out of Miss Witch, 3 yrs old..... 0
Mr. Wyndham's b. f. Sister to Migrationette, 2 yrs old..... 0	Mr. Hunter's b. f. by Orville, out of Canvas, 3 yrs old ... 0
Duke of Richmond's ch. f. Starch, by Twenty to 12 agst Starch. 5 to 2 agst Othello, 4 to 1 agst Bobadilla, 5 to 1 agst Mr. Udny's filly, and 10 to 1 agst Mr. Rush's filly. A beautiful race, and won by only a neck. The winner was claimed, according to the articles, for 350gs.	Mr. Rogers's bl. g. Nonsuit, by Smolensko, 3 yrs old 0

MATCH for 200.—A. F.

Lord Verulam's b. f. <i>Brocard</i> , by Whalebone, out of Varennes, 8st. 11lb. (W. Wheatley)..... 1	Mr. Udny's b. c. by L'artisan—Antiope, 8st. 7lb..... 2
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HANDICAP PURSE of 50l. for three-year-olds, and upwards.—A. F.

Mr. Scott Stonehewer's ch. c. <i>Goshawk</i> , by Merlin, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (J. Robinson) 1	Mr. Turner's b. c. <i>Royal Oak</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb..... 2
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The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. Mills's br. c. <i>Recruit</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb..... 0	old, 7st. 3lb. 0
Mr. Batson's ch. c. <i>Vicar</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 0	Mr. Hunter's ch. c. <i>Lutzen</i> , by Gustavus, dam by Scud, out of Cwrw's dam, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb..... 0
Lord Stradbroke's br. f. <i>Memina</i> , 3 yrs	

Two to 1 agst Recruit, 5 to 2 agst Royal Oak, 3 to 1 agst Vicar, 4 to 1 agst Memina, and 8 to 1 agst Goshawk. A beautiful race, and won by only a neck.

Mr. Pettit's br. c. *Latimer*, by Merlin, out of Piquet, rec. 20 sovs. from Mr. Payne's br. c. by Whalebone, out of Snowdrop, 8st. 7lb. each. First half of Ab. M. 50.

THURSDAY, November 1.—MATCH for 25 sovs.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Forth's gr. h. <i>Brother to St. Ledger</i> , by Octavius, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (F. Buckle) 1	Mr. Pettit's br. c. <i>Latimer</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 2
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Six to 4 on Mr. Forth's horse. Won by a length.

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—T. Y. C.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Turner's b. c. <i>Royal Oak</i> , by Catton, dam by Smolensko, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (J. Day) 1	Blacklock, out of The Doe, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.. 2
Mr. Vansittart's b. c. <i>The Deer</i> , by	Mr. Payne's ch. h. <i>Helenus</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. 3

The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. Udny's b. h. <i>Tarandus</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. 0	Lord Jersey's br. c. <i>Dragon</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 0
Lord Orford's b. h. <i>Orion</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb..... 0	Mr. Rush's br. g. <i>Carthago</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb..... 0

Five to 2 agst Tarandus, 5 to 2 agst Carthago, 4 to 1 agst Royal Oak, 9 to 2 agst The Deer, 5 to 1 agst Helenus, 5 to 1 agst Dragon, and 10 to 1 agst Orion. A good race, and won by half a neck.

MATCH for 200, h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Sir J. Shelley's b. c. <i>Maresfield</i> , by Antartar, dam by Sorcerer, 3 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (J. Robinson) 1	Mr. Payne's b. f. <i>Babel</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 2
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Six to 5 on Maresfield. Won by half a length.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T.Y.C.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Rogers's b. f. *Zoe*, by Orville, out of Nina, by Selim (W. Wheatley) ... 1 | Mr. Bloss's b. f. by Gustavus, out of Sister to Miracle..... 2

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Payne's ch. f. by Cervantes—Trinculo's dam 0 | Lory—Lazinska 0

Lord Wharncliffe's ch. f. by Whisker—Propontis 0 | Mr. Hunter's b. f. by Gustavus, out of Pea-blossom 0

Mr. C. Stevenson's b. c. by Skimmer of Vittoria 0 | Lord Verulam's ch. f. by Mr. Lowe, out of Vittoria 0

Six to 5 agst *Zoe*, 4 to 1 agst Lord Wharncliffe's filly, and 6 to 1 agst Mr. Hunter's filly. Won in a canter. The winner was claimed by Mr. Groville, for 100 sovs.

MATCH for 200, h. ft. 8st. 7lb. each.—Ab. M.

Mr. Wyndham's br. h. *Camel*, by Maiden (W. Arnull) 1 | Whalebone, dam by Selim, out of Lord Exeter's b.h. Redgauntlet, by Scud, 2

Six to 4 on Redgauntlet. Won easy, by two lengths.

MATCH for 100.—R. M.

Lord Exeter's ch. f. *Marinella*, by Soothsayer, out of Bess, 8st. 2lb. (J. Robinson) 1 | Lord Orford's ch. c. Protestant, by Tramp, 8st. 7lb..... 2

Six to 4 on *Marinella*. Won easy, by three lengths.

MATCH for 100.—A.F.

Mr. Wyndham's b. c. *Gaberlusaris*, by Wanderer, out of Camel's dam, 8st. 3lb. (W. Arnull) 1 | Lord Verulam's b. f. Brocard, by Whalebone, 8st. 6lb. 2

Six to 5 on Brocard. An excellent race, and won by only a head.

SUBSCRIPTION PURSE of 50l. for three-year-olds and upwards.—D.I.

Mr. Wyndham's gr. h. *Stumps*, by 3 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. 2 | Whalebone, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (W. Arnull) 1 | Mr. Bloss's b. f. by Orville, out of Mer-rymaid, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. 3

Mr. Delme Radcliffe's b. c. *Dervise*, 4 Six to 4 on *Stumps*, and 3 to 1 agst *Dervise*. Won by a length.

Mr. Scott Stoneyhewer's ch. c. *Kildare*, by Regent, out of Janette, rec. ft. from Lord Anson's b. c. by Anticipation, out of Schahriar's dam, 8st. 7lb. each, T. Y. C. 100, h. ft.

FRIDAY, November 2.—MATCH for 100, h. ft. 8st. 5lb. each.—T.Y.C.

Mr. Payne's br. c. by Whalebone, out of Snowdrop (W. Arnull) 1 | Mr. Ramsbottom's r. c. Prism, by Rainbow 2

Two to 1 on Mr. Payne's colt. Won easy.

MATCH for 100.—D.M.

Mr. Irby's br. f. *Toso*, by Rainbow, out of Brown Duchess, 8st. 5lb. (F. Boyce) 1 | Lord Wharncliffe's ch. c. Carthusian, 8st. 3lb. 2

Two to 1 on *Toso*. Won cleverly by a length.

MATCH for 200, h. ft.—T.Y.C.

Lord Exeter's ch. h. *Enamel*, by Phantom, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (G. Dockeray) 1 | Mr. Payne's br. c. Belzoni, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. 2

Seven to 4 on Belzoni. Won easy, by three lengths.

MATCH for 100.—A.F.

Mr. Delme Radcliffe's ch. f. *Maria*, by Waterloo, out of Belvoirina, 8st. 9lb. (J. Robinson) 1 | Mr. Hunter's ch. c. Lutzen, by Gustavus, 8st. 4lb. 2

Seven to 4 on *Maria*. Won easy, by two lengths.

A GOLD CUP (Handicap), value 80 sovs. by 10 subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Ab. M.

Mr. Mills's bl. c. *Othello*, by Blacklock, out of Scancataldi, 3 yrs old, 7st. (A. Pavis) 1 | Lord Tavistock's bl. c. Pilot, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb..... 2

Mr. S. Stonehewer's ch. c. Goshawk, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 3 | yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 4
 Mr. Sowerby's br. h. Lionel Lincoln, 5 | Duke of Richmond's ro. f. Miss Craven, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. 5
 Five to 4 agst Othello, 5 to 2 agst Goshawk, 4 to 1 agst Pilot, and 8 to 1 agst Miss Craven. Won cleverly by a length.

The AUDLEY END STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. if declared, &c. for horses of all ages.—A.E.C.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Scott Stonehewer's b. f. *Souvenir*, by Orville, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. 1 | old, 8st. 10lb. 3
 Mr. Udny's b. c. by Partisan, out of Antiope, 3 yrs old, 6st. 3lb. 2 | Mr. Hunter's ch. c. Lutzen, 3 yrs old, 5st. 13lb. 4
 Lord Wharnccliffe's b. m. Pastime, 5 yrs | Mr. Sowerby's b. h. Skiff, 6 yrs, 8st. 5lb. 5
 Mr. S. Stonehewer's ch. c. Goshawk, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. paid forfeit; and Mr. Wyndham's br. h. Cheateau Margaux, 5 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. and Mr. Payne's ch. h. Helena, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. paid 10 sovs. each.—Six to 4 agst *Souvenir*, 5 to 2 agst Skiff, 3 to 1 agst Mr. Udny's colt, and 5 to 1 agst Pastime. Won easy by two lengths.

Colonel Wilson's b. c. Lamplighter, by Merlin, 8st. 6lb. recd. ft. from Mr. Payne's br. c. Belzoni, by Blacklock, 8st. 3lb. A. F. 100.

SATURDAY, November 3.—MATCH for 100.—D. M.

Duke of Richmond's ch. f. *Starch*, by Woful, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. (A. Pavis) 1 | Mr. Mills's br. c. Recruit, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 2
 Won by a length.

MATCH for 50.—First Half Ab. M.

Lord Jersey's ch. c. *Apollo*, Brother to Nicolo, by Selim, 8st. 7lb. (J. Robinson) 1 | Lord Orford's b. c. De Vere, by Rainbow, 8st. 2
 Won by a length.

MATCH for 50.—T.Y.C.

Mr. Greville's b. f. *Zoe*, by Orville, out of Nina, 2 yrs, 6st. 10lb. (A. Pavis) ... 1 | Sir J. Shelley's b. f. Garnish, 3 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. 2
 Won easy.

MATCH for 100.—A. F.

Sir J. Shelley's b. c. *Maresfield*, by Antar, dam by Sorcerer, out of Tawny, 8st. 7lb. (J. Robinson) 1 | Lord Exeter's b. f. Marinella, by Noothsayer, 8st. 2
 Won by half a length.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each :—for two-year-olds, 6st. 10lb. ; and three, 8st. 10lb.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Greville's b. f. *Zoe*, 2 yrs old (A. Pavis) 1 | jer, 3 yrs old 3
 Mr. Rogers's bl. g. Nonsuit, by Smolensko, 3 yrs old 2 | Lord Exeter's b. f. by Captain Candid, out of Pantina, 3 yrs old. 4
 Lord Tavistock's b. c. Hostage, by Abriet's dam, 2 yrs old 5
 Won easy.

A GOLD CUP (Handicap) value 80 sovs. by nine subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—T.Y.C.

Mr. Pettit's ch. c. *Noureddin*, by Aladdin, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (F. Buckle) 0 1 | Mr. Payne's br. c. by Whalebone, out of Snowdrop, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. 0 2

The following also started but were not placed :

Lord Exeter's b. h. Redgauntlet, 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. 0 | Mr. Vansittart's b. c. The Deer, 3 yrs old, 7st. 0
 Colonel Wilson's b. c. Lamplighter, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 0 | Mr. Payne's ro. f. Serenade, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. 0
 Mr. Wyndham's b. c. Grampus, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. 0 | Mr. Mills's ch. f. Lunacy, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. 0
 Duke of Richmond's ch. f. *Starch*, 3 yrs | Won by a head.

Mr. Rush's br. g. Carthago, by Pioneer, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. recd. ft. from Mr. Mills's ch. f. Lunacy, 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. Ab. M. 100, h. ft.

Mr. Wyndham's br. h. Chateau Margaux, by Whalebone, reed. ft. from Mr. Payne's ch. h. Helenus, by Soothsayer, 8st. 7lb. each, T.Y.C. 100.

PONTEFRAC T MEETING (Concluded from page 17).

BY some unaccountable oversight the conclusion of the above Meeting was omitted in its proper place.—On **WEDNESDAY**, the 5th September, after the Foal Stakes, the following races took place:—

The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. by eight subscribers of 10gs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.

Lord Sligo's br. h. <i>Starch</i> , by Waxy	8st.	2
Pope, aged, 9st. 3lb. (W. Scott)	1	
Lord Scarbrough's b. f. <i>Pasta</i> , 4 yrs old,	4 yrs old, 8st.	3

Five and 6 to 4 on Fanny Davica. Won easy.

The LEDSTONE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile and a quarter.—Three subscribers.

Lord Sligo's b. c. <i>Pelican</i> , by Oiseau,	Mr. W. Fox's b. c. <i>Soldan</i> , by Van-
out of Miss Aide (H. Edwards)	dyke Junior, out of Selma

Five and 6 to 4 on Soldan. Won easy.

THURSDAY, September 6.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Seven furlongs.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Petre's ch. c. <i>The Colonel</i> , by Whisker, out of My Lady's dam (W. Scott)	1	Mr. F. Lumley's b. c. Brother to Coronation	3
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. <i>Vanish</i> , by Phantom	2	Lord Fitzwilliam's b. f. Miss Pratt, by Blacklock, out of Pedlar's dam	4

Two to 1 and 5 to 2 on The Colonel, who took the lead and won by ten lengths in a canter.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, with 20 added, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Last mile and a quarter.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Tarlton's b. <i>Sarah</i> , by Whisker, out of Jenny Wren, by Young Woodpecker (S. Templeman)	1	Mr. Gascoigne's ch. <i>Jessey</i> , by Comus, Lord Milton's b. <i>Dinah</i> , by Dinmont... ..	2 3
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Five to 2 on Jessy. Won easy.

The MEMBERS' PURSE of 70l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and seven furlongs.

Sir J. Byng's ch. c. <i>Thales</i> , by Tramp, 4 yrs, 7st. 13lb. (T. Lye) 1 1	Mr. W. Ramsden's b. f. <i>Theophania</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.	2 2
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Two to 1 on Thales; after the first heat, 5 to 1 on him. Won easy.

MORPETH MEETING, 1827.

TUESDAY, September 4.—**The MEMBERS' PURSE** of 50l. for maiden horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Ramsey's b. h. by Telegraph, 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	1 1	old, 7st. 11lb.	3 2
Mr. Jackson's b. g. <i>Sir Catton</i> , 4 yrs		Mr. Midford's ch. c. by Mozart, dam by Whitworth, 3 yrs old, 7st.	2 3

WEDNESDAY, September 5.—**The GENTLEMEN'S SUBSCRIPTION PURSE** of 60l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—The second horse to receive 10l.

Mr. Watson's b. c. <i>Tremaine</i> , by Ardrossan, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	1 1	yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	2 2
Mr. Hudson's b. m. <i>Lady Easby</i> , 6		Mr. Midford's ch. c. by Mozart, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	3 dr.

SILVER CUP, value 60gs. given by the Town of Morpeth, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Dunn's b. m. *Miss Haggerston*, by X.Y.Z., 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. 2 1 1

Mr. Gardiner's ch. m. Violet, by X.Y.Z. 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.	1	2	3
Mr. Pattison's b. h. Granby, by M'Orville, 6 yrs old, 12st.	4	3	2
Mr. Kent's ch. h. St. Leger, by Octavius, aged, 12st.	3	4	dr.
Mr. Robinson's b. f. by Felten, dam by Young Heneycomb, 4 yrs, 10st. 6lb. 5	dr.		
Mr. Blair's br. m. Heather-bell, by Whitworth, aged, 11st. 11lb.	6	dr.	

THURSDAY, September 6.—SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Hudson's b. m. <i>Lady Easy</i> , by	Mr. Jackson's b. g. Sir Catton, 4 yrs
Whisker, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 1 1	old, 7st. 11lb. 2 2

The TOWN PURSE was not run for.

MONMOUTH MEETING, 1827.

WEDNESDAY, October 3.—SWEEPSTAKES of five guineas each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Sadler's ch. f. <i>Tears</i> , by Woful, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. (J. Chapple)	1	3	1
Mr. Day's b. g. <i>Liston</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	5	1	3
Mr. Gwalter's b. m. <i>Prude</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	3	2	2
Mr. L. Day's bl. f. <i>Buske</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 5lb.	2	4	dr.
Mr. J. Day's b. h. <i>Nimrod</i> , aged, 9st.	4	dr.	

After the second heat, 5 to 1 on *Liston*. Won by a head.

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Heats, thrice round.

Mr. Thorne's br. m. <i>Forester Lass</i> , by Filho da Puta, 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. (G. Boast)	4	1	1
Mr. Haywood's b. c. <i>Billy Lack-lack-a-day</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb.	3	3	2
Mr. J. Day's b. h. <i>Nimrod</i> , aged, 9st. 8lb.	1	2	dr.
Mr. Pickernell's b. f. <i>Miss Eversley</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (ran on the wrong side of a post)	2	dis.	

Won easy.

THURSDAY, October 4.—The COUNTY PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Sadler's ro. g. <i>Popinjay</i> , by	Mr. C. Day's b. m. <i>Young Zuleika</i> ,
Usquebaugh, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (J. Chapple) 1 1	5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. 2 3
Mr. L. Day's b. h. <i>Nimrod</i> , aged, 9st. 2lb. 4 2	Mr. Taylor's b. f. <i>Lady Jane</i> , by Sir Oliver, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. 3 4

HANDICAP PURSE of 50l. given by the Town, for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Day's b. g. <i>Liston</i> , by Ambo, aged, 9st. 6lb. (C. Day) 1 1	6 yrs old, 9st. 5 3
Mr. Gwalter's b. m. <i>Prude</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 4 2	Mr. Haywood's b. c. <i>Billy Lack-a-day</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. 3 4
Mr. Thornes's b. m. <i>Forester Lass</i> ,	Mr. Bodenham's b. f. <i>Sprite</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. 2 5

CHESTERFIELD MEETING, 1827.

WEDNESDAY, October 3.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two miles and a half.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. <i>Fanny Davics</i> , by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 1	Mr. Charlton's ch. f. <i>Camellia</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb. 2
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MAIDEN PURSE of 60gs. given by His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. <i>Bhurt pore</i> , by Magistrate, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. (E. Jackson) 1 1	der, by Tramp, dam by Sancho, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. 3 2
Sir W. Milner's b. c. Mr. Pengana-	Mr. Barker's br. g. by Ledstone, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. 2 3

THURSDAY, October 4.—SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.—Ten subscribers.

Colonel King's ch. m. *Ultima*, by Bourbon, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (E. Jackson) 1 | Mr. Barker's br. g. by Ledstone, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2

THE NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN'S PURSE of 60l. for horses of all ages.—
Heats, two miles and a half.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. *Fanny Davies*, by Filbo da Puta, 4 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. (E. Jackson)..... 1 1 | Sir W. Milner's b. c. Mr. Pengander, 4 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. 2 2

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added.—One-mile heats.—
Six subscribers.

Mr. Thornhill's b. h. 6 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. (Mr. J. C. Athorpe) 1 1 | Mr. Hopkinson's b. m. 5 yrs, 10st. 7lb..... 0 3
Mr. Sybray's b. f. 4 yrs old, 10st..... 3 2 | Mr. Fox's br. m. aged, 11st.... 2 0

The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. Green's br. f. 3 yrs old, a feather ... 0 | Mr. Roper's b. f. 4 yrs old, 9st. 7lb..... 0

PERTH MEETING, 1827.

THURSDAY, October 4.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. T. Dawson's b. h. *Triumph*, by Fyldener, aged, 8st. 10lb. (Springate) 1 1 | yrs old, 8st..... 2 dr.
Mr. Davidson's b. c. *Cromarty*, 4 | Mr. Bagley's b. g. *Peacock*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb..... 3 dr.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the City of Perth, for horses of all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Bagley's b. g. *Peacock*, by Bustler, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. (Wakefield) 1 1 | Mr. Davidson's br. h. *Blue Bonnet*, by Fitz Orville, 6 yrs, 8st. 13lb. 2 dr.

FRIDAY, October 5.—FIFTY POUNDS, for any horse, &c.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Bagley's b. g. *Peacock*, by Bustler, 5 yrs old, 9st. 1lb. (Wakefield) 1 1 | Minister, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb..... 3 2
Mr. G. Dawson's b. c. by Prime | Mr. T. Dawson's b. h. *Triumph*, aged, 9st. 4lb..... 2 dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 50 added, for horses of all ages.
Heats, twice round.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Davidson's b. c. *Cromarty*, by Catton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. (Wakefield) 1 1 | aged, 8st. 10lb..... 2 dr.
Mr. T. Dawson's b. h. *Triumph*, | Mr. G. Dawson's b. c. by Prime Minister, 3 yrs old, 7st..... 3 dr.

STAFFORD MEETING, 1827.

TUESDAY, October 9.—The MEMBERS' PURSE of 60gs. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Giffard's b. c. by Ambo, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. (W. Lear) 4 1 1
Mr. Yates's b. f. *Little-bo-Peep*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (recd. 10gs.) 1 5 2
Mr. Hodson's b. g. *Footman*, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb..... 3 4 3
Mr. Haywood's b. c. *Sceptre*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. 5 2 dr.
Sir W. Wynne's b. f. *Effie*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. 2 8 dr.

HUNTERS' STAKES of 5gs. each, with 20 added, for horses not thoroughbred.—Heats.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Wilkins's b. g. *Jerry*, by Tagus, out of Carn Sporn, 4 yrs old, 9st. 4lb..... 1 1 | Mr. Painter's gr. m. *Sister to Fitzwilliam*, 6 yrs old, 10st. 4lb. 3 dr.

WEDNESDAY, October 10.—SWEEPSTAKES of 3gs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. <i>Lorsine</i> , by Mountebank, out of Ina, 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb. (W. Lear)..... 1 1	Mr. Cooke's b. m. Maid of Mans- field, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb..... 3 dr.
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Chesterfield, 4 yrs old, 8st..... 5 2	Mr. Chandler's b. f. Queen of Hearts, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. (broke down)..... 4 dr.
Mr. Longman's gr. g. Alpha, by Fitzjames, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb..... 2 3	Mr. Haywood's br. g. Edward, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.. 5 dr.

HANDICAP STAKES of 10gs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.
Heats, once round and a distance.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Hodson's b. g. <i>Footman</i> , by Filho da Puta, or Hetman, 6 yrs old, 10st. 12lb..... 1 1	3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. (half bred) ... 2 2
Mr. Wadlow's br. c. Master Henry,	Mr. Alsop's b. m. Collier Lass, 6 yrs old, 9st. 10lb. (half bred)..... 2 3-

INGLEWOOD HUNT AND PENRITH MEETING, 1827.

WEDNESDAY, October 10.—SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. each, with 20 added,
for horses of all ages, not thorough-bred, foaled in the counties of
Cumberland or Westmoreland.—Two-mile heats.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Howard's b. m. <i>Yanwath Lass</i> , by Martmion, 4 yrs old, 9st. 11b. (J. Jacques)..... 2 1 1	
Mr. Williamson's b. c. by North Star, 3 yrs old, 9st. 4lb..... 1 4 3	
Mr. Bretherton's b. m. Sister to Tawpy, 5 yrs old, 10st. 4lb..... 4 2 2	
Mr. Blair's b. c. Johany (late Cumberland Johnny), by Jockey, 4 yrs old, 9st. 11b..... 5 3 4	
Mr. Parkin's gr. g. Paul Pry, 6 yrs old, 10st. 5lb..... 3 5 dr.	

SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages, not tho-
rough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Jacques's ch. m. <i>Mystery</i> , 5 yrs old, 12st. 5lb. (Owner) 1 1	Mr. Hopkinson's b. m. Harriet, 5 yrs old, 12st. 5lb..... 3 3
Mr. Marshall's b. m. Miss Hagger- ston, 6 yrs old, 12st. 10lb..... 2 2	Mr. Hudson's b. f. Miracle, 4 yrs old, 11st. 10lb..... dis.

FRIDAY, October 12.—The TOWN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.
Three-mile heats.

Mr. Jacques's ch. m. <i>Mystery</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (Owner) 1 3 1	
Mr. Simpson's b. c. Young Comus, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb..... 2 1 2	
Mr. Hudson's b. m. Lady Easby, 6 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. 3 2 3	

SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. each, with 20 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-
bred.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Jacques's ch. m. <i>Mystery</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb (Owner) 1 1	Mr. Howard's b. f. Yanwath Lass, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb..... 3 4
Mr. Marshall's b. c. by North Star, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb..... 2 2	Mr. Bretherton's Sister to Tawpy, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb..... 5 dr.
Mr. Hopkinson's b. m. Harriet, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb..... 4 3	Mr. Hudson's b. f. Miracle, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb..... 6 dr.

MATCH for 50 sovs. each, h. ft.—Three miles.

Mr. Hodgson's gr. f. <i>Maria</i> , 4 yrs old, 11st..... 1	Mr. Hudson's b. g. Sir Catton, 4 yrs old, 12st..... 2
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NORTHALLERTON MEETING, 1827.

THURSDAY, October 11.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-
olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile and a distance.—Ten
subscribers.

Mr. Armitage's ch. c. <i>Velocipede</i> , by Blacklock, dam by Juniper, grandam by Sorcerer, out of Maiden, by Sir Peter (G. Nelson).... 1	Lord Cleveland's ch. c. by Comus—Gon- salvi's dam..... 3
Mr. Darnell's ch. c. Gameboy, by Oc- tavian 2	Mr. Horner's ch. f. Redlock, Sister to Othello, by Blacklock, out of Seanca- taldi, by Sancho..... 4

The following also started but were not placed :

Colonel Cradock's b. c. Fox, by Whisker, out of Torchbearer's dam	0	Mr. O. Powlett's b. c. Anchincruive, by Monreith	0
Mr. Metcalfe's b. c. Tiptoe, by Percy, dam by Sir Andrew, out of Tuncful... 0		Duke of Leeds's ch. f. by Octavian—Lady of the Vale.....	0

Seven to 4 and 2 to 1 on Velocipede, and 4 to 1 agst Game Boy. Won in a canter.

MAIDEN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Croft's ch. c. by Comus, dam by Waxy, out of Thomasina, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (R. Johnson).....	1	1	Mr. Rountree's b. c. by Don Juan, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	3	3
Mr. Richardson's br. g. Methley, by Ardrossan, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.....	4	2	Mr. Shipley's b. f. Jenny o' the Green, by Catton, 4 yrs, 8st. 12lb.	2	4

Three to 1 on Mr. Croft's colt; after the heat, 5 to 2 on him. Won easy.

FRIDAY, October 12.—The GOLD CUP, value 100gs., the surplus in specie, by twelve subscribers of 10gs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.

Mr. Petre's b. c. Nonplus, by Catton, cut of Miss Garforth, 3 yrs old, 7st. (T. Nicholson)	1	Lord Kelburne's ch. h. Actæon, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	3
Lord Kelburne's ch. m. Purity, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	2	Lord Sligo's br. h. Starch, aged, 9st.....	4
		Mr. Darnell's b. f. Nivalis, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.....	5

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Sykes's b. g. Cock Robin, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	0	old, 9st.	0
Mr. O. Powlett's b. c. Popsy, 3 yrs, 7st. 0		Lord Cleveland's b. h. Serab, 6 yrs, 9st. 0	0
General Sharpe's b. h. Canteen, 6 yrs		Duke of Leeds's b. f. Lunaria, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.....	0

Even betting and 5 to 4 on Nonplus, and 5 to 2 agst Actæon. Won easy.

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Tarlton's b. f. Sarah, Sister to Whim, by Whisker, 3 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. (J. Gray).....	1	1	Mr. Clapham's br. c. Crafty, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	2	3
Mr. Skipsey's b. h. Don Antonio, 6 yrs old, 9st. 4lb.	4	2	Sir J. Beresford's br. c. by Grey Walton, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.....	3	dr.

Six to 4 agst Sir J. Beresford's colt, 2 to 1 agst Don Antonio, and 5 to 2 agst Sarah; after the heat, even betting on Sarah. Won easy.

SATURDAY, October 13.—HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, for beaten horses.—One mile and a half.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Sykes's b. g. Cock Robin, by Blacklock, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (S. Templeman)	1	Mr. Skipsey's b. h. Don Antonio, 6 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. ..	3
Mr. Darnell's b. f. Nivalis, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb.	2	Mr. Clapham's br. c. Crafty, 4 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.....	4

Even betting on Cock Robin, and 7 to 4 agst Nivalis. Won very easy.

The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Lord Sligo's br. h. Starch, by Waxy Pope, aged, 9st. 3lb. (R. Johnson)	1	2	1
Sir J. Beresford's br. c. by Grey Walton, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.....	2	1	2
Mr. Sykes's b. g. Cock Robin, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.....	dis.		

Six to 4 agst Cock Robin; after the first heat, 6 to 4 on Starch; after the second heat, even betting. The first heat won by half a neck, the second by a neck, and the third heat easy.

FIFE HUNT (CUPAR) MEETING, 1827.

FRIDAY, October 12.—The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs., the gift of Sir R. A. Anstruther, Bart., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each.—Twice round.

Mr. Fraser's br. c. Hartlepool, by Walton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (T. Shepherd) 1	Mr. Davidson's b. c. Cromarty, by Catton, out of Sister to Benedict, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	3
Mr. Bagley's b. g. Peacock, by Bustler, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.		2

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added, for all ages.—Heats, once round.

Mr. Maule's gr. c. *The Apostate* (late T. P.), by King David, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....walked over,

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for hunters, 12st.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, twice round the course.

Mr. Dalyell's ch. m. *Louisa*, by Hazard, aged (Owner)..... 1 1 | Sir R. Anstruther's gr. m. Mrs. M'Kenzie, aged 2 dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for all ages.—Heats, twice round.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Bagley's b. g. *Peacock*, by Bustler, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (Wakefield) 1 1 | Mr. Davidson's br. h. Blue Bonnet, 6 yrs old, 9st. 1lb..... 2 dr.

HOLYWELL HUNT MEETING, 1827.

TUESDAY, October 16.—PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Two miles.—Nine subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's br. f. *Burlesque*, by Blucher, out of Boadicea, 8st. 2lb. (T. Lye) 1 | Lord Derby's b. c. Murillo, by Magistrate, out of Rosalba, 8st. 2lb..... 2

The following also started but were not placed :

Sir T. Mostyn's ch. f. Bodlondeb, by Teniers, out of Sister to Rosanne, 7st. 13lb..... 0 | cholas, by Grand Duke, 8st. 2lb..... 0
Lord Grosvenor's br. c. Gros de Naples, by Blucher, out of Bombasine, 8st. 2lb. 0

Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. Grand Duke Nicholas, by Blucher, out of Bombasine, 8st. 2lb. 0
Even betting on Lord Grosvenor's two, 2 to 1 agst Bodlondeb, 5 to 2 agst Burlesque, and 4 to 1 agst Grand Duke Nicholas. Won easy.

The CHIEFTAIN STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 1lb.—Mostyn Mile.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Yates's ch. c. *Tamworth*, by Tiresias, out of Fille de Joie's dam (J. Spring) 1 | ther to Urganda..... 2
Lord Grosvenor's br. c. Christmas, by Blucher 3
Lord Derby's br. c. Necromancer, Brother to Urganda..... 2
Six to 4 on Tamworth. A good race.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—The last half mile.—Seven subscribers.

Sir T. Mostyn's ch. c. *Ultimatum*, by Teniers, out of Mrs. Suggs (W. Scott) 1 | Mr. Mytton's b. c. Halston, by Banker—Olivetta 2
Seven to 4 on Ultimatum. Won easy.

The TAFFY STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—One mile and three quarters.—Eight subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's b. c. *Mavrocordato*, by Blucher, out of Lariassa (S. Darling) 1 | trate..... 2
Mr. Yates's ch. c. Tamworth, by Tiresias 3
Lord Derby's b. c. Murillo, by Magistrate, out of Rosalba, 8st. 2lb..... 2
Five to 4 agst Murillo, 7 to 4 agst Tamworth, and 3 to 1 agst Mavrocordato. Won easy.

The MOSTYN STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Mostyn Mile.—Twenty-four subscribers.

Mr. Thompson's br. g. *Orthodox*, by Filho da Puta, 6 yrs, 9st. (S. Darling) 1 | Sir T. Mostyn's br. c. St. David, 3 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Gleave's b. h. Miller of Mansfield, 6 yrs old, 9st..... 0 | 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb..... 0
Mr. Yates's br. c. Paul Pry, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 0
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Don Diego, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb..... 0 | Sir T. Stanley's br. h. Doctor Faustus, by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 0

Lord Grosvenor's br. c. Gros de Naples, by Blucher, out of Bombasine, 8st. 2lb. 0
Seven to 4 agst Paul Pry, 2 to 1 agst Doctor Faustus, and 4 to 1 agst Orthodox. Won cleverly.

A GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. (the surplus in specie), by nine subscribers of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, by the Club, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.

Mr. Thompson's br. g. <i>Orthodox</i> , by Filho da Puta, 6 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. (S. Darling)..... 1	Mr. Mytton's th. g. <i>Euphrates</i> , aged, 9st. 9lb. 2
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The following also started but were not placed:

Sir T. Mostyn's b. m. <i>Invalid</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. (broke down) 0	Mr. Yates's br. c. <i>Sharpshooter</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. 0
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Even betting on *Euphrates*, and 5 to 2 agst *Orthodox*. Won easy.

WEDNESDAY, October 17.—The **PENGWERN STAKES** of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for three and four-year-olds.—One mile and three quarters.—Twelve subscribers.

Mr. Yates's b. c. <i>Paul Pry</i> , by Paulo- witz, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (J. Spring)... 1	old, 7st. 9lb. 2
Lord Grosvenor's br. f. <i>Burlesque</i> , 3 yrs	Mr. Thompson's ch. c. <i>Predictor</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 3

Five to 4 on *Paul Pry*. Won easy.

Lord Wilton's ch. c. by *Teniers*, 3 yrs old, recd. ft. from Lord Grey's b. f. by *Bustard*, 3 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. each, 50 sovs. one mile.

THURSDAY, October 18.—The **CHAMPAGNE STAKES** of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for four and five-year-olds.—The winner to give two dozen Champagne to the Club.—One mile and a half.—Eleven subscribers.

Mr. Yates's b. c. <i>Paul Pry</i> , by Paulo- witz, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (S. Spring)... 1	Sir T. Mostyn's br. c. <i>St. David</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 2
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The following also started but were not placed:

Sir T. Stanley's br. h. <i>Doctor Faustus</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. 0	Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. c. <i>Mayfly</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 0
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Six to 4 agst *Doctor Faustus*, and 7 to 4 agst *Paul Pry*. Won easy.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 5lb.—One mile and a half.—Four subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's b. c. <i>Mavrocordato</i> , by Blucher, out of <i>Larissa</i> (S. Darling) 1	Lord Derby's br. c. <i>Necromancer</i> , by Milo 2
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Three to 1 on *Mavrocordato*. Won easy.

HANDICAP STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for two and three-year-olds.—Half a mile.—Seven subscribers.

Sir W. W. Wynn's b. c. <i>Master Wat- kin</i> , by Master Henry, out of Sister to Ottoman, by Selim, 2 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. (W. Lear) 1	Lord Grosvenor's br. c. <i>Gros de Naples</i> , by Blucher, 3 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. 2
	Mr. Yates's ch. f. <i>Mermaid</i> , 2 yrs old, 7st. 3

The following also started but were not placed:

Lord Derby's ch. c. by <i>Magistrate</i> , out of Sister to <i>Spartan</i> , 2 yrs, 6st. 10lb... 0	2 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. 0
Sir T. Stanley's br. c. by Filho da Puta, dam by <i>Comus</i> , out of Hooton's dam,	Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. <i>Grand Duke Ni- cholas</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 0

Five to 4 agst Sir T. Stanley's colt, 3 to 1 agst *Mermaid*, and 10 to 1 agst *Master Watkin*. A good race, and won by a head.

The HAWARDEN CASTLE STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages. Two miles.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Yates's br. c. <i>Sharpshooter</i> , by Paulowitz, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. (T. Lye) 1	Mr. Thompson's br. g. <i>Orthodox</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. 2
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The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. Gleave's b. h. <i>Miller of Mansfield</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 0	Sir T. Mostyn's br. c. <i>St. David</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 0
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Six to 4 on *Orthodox*, and 5 to 2 agst *Sharpshooter*. Easy.

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 20 added by the Club, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Thompson's ch. c. <i>Predictor</i> , by Soothsayer, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (S. Darling) 0	1	1
Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. c. <i>Mayfly</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. 1	3	2

Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Don Diego, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb..... 0 2 dr.
 Sir T. Stanley's b. h. Hajji Baba, 6 yrs old, 9st. 0 4 dr.
 Eleven to 8 agst Hajji Baba, 2 to 1 agst Mayfly, and 7 to 2 agst Predictor. Won easy.

WORCESTER AUTUMN MEETING, 1827.

WEDNESDAY, October 31.—The City and County Cup of five sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Wood's b. m. <i>Maria</i> , by Manfred, 5 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. (Mr. Davis) ...	1	5	1
Mr. Williams's b. g. Hazard, aged, 11st. 11lb.....	5	1	3
Mr. Jones's bl. m. Riot, 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.....	2	2	2
Mr. De Visme's ch. m. Romp, 5 yrs old, 11st. 4lb.	4	4	4
Mr. Thorne's ch. g. aged, 11st. 11lb.....	3	3	dr.

A SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Thornton's ro. g. <i>Popinjay</i> , by Usquebaugh, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb... 1 1	5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	0	0
Mr. Day's b. g. Liston, 6 yrs old, 9st. 7lb..... 0 2	Mr. Bolus's ch. f. Latitat, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	0	0
Mr. Blezard's br. g. Falcon, aged, 9st..... 2 0	Mr. Beardsworth's br. Chesterfield, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.....	0	0
Mr. Cook's b. m. Maid of Mansfield,	Mr. Crouch's b. m. Mystery, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.....	0	dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of seven sovs. each, with 15 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. <i>Loraine</i> , by Mountebank, out of Ina, 3 yrs old, 9st. 11lb..... 1 1	10st. 10lb.....	5	3
Mr. Gwalter's b. m. Prude, 5 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. 4 2	Mr. Thorne's br. m. Forester Lass, 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.	2	4
Mr. Haward's b. c. Sceptre, 4 yrs old,	Mr. Pickernell's br. c. Zaniel, 4 yrs old, 10st. 10lb.	3	dr.

A SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for hunters.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Russell's ch. g. <i>Moses</i> , (late Kangaroo,) 5 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. (Mr. Pickernell)..... 1 1	old, 9st. 11lb.....	0	0
Mr. Parrock's gr. m. Quadrille, 5 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. 0 2	Mr. Rec's ch. g. Waterloo, aged, 11st. 11lb.	0	0
Mr. Walker's bl. m. Tenbury Lass, aged, 11st. 11lb..... 2 0	Mr. Harris's b. f. by Spectre, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.....	0	dr.
Mr. Wadlow's br. c. by Henry, 3 yrs	Mr. Hammond's Dandie Dinmont, aged, 11st. 11lb.....	0	dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, for hunters of the present season, 12st. each; to take four four-foot leaps in each heat.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Parker's <i>Coroner</i> , aged..... 1 1	Mr. Jones's b. g. Waverley, aged... dis.
Mr. Williams's b. g. Hazard, aged 2 2	

In the first heat Waverley knocked down the second hurdle and was distanced; in the second heat Hazard broke the top rail of the last hurdle.

The CAVALRY CUP.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Payne's b. g. <i>Crack</i> , 6 yrs old, 12st. 2lb.....	1	3	1
Mr. Turk's ch. g. Timour, 5 yrs old, 11st. 9lb.....	2	1	dr.
Mr. Palfrey's g. Little Jack, 6 yrs old, 12st. 2lb.....	3	2	dr.

TARPORLEY HUNT MEETING, 1827.

THURSDAY, November 1.—SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Two miles.—Eighteen subscribers.

Mr. France's b. f. <i>Miss Horner</i> , by Cat- ton, out of Lady Horner, by Adonis, 4 yrs old, 11st. 2lb. 1	by Zodiac, 4 yrs old, 11st. 2lb.....	2
Sir H. M. Mainwaring's ch. m. Virgo,	Mr. Armistead's b. f. by Ambo, 4 yrs old, 11st. 2lb.....	3

The FARMERS' CUP, with 15 sovs. added.—The second horse received 10l.

Mr. Done's ch. m. <i>Frances</i> 1	Mr. Hopley's br. m. Marton Lass.....	3
Mr. Acton's ch. m. Forest Lass..... 2		

The Cup, value 50l. for horses belonging to the Cheshire Yeomanry, heats, was won by Mr. Hand's ch. g. by Cavendo, 4 yrs old, 11st. beating two others.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of the WINNING HORSES, &c.

IN ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES, 1827.

[The figure at the beginning of the paragraph denotes the age of the horse—that at the end the number of prizes won.]

By **ABJER**, Son of Truffle.

3. **HARTPURY**, Mr. Riddell's, 100 sovs. at Catterick Bridge, and 200gs. at Pontefract.....2
 3. Tom Jones, Mr. Petre's, 80 sovs. at Malton, 225 sovs. at York Spring Meeting, and 100l. at Doncaster3
 4. Upas, Lord Verulam's, 50 sovs. and 40 sovs. at the Hoo; Mr. Edwards's, 90 sovs. at Chelmsford, 50l. at Huntingdon, 120 sovs. at Bedford, and 50 sovs. at Newmarket First October Meeting.....5

By **ALADDIN**, Son of Giles.

2. Bay Filly, out of Rantipole, Mr. Ramsbottom's, 110 sovs. at Newmarket July Meeting1
 4. Leeway, Lord Tavistock's, the King's Purse of 100, for mares, at Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 50 sovs. at Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, the King's Purse of 100gs. at Guildford, the King's Purse of 100gs. for mares, at Chelmsford, thrice 70l. at Bedford.....7
 4. Link-Boy, Duke of Richmond's, 90 sovs. at Brighton, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. 30 sovs. and 50 sovs. at Goodwood, the Gold Cup of 140 sovs. (in specie), at Egham, and 75 sovs. at Newmarket Second October Meeting6
 4. Nouredin, Lord Anson's, 300 sovs. and 25 sovs. at Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 40 sovs. at Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, 30 sovs. at Newmarket July Meeting, 50 sovs. at Newmarket Second October Meeting, and the Gold Cup value 80 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton Meeting6

By **AMADIS**, Son of Don Quixote.

4. Amelia, Mr. Dickenson's, 50 sovs. at Hampton, 50l. at Lewes, and 65 sovs. at Hastings3
 3. Damon, Duke of Grafton's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket July Meeting; Mr. Goodisson's, the Gold Cup, value 100 sovs. at Huntingdon, and 50 sovs. at Bedford.....3
 4. Don Diego, Mr. Beardsworth's, 50l. at Bridgnorth, 50l. at Wolverhampton, 45 sovs. at Rugeley, and 50 sovs. at Leicester4
 4. Syntax, Mr. Heathcote's, the Gold Cup, value 120 sovs. at the Hoo, and 50l. at Isle of Thanet.....2

By **AMBO**, Son of Meteor or Diamond.

3. Bay Colt, Mr. Taylor's, 50l. at the

Pottery; Mr. Giffard's, 45 sovs. at Lichfield, twice 50l. at Walsall, and 50gs. at Stafford.....5

6. Fanny, Mr. Wheeler's, 50 sovs. at Tenbury1
 6. Liston, Mr. J. Day's, 50l. at Bath and Bristol, 105 sovs. at Hereford, 240 sovs. and 50 sovs. at Oxford, 100 sovs. at Gloucester, 175 sovs. at Tewkesbury, twice 50l. at Glamorganshire, and 50l. at Alnmouth9

By **ANACREON**, Son of Walton.

5. My Lady, Mr. Pearce's, 50l. and 100 sovs. at Canterbury2

By **ANTAR**, Son of Haphazard.

3. Maresfield, Sir J. Shelley's, 550 sovs. at Newmarket Craven Meeting, also 100 sovs. 200 sovs. and 100 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton Meeting.....4

By **ANTICIPATION**, Son of Hambletonian.

3. Ches. Colt, dam by Marmion, Mr. Goddard's, 50l. at Ascot Heath, 50 sovs. at Bath and Bristol, also 50l. and 40 sovs. at Burderop.....4
 4. Ches. Colt, out of Isis, Mr. Pryse's, 45 sovs. at Cheltenham, 95 sovs. at Bury2
 6. Presentiment, Mr. Farquharson's, 50l. at Salisbury, the Gold Cup value 100 sovs. and 45 sovs. at Blandford, 90 sovs. and 50l. at Taunton, 50l. and 45 sovs. at Weymouth, and 95 sovs. at Dorchester...8

By **ANTONIO**, Son of Octavian.

3. Fylde, Mr. Clifton's, 250gs. and 100 sovs. at Preston2

By **ARBITRATOR**.

2. Navigator, Mr. Stuchbury's, 50 sovs. at Mostyn Hunt.....1

By **ARDROSSAN**, Son of John Bull.

4. Gazebo, Mr. T. O. Powlett's, the King's Purse of 100gs. and 75 sovs. at Newcastle.....2
 4. Harriet, Mr. Clifton's, 45 sovs. and 60gs. at Chester, 70l. at Newton, and 70l. at Preston.....4
 a. Little Driver, Sir W. Lumley's, twice 50l. at Southampton.....2
 5. Mr. Munn, Mr. Clifton's, 70l. at Newton.....1
 4. Sir Malachi Malagrowther, Mr.

Baird's, 55 sovs. and the Gold Cup value 100gs. at Newcastle2
 4. **Tremaine**, Mr. Watson's, twice 50l. at Newcastle, and 60l. at Morpeth.....3

By **ASTROLOGER**, Son of Sir Oliver.

4. **Bay Colt** (dam by Meteor), Mr. Green's, 70 at Ludlow1

By **BANKER**, Son of Smolensko.

2. **Halston**, Mr. Mytton's, 275 at Chester, 175 at Ludlow, and 100 at Wolverhampton3

By **BELLEROPHON**, Son of Orville.

5. **Bay Mare** (dam by Planet), Mr. Aspinall's, 55 at Lincoln1

By **BENVOLIO**.

6. **Bay Gelding**, Mr. B. G. Drage's, 60 and 50 at Pytchley Hunt2

By **BLACKLOCK**, Son of Whitelock.

3. **Bay Colt** (out of The Doe), Mr. Vansittart's, 150 at Newmarket Craven Meeting.....1

4. **Belzoni**, Mr. Payne's, 180l. 10s. at Newmarket Second October Meeting.....1

5. **Brownlock**, Mr. Richardson's, the Gold Tureen value 100 at Leeds; the Gold Cup value 100 with 10 in specie, and the King's 100gs. at Nottingham; the King's 100gs. at York August Meeting; and the King's 100gs. at Doncaster5

6. **Brutandorf**, Mr. Clifton's, 100 at Newton.....1

5. **Cock Robin**, Mr. Sykes's, 50 at Beverley, the King's 100gs. and 100 sovs. at Manchester, 50 at Doncaster, and 45 at Northallerton5

5. **Crowcatcher**, Duke of Leeds's, 50 at York Spring Meeting1

2. **Emeline**, Mr. Petre's, 350 at York August Meeting, and 225 at Pontefract...2

2. **Grey Filly** (dam by Delpini), Mr. Russell's, 50 at York Spring Meeting.....1

3. **Lunacy**, Mr. Mills's, 200 at Newmarket First October Meeting, and 50l. at the Houghton Meeting2

3. **Malek**, Sir W. M. Milner's, 200 at York Spring Meeting1

4. **Mary Anne**, Lord Kennedy's, twice 50gs. at Edinburgh, 50 sovs. at York August Meeting; Mr. Dowbiggin's, 70 at Caledonian Hunt4

3. **Othello**, Mr. Dilly's, 300 at Newmarket Craven Meeting; Mr. Mills's, a Gold Cup, value 80, at the Houghton Meeting2

3. **Robin Hood**, Mr. Golden's, 50 at Lincoln.....1

3. **Sparkler**, Mr. Bond's, 50 at Rochester and Chatham.....1

2. **The Nun**, Mr. Armitage's, 40gs. at Richmond1

2. **Velocipede**, Mr. Armitage's, 120 sovs. at Catterick Bridge, 360 at York Spring Meeting, and 180 at Northallerton.....3

By **BLUCHER**, Son of Waxy.

3. **Bradford**, Lord Grosvenor's, 190 at Chester1

3. **Burlesque**, Lord Grosvenor's, 125 at Manchester, 200 at Ludlow, 200 at Knutsford, 75 at Oswestry, and 300 at Holywell Hunt.....5

4. **Fritz**, Mr. E. Hornby's, 60l. at Heaton Park1

3. **Gros de Naples**, Lord Grosvenor's, 375 at Chester, 75 at Knutsford, and 145 at Shrewsbury.....3

3. **Mavrocordato**, Lord Grosvenor's, 75 at Newton, 50 at Wrexham, 175 and 100 at Holywell Hunt4

By **BOBADIL**, Son of Rubens.

2. **Bobadilla**, Sir R. K. Dick's, 50 at Newmarket Houghton Meeting1

2. **Brocard**, Mr. Bartley's, 120 at Epsom1

By **BOB BOOTY**, Son of Chanticleer.

3. **Roswal**, Mr. Dickenson's, 50 at Dover1

By **BOURBON**, Son of Sorcerer.

5. **Brown Horse**, out of Prime Minister's Sister, Mr. Kirby's, the Silver Cup value 60gs. with 25gs. in specie, at Newcastle upon Tyne.....1

3. **Fleur de Lis**, Sir M. W. Ridley's, the Constitution Stakes of 170 sovs. at York Spring Meeting, the Gold Cup value 100gs. with 190 sovs. in specie at Preston, 300 at Doncaster, and the Gold Cup value 100 sovs. with 70 in specie at Lincoln.....4

6. **Julia**, Captain Becher's, 50 at Rochester and Chatham1

5. **Sweep**, Mr. Teesdale's, 45 at Malton, the Durham Welter Cup value 50gs. with 70gs. in specie, at Durham2

5. **The Alderman**, Duke of Portland's, the Craven Stakes of 80 sovs. at Newmarket Craven Meeting, 55 at Southampton...2

5. **Toss**, Mr. Barnard's, 70 at Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 60 at Epsom; Lord Southampton's, 60 at Hampton3

5. **Ultima**, Colonel King's, 70gs. at Lincoln, and 45 sovs. at Chesterfield.....2

By **BUFFER**, an Irish Horse.

a. **Thompson** (now Grey Surrey), Mr. Grosevenor's, 45 at Chester, a Silver Cup value 50 sovs. with 25 in specie at Manchester2

By **BUSTARD**, Son of Castrel.

2. **Barnardo**, Sir J. Shelley's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton Meeting1

3. **Bay Filly** (out of Spectre's dam), Mr. Bodenham's, 70 at Cheltenham1

a. **Falcon**, Mr. Thompson's, 60 at Heaton Park1

6. **Glead**, Lord Wilton's, 45 and 80 at Heaton Park2

By **BUSTLER**, Son of Camillus.

5. Peacock (late The Major), Mr. Bagley's, thrice 50 at Inverness, 45 at Fife Hunt, and twice 50 at Perth.....6

By **CANON BALL**, Son of Sancho.

3. Granby, Mr. Petre's, 550 and 580 at Doncaster.....2

By **CAPTAIN CANDID**, Son of Cerberus.

3. Bay Colt (out of Augusta's dam), Lord Exeter's, 50 at Newmarket Houghton Meeting.....1

By **CASTREL**, Son of Buzzard.

3. Moor Buzzard, Mr. Shailer's, 50 at Stamford, 45 at Huntingdon, and 50 at Bedford3

3. Pantaloon, Mr. Giffard's, 100 at Anson Hunt, 225 at Cheltenham, twice 70gs. at Derby, 65 sovs. and 50 at Warwick.....6

By **CATTON**, Son of Golumpus.

3. Bay Colt, out of Maid of Lorn, Sir T. Stanley's, 50 at Knutsford1

3. Bay Colt, Brother to Pasta, Lord Scarbrough's, 75 at York August Meeting.....1

4. Cromarty, out of Sister to Benedict, Mr. Gray's, 90, 60, 45, and 70 at Aberdeen, Forfar, &c.; Mr. Davidson's, 80 at Perth... ..5

4. Bay Colt, out of Little Go, Mr. Querton's, 50 at Carlisle.....1

3. Borderer, Duke of Richmond's, 50 and 60 at Epsom.....2

3. Effie, Sir W. Wynne's, 50 at Buxton, 275 at Shrewsbury, 50 at Oswestry, and 50 at Wrexham4

3. Inglemere, Lord Mountcharles's, 30 at Epsom, 50 and 45 at Egham, and 45 and 50 at Basingstoke5

3. Joceline, Sir T. Stanley's, The Dee Stakes of 425 and the St. Leger Stakes of 150 at Chester, 90 at Liverpool, and 90 at Shrewsbury4

4. Lady Georgiana, Lord Scarbrough's, 175 and 90 at Doncaster, and the King's 100gs. at Lincoln3

4. Miss Horner, Mr. France's, 105L at Tarporley Hunt1

4. Marchioness, Mr. Wilkinson's, 40 at Heaton Park.....1

4. Missey, Mr. Petre's, 250 at Doncaster1

4. Mulatto, Lord Milton's, 120 at York Spring Meeting; 200, and two of the Great Subscription Purves, each amounting to 275 sovs. at York August Meeting; 70, the Gold Cup value 150gs. and 250 sovs. at Doncaster.....7

3. Nonplus, Mr. Petre's, the St. Leger Stakes of 300 at York Spring Meeting, 320 at Doncaster, and the Gold Cup value 100gs. with 10gs. in specie at Northallerton.....3

4. Royal Oak, Lord Mountcharles's,

100 at Ascot Heath, 155 at Bath and Bristol, 50 at Goodwood, 225 and 50 at Egham, 125 at Abingdon, and 80 at Newmarket Houghton Meeting7

3. Sillery, Mr. Jadis's, 50 at Malton...1

4. Tarrare, Lord Scarbrough's, 150 at York August Meeting1

4. Truth, Mr. Gully's, 50 at Epsom...1

By **CAVENDO**, Son of Cavendish.

4. Ches. Gelding, Mr. Hand's, a Cup value 50 sovs. at Tarpokey Hunt.....1

By **CERVANTES**, Son of Don Quixote.

3. Burlador, Mr. Crompton's, 87½ at Malton, and 60 at Beverley.....2

2. Harlequin, Mr. Ridsdale's, 60 at Rotherham1

3. Little-thought-of, Mr. Gully's, 60 at Manchester1

3. Medoro, Lord Fitzwilliam's, 120 and 850 at York August Meeting, 75 at Pontefract, and 600 at Doncaster4

3. Pat, Mr. Clifton's, 250 at Preston...1

4. The Dragon, Lord Wharnccliffe's, 100 at Newmarket Craven Meeting, 225 at First Spring Meeting.....2

By **CHAMPIGNON**, Son of Truffle.

3. Bay Colt, out of Susanne, Mr. Douglas's, 175 at Edinburgh.....1

2. Bay Colt, out of Bravura's dam, Lord Tweeddale's, 100 at Edinburgh1

2. Bay Filly, out of Anna Bullen, Mr. Baird's, 200 at Edinburgh1

3. Dominie Skelp, Mr. Baird's, 40 at Kelso Spring Meeting, 125gs. at Kelso, and the Gold Cup value 100gs. at Ayr ...3

2. Freebooter (since dead), Mr. Baird's, 75gs. at Edinburgh1

2. Ketchup, Mr. Frazer's, 25gs. at Inverness1

3. The Corsair, Mr. Baird's, 400 at Kelso; Mr. J. Lye's, the Caledonian St. Leger Stakes of 200 and 50 at the Caledonian Hunt.....3

By **CHAMPION**, Son of Selim.

5. Signorina, Sir W. Wynn's, the Gold Cup value 100 sovs. with 90 in specie at Liverpool, a Piece of Plate value 100 sovs. with 140 in specie at Knutsford, the Gold Cup value 100gs. with 50gs. in specie at Wrexham3

By **CHESHIRE CHEESE**, Son of Sir Peter.

a. Ashbourne, Mr. Davies's, 35 at Wells1

a. Medea, Mr. T. Polhill's, 95 and 25 at Bedford Spring Meeting2

By **CLAXTON**, Son of Remembrancer.

6. Bay Horse, Mr. J. Purser's, 53 at Bedford Spring Meeting1

By **COMUS**, Son of Sorcerer.

3. Bay Filly (Sister to Swinton), Mr. Attwood's, 50 at Durham1

3. Carthusian, Lord Wharncliffe's, 450 at Newmarket Craven Meeting, and 80 at Second October Meeting2

3. Ches. Colt (out of Dolly's dam), Mr. J. Croft's, 50 at Northallerton.....1

5. Comedian, Mr. Gauntlett's, 40 at Winchester, 200 at Salisbury, and twice 50 at Blandford4

3. Constantine, Mr. L. Charlton's, 50 at Warwick1

3. Crony, Mr. Dilly's, 45 at Winchester1

6. Double Entendre, Lord Warwick's, 50 at Ascot Heath, and 50 at Hampton...2

3. Fairlawn, Captain Locke's, a Stake at Oatlands Park1

3. Garnish, Mr. Prendergast's, 50 at Newmarket Second October Meeting1

3. Jessie, Mr. Gascoigne's, 325gs. at Newcastle upon Tyne, and 110 sovs. at Lincoln.....2

4. Hobgoblin, Lord Exeter's, the Gold Cup value 100 sovs. at Stamford.....1

5. Humphrey Clinker, Lord Fitzwilliam's, 60 at Malton1

3. Matilda, Mr. Petre's, 380 at York August Meeting, and the Great St. Leger Stake of 2225 sovs. at Doncaster.....2

4. Monarch, Mr. Lumley's, 60gs. and 87l. 10s. at Rochester and Chatham, the King's 100gs. and 100 sovs. at Canterbury, the Gold Cup value 100gs. with 10gs. in specie and 45 sovs. at Northampton, 50 and 100 at Leicester8

By CONSTABLE, Son of Comus.

4. Young Comus, Mr. Simpson's, 50 at Lancaster, 50 at Kendal, 50 at Carlisle, and 50 at Caledonian Hunt.....4

3. Young Duchess, Mr. Simpson's, 50 at Kendal.....1

By COSSACK.

2. Chesnut Filly (dam by Selim), Lord Anglesea's, 40l. at Rugely1

By DINMONT, Son of Orville.

3. Dinah, Lord Fitzwilliam's, 90 at York August Meeting, and 50 at Rotherham2

By DOCTOR SYNTAX, Son of Paynator.

2. Rector, Mr. Riddell's, 100 at Newcastle on Tyne.....1

By DON COSSACK, Son of Haphazard.

6. Brown Mare, Mr. Westbrook's, 50gs. at Rochester and Chatham1

8. Prosody, Mr. Portman's, 50 at Bridgewater, and 50 at Tavistock2

6. Tartar, Mr. Shepherd's, 50 at Buxton, 145 at Ludlow; Mr. Day's, 45 at Gloucester, and 45 at Stroud and Minchinhampton4

By EGREMONT, Son of Gohanna.

4. Fair Forester, Mr. Mason's, the Sil-

ver Tureen value 60 sovs. at York August Meeting, and 50 at Stockton2

By ELECTION, Son of Gohanna.

5. Nigel, Mr. Heathcote's, 50 at Guildford1

By EPPERSTON, Son of Delpini.

6. Springkell, Sir J. H. Maxwell's, the Gold Cup value 100gs. and the King's 100gs. at Carlisle, the King's 100gs. and the Caledonian Cup value 100gs. at Caledonian Hunt4

By EQUATOR, Son of Zodiac.

5. Bay Mare, Mr. Hinckley's, 50 at Derby1

By EUSTON.

3. Multum in Parvo, Colonel Davies's, a Stakes at Carmarthen1

By FILHO DA PUTA, Son of Haphazard.

5. Arachne, Mr. Geary's, 70 at Chester, and 70 at Rugeley2

3. Astonishment, Mr. C. Wilson's, 800 sovs. at Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 1

3. Bay Filly, out of Loo Choo, Mr. Booth's, 70 at Newcastle (Staff.); Mr. Howard's, 45 at Rugeley, and 50 at Lichfield, 3

6. Bay Gelding, Brother to Hexgrave, Mr. Milward's, the Bosworth Stakes of 250 sovs. at Anson Hunt, the Billesdon Coplow Stakes of 337½ sovs. at Croxton Park, 40 at Leeds, a Silver Tureen value 50gs. with 55gs. in specie, and 55 sovs. at Rotherham5

2. Bessy Bedlam, Colonel King's, 80 at Malton, 80 at Beverley, 500 at Doncaster, and 80 at Lincoln4

7. Charnwood, Mr. Shackel's, 50 at Brighton, 60 and 50 at Lewes.....3

3. Colombia, Sir G. Pigot's, 40 at Chester, 40 at Wolverhampton, and 575 at Warwick.....3

5. Doctor Faustus, Sir T. Stanley's, 45 sovs., the Stand Cup value 100gs. with 160 sovs. in specie, at Chester; 130 at Newcastle (Staffordshire); and the Gold Cup value 100 sovs. with 10 in specie, at Shrewsbury4

3. Ellesmere, Mr. Mytton's, 125gs. at Nottingham.....1

4. Elephanta, Mr. B. Hughes's, the Gold Cup value 100 sovs. at Hampton, 100 at Oatlands Park; Mr. Farrall's, 50 at Hastings.....3

5. Escape, Mr. Dilly's, 45 at Stroud and Minchinhampton1

4. Fanny Davies, Mr. Houldsworth's, 40 and 60 at Chesterfield2

6. Forester Lass, Mr. Thorne's, 110 sovs. at Bath and Bristol, twice 50 at Hereford, 50 at Glamorganshire, and 50 at Monmouth5

6. Hajji Baba, Sir T. Stanley's, 50 at Cheltenham, and 45 at Shrewsbury2

4. Harriet, Mr. Houldsworth's, 45 at Leeds, and 50 at Nottingham2

a. Hexgrave, Mr. Brown's, 45ga. at Rotherham1

4. Jocko, Mr. I. Sadler's, the Gold Cup value 100 sovs. with 40 in specie, at Cheltenham, and 350 at Bath and Bristol2

5. Maid of Mansfield, Mr. Cooke's, a Stakes at Tenbury, a Stakes at Worcester, 50 and a Stakes at Wolverhampton, and 40 at Stourbridge5

6. Miller of Mansfield, Mr. Gleave's, 65 at Stourbridge, 63 at Shrewsbury, and 40 at Walsall3

6. Orthodox, Mr. Thompson's, 70 at Preston, twice 50 at Liverpool, 65 at Shrewsbury, 75 and 45 at Oswestry; 230, and the Gold Cup value 100 sovs. with 30 specie, at Holywell Hunt8

a. Palatina, Mr. Griffith's, 55 and 55 sovs. at Leominster, and the Ladies' Cup value 20 sovs. with 20 added, at Tewkesbury3

4. Sancedo, Sir W. Wynne's, 50 at Chester, and 50 at Buxton2

By FITZ-JAMES, Son of Delpini.

5. Alpha, Mr. Longmore's, 50 at Leicester1

a. Fitzwilliam, Mr. Painter's, 50 at Stourbridge, and 50 at Shrewsbury2

a. Grey Gelding, Colonel Lygon's, 45 at Stourbridge1

6. Grey Mare, Sister to Fitzwilliam, Mr. Painter's, the Witherley Stakes (in doubt whether or not a legal prize) of 45 sovs. at Anson Hunt, and 70 at Wenlock, 2

By FITZ-ORVILLE, Son of Orville.

6. Blue Bonnet, Mr. Frazer's, 110ga. at Inverness1

By FITZ-TEAZLE, Son of Sir Peter.

5. Harriet, Mr. Hopkinson's, 40 at Stockton, and 50 at Doncaster2

By FOXBURY.

3. Fadladeen, Mr. Trelawney's, 50 sovs. at Taunton1

By FRIDAY, Son of Washington.

4. Mary, Mr. Smith's, 50 at Leominster1

By FRIEND NED, Son of Camillus.

3. Panther, Mr. Wainwright's, two Matches at Heaton Park2

By FUNGUS, Son of Truffle.

4. Maldonia, Mr. Dilly's, 225 at Newmarket First Spring Meeting, the Cup Stakes of 60 sovs. at Winchester, and 70 at Oxford3

By FYLDENER, Son of Sir Peter.

a. Triumph, Mr. T. Dawson's, 70 at Perth1

5. Young Zuleika, Mr. Day's, 50 at

Bath Spring Meeting, 40 and 35 at Tewkesbury3

By THE FLYER, Son of Vandyke Jun.

3. Half Moon, Lord Tavistock's, 100 at Newmarket First Spring Meeting1

6. Velocity, Mr. Bird's, 50 sovs. at Stamford, 45ga. at Derby, and 50 sovs. at Huntingdon3

By GAINSBOROUGH, Son of Rubens.

3. Brown Filly, out of Matilda, Lord Jersey's, 10 sovs. at Newmarket Craven Meeting1

a. Inniskillen, Mr. Worth's, 45l. at Portsmouth1

By GANYMEDE, Son of Traveller.

a. Grey Gelding, Mr. Johnson's, 50 sovs. at York Spring Meeting1

By GOTH, Son of Sir Peter.

a. Architect, Mr. Hulton's, 50 at Heaton Park1

By GREY MIDDLEHAM, Son of Walton.

4. Laburn, Captain Locke's, 100 and 40 at Oatlands Park, and 50 at Portsmouth Town and Garrison3

6. Richmond, Mr. Frazer's, 100ga. at Inverness1

By GREY ORVILLE, Son of Orville.

a. My Lady, Mr. Wood's, 40, 60, and 36 at Doncaster Hunt Meeting, a Piece of Plate value 20 sovs. with 21 added, at Leeds Spring Meeting4

By GREY WALTON, Son of Walton.

3. Brown Colt, Sir J. Beresford's, 50 and 70 at Lancaster, the Gold Cup value 100ga. and 53 sovs. at Kendal4

By GRIMALDI, Son of Delpini.

7. Mima, Captain B. Davies's, 60 at Aberystwith1

a. Pantomime, Mr. Davidson's, 100ga. and 71 sovs. at Inverness2

5. Shropshire Lass (late Cheshire Cheese), Mr. Turner's, twice 45 at Knighton, the Cavalry Stakes and 40l. at Leominster, and 45l. at Breconshire5

By GUY MANNERING, Son of Sorcerer.

5. Aura, Mr. Pulsford's, 110 at Wells, 1

5. Burton, Mr. I. Frampton's, 45 at Clifton and Bristol, and a Silver Cup value 50ga. with 20 sovs. at Burderop2

5. Edward, Mr. Davies's, 45 at Cheltenham, and 50 at Warwick2

By THE GRAND DUKE, Son of Archduke.

5. Duke of Wellington, Mr. Bennion's, a Silver Cup value 50 sovs. at Wrexham, 1

3. Grand Duke Nicholas, Sir T. Stanley's, 50 at Liverpool1

By HAPHAZARD, Son of Sir Peter.

5. Hazard, Mr. Wadlow's, 35 at Stourbridge1
 a. Louisa, Mr. Dalyell's, a Stake at Fife Hunt 1

By HAZARD, Son of Macbeth.

3. Geloni, Mr. Hopkinson's, 60 at Grimsby, and 15 at Heaton Park2

By HOBGOBLIN, Son of Remembrancer.

3. Sabrina, Sir W. Wynn's, 150 at Knutsford1

By HOLLYHOCK, Son of Master Bagot.

3. Bachelor (since dead), Mr. Payne's, 100 at Newmarket Craven Meeting.....1

6. Boreas, Sir J. Boswell's, 40gs and 50 sovs. at Ayr2

7. Hesperus, Mr. O. Gore's, 60gs. at Chester, 50 sovs. at Bridgnorth, the Gold Cup Stakes in specie of 140 sovs. at Hereford, and 155 at Worcester.....4

By INTERPRETER, Son of Soothsayer.

4. Babel (late Lilius), Mr. Payne's, 300 at Newmarket Craven Meeting, 200 at Second Spring Meeting, and 300 at Houghton Meeting3

5. Linguist, Mr. W. Drage's, 74 at Pytchley Hunt 1

3. Translation, Mr. Walker's, 50 at Newmarket Houghton Meeting1

By THE JUGGLER, Son of Comus.

4. Conjuror, Mr. J. Gray's, 50 at Edinburgh, and 50 at Ayr2

By KING DAVID, Son of Remembrancer.

4. Apostate, Lord Kennedy's, the King's 100gs. at Edinburgh, and, Mr. Maule's, a Stake at Fife Hunt.....2

By KING OF DIAMONDS, Son of Diamond.

5. Sidbury Lass, Mr. J. Thorne's, 55 at Bath Spring Meeting1

By KUTUSOFF (half-bred), Son of Brown Bread.

6. Candidate, Mr. Clark's, 45 sovs. and 70 at Doncaster Hunt 2

By LANGOLEE, a half-bred Horse.

5. Coral (late Lemonade), Mr. Bidulph's, 100 sovs. at Croxton Park1

By LISMAHAGO, Son of Acacia.

- a. Tenbury Lass, Mr. Gwalter's, 45gs. at Bridgnorth; Mr. Edwards's, 35 sovs. at Breconshire2

By LITTLE JOHN, Son of Octavius.

3. Johnny, Sir J. Shelley's, 200 sovs. at Newmarket Craven Meeting, 200 at the First October Meeting, 200 and 350 at the Houghton Meeting.....4

By MAGISTRATE, Son of Camillus.

2. Bay Filly, dam by Cervantes, Mr. S. Walker's, 40 sovs. at Nottingham.....1

3. Bay Filly, dam by Jacky-my-Lad, Mr. Hole's, 105 sovs. at Nottingham1

3. Bhurtpore, Mr. Houldsworth's, 60gs. at Chesterfield.....1

3. Mr. Watt, out of Altisidora, Mr. Bradshaw's, 225 sovs. at York Spring Meeting; Mr. Dickinson's, 50 at Ashford, and 110 at Isle of Thanet..... 8

3. Chesnut Filly, out of Harriet's dam, Mr. Houldsworth's, 50 sovs. at Wrexham1

3. Coalition, Mr. Houldsworth's, 20 at Pontefract1

4. Edith, Mr. Page's, 40 sovs. at Oatlands Park; Captain Berkeley's, 40 at Goodwood, 50 and a Stake at Portsmouth Town and Garrison4

3. His Majesty, Mr. Cook's, 40gs. at Bridgnorth, and 50 sovs. at Wenlock ...2

3. Murillo, Lord Derby's, 50 sovs. at Chester.....1

3. Raven, Mr. Houldsworth's, 60gs. at Derby1

By MANFRED, Son of Election.

3. Camilla (late Harriette Wilson), Mr. Charlton's, 55 sovs. at Nottingham.....1

5. Maria, Mr. Wood's, a Cup, with 20 sovs. added, at Worcester Autumn Meeting.....1

By MANGO, Son of Sorcerer.

5. Susan, Mr. Pickernell's, 50gs. at Bridgnorth, and 73 sovs. at Worcester ...2

4. Zaniel, Mr. Pickernell's, 60 sovs. at Warwick Spring Meeting, and 50 at Worcester.....2

By MARMION, Son of Whiskey.

6. Minstrel, Mr. Gilmour's, 50 sovs. at Caledonian Hunt1

5. Mystery, Mr. Jacques's, 45 sovs. at Kendal, 50 at Carlisle, 50 at Caledonian Hunt, 55gs. 50 sovs. and 45gs. at Inglewood Hunt and Penrith6

4. Yanworth Lass (late Minuet), Mr. Howard's, 46l. 10s. at Inglewood Hunt and Penrith.....1

By MASTER HENRY, Son of Orville.

2. Bay Colt, dam by Ambo, Mr. L. Charlton's, 25 sovs. at Stourbridge.....1

2. Master Watkin, Sir W. W. Wynne's, 110 sovs. at Holywell Hunt1

By MERLIN, Son of Castrel.

3. Bay Colt, out of Rhoda, Mr. Rush's, 81l. 10s. at Newmarket July Meeting .. 1

3. Bay Filly, Sister to Lamplighter, Colonel Wilson's, 50 sovs. at Yarmouth, and 45 at Beccles2

3. Hawk's Eye, 50 sovs. at Newmarket Second Spring Meeting.....1

4. Dervise, Duke of Grafton's, the Cla-

ret Stakes of 800 sovs. at Newmarket Craven Meeting; Mr. Radcliffe's, 180 at Southampton2

4. Goshawk, Mr. S. Stonehewer's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, 100 at Second October Meeting, and 50 at Houghton Meeting3

4. Lamplighter, Colonel Wilson's, the Port Stakes of 500 sovs. at Newmarket Craven Meeting, 100 and 25 at First Spring Meeting, 50 at Second Spring Meeting, the King's 100gs. at First October Meeting, 50 sovs. at Second October Meeting, 100 and 50 at the Houghton Meeting8

2. Lancastrian, out of Mona, Duke of Grafton's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket July Meeting, and 250 at Second October Meeting.....2

3. Latimer, Duke of Grafton's, 500 sovs. and 400 at Newmarket Craven Meeting, and 20 sovs. at the Houghton Meeting ...3

3. Martha, Mr. Forth's, 115 sovs. at Ascot Heath1

2. Merchant, out of Quail, Mr. Thornhill's, the Clearwell Stakes of 380 sovs. and the Prendergast Stakes of 950 at Newmarket Second October Meeting2

2. Mermaid, Mr. Yates's, 75 sovs. and 50 at Lichfield, and 80 at Shrewsbury ...3

4. Problem, Duke of Grafton's, 200 sovs. at Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, and 200 at the First October Meeting ...2

3. Theore, Mr. S. Stonehewer's, 100 sovs. at Newmarket Craven Meeting, and 150 at the First Spring Meeting2

4. Wamba, Mr. S. Stonehewer's, 150 sovs. at Newmarket Craven Meeting, and 100 at the First Spring Meeting2

By MILITIAMAN, Son of Tityrus.

a. Bay Mare, Mr. Hickes's, 40 sovs. at Abingdon.....1

a. Trooper, Mr. Davies's, a Stakes at Hereford, and 45 sovs. at Aberystwyth...2

By MILO, Son of Sir Peter.

4. Chesterfield, Mr. Beardsworth's, 60gs. at Derby1

3. Necromancer, Lord Derby's, 50 sovs. at Knutsford1

By MOUNTEBANK, Son of Gohanna.

3. Lorraine, Mr. Beardsworth's, 70 sovs. at Warwick, 48gs. at Stafford, and 43 sovs. at Worcester Autumn Meeting3

By Mr. LOWE, Son of Walton.

3. Miss Craven (dam by Soothsayer), Mr. Scaith's, 90 sovs. at Epsom, the King's Gold Cup value 100gs. with 30 sovs. in specie, at Brighton; Duke of Richmond's, 335 sovs. at Goodwood.....3

By MULEY, Son of Orville.

4. Leviathan, Mr. Giffard's, 60 sovs. at Chester, the Gold Cup value 100, with 50 in specie, at Ludlow, the Gold Cup value

100gs. (in specie) at Derby, the Gold Cup value 100 sovs. with 90 at Warwick, and the Gold Cup value 100 sovs. at Lichfield, 5

By THE MALCOLM ARABIAN.

a. Meg Merrilies, Mr. Pryse's, 45 at Aberystwyth1

By OCTAVIAN, Son of Stripling.

5. Cymbeline, Mr. Thompson's, 50 sovs. at Oswestry.....3

6. Don Antonio, Mr. Skipsay's, 50 sovs. at Malton, the Silver Cup value 50gs. at Durham, twice 50 sovs. at Grimsby, and 80 at Stockton5

3. Duchess of Lancaster, Mr. Wilkinson's, 80 sovs. at Catterick Bridge, the Duchy Stakes of 100, and 50 at Lancaster3

2. Gameboy, Mr. Darnell's, 80 sovs. at Stockton1

4. Garcia, Colonel Yates's, 750 sovs. at Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 445 and 80 at Warwick.....3

4. John o'Gaunt, Mr. Wilkinson's, 50 at Richmond1

5. Purity, Lord Kelburne's, 55 sovs. at Doncaster, the King's Purse of 100gs. and the Silver Cup value 60gs. with 20gs. in specie at Richmond3

By OCTAVIUS, Son of Orville.

5. Grey Horse, Brother to St. Leger, Mr. Forth's, 25 at Newmarket Houghton Meeting1

By OISEAU, Son of Camillus.

3. Flamingo, Mr. Coleman's, 35 sovs. at Hampton, and 50 at Tonbridge2

3. Pelican, Lord Sligo's, 130 sovs. at York August Meeting, and 35 at Pontefract2

By ORVILLE, Son of Beningbrough.

0. Bay Horse, Mr. T. Jones's, 50 at Oatlands Park1

3. Chrysalis, Lord Jersey's, 650 sovs. at Newmarket Craven Meeting1

4. Clown, Sir J. Shelley's, 60 sovs. at Lewes1

3. Souvenir, Mr. S. Stonehewer's, the Drawing Room Stakes of 670 at Goodwood, 500 and 70 at Newmarket Second October Meeting, 50 and 170 at the Houghton Meeting5

2. Zoe, Mr. Rogers's, 60 sovs.; Mr. Greville's, 50 and 40 at Newmarket Houghton Meeting3

By OVERSEER.

6. Welshman, Mr. Pryse's 100l. at Mostyn Hunt1

By PARTISAN, Son of Walton.

3. Bay Colt, out of Antiope, Mr. Udny's, the St. Leger Stakes of 350 sovs. at Newmarket First October Meeting ...1

3. Bay Filly, out of Donna Clara, Lord Clarendon's, 700 sovs. at Newmarket Craven Meeting: Mr. Udny's 200 at Second

October Meeting, and 70 at the Houghton Meeting3

3. Bay Filly (out of Ridicule), Lord G. H. Cavendish's, 300 sovs. at Newmarket Craven Meeting1

3. Ches. Filly (out of Silvertail), Lord Egremont's, 60 sovs. at Lewes, and 45 at Egham2

5. Comrade, Mr. Berkeley's, the Hunt Stakes at Hampton.....1

3. Mameluke, Lord Jersey's, 300 sovs. at Newmarket Craven Meeting, 100 at the First Spring Meeting, and the Great Derby Stakes of 2650 at Epsom3

5. Miss Clifton, Mr. Howe's, 60 at Abingdon.....1

5. Pastime, Lord Wharfedale's, 100 sovs. at Newmarket Craven Meeting, 250 at First Spring Meeting, 80 at First October Meeting, and 215 at the Second October Meeting.....4

4. Paul Jones, Duke of Grafton's, 50 at Newmarket July Meeting1

3. Roan Colt (out of Espagnolle), Lord G. H. Cavendish's, 250 sovs. at Newmarket Craven Meeting, 550 at First October Meeting, and 800 at the Second October Meeting3

5. Skiff, Mr. Howe's, 40 sovs. at Newmarket Second Spring Meeting; and, Mr. Sowerby's, 100 at the Houghton Meeting2

By PAULOWITZ, Son of Sir Paul.

4. Black Gelding, Brother to Betsy, Mr. Lagar's, a Stakes at Anson Hunt ...1

5. Cain, Mr. Yates's, 90 sovs. at Newcastle (Staffordshire), 90 and 50 at the Pottery, 100 and 55 at Burton upon Trent, and the Gold Cup value 100 sovs. at Leicester6

4. Little Bo-peep, Mr. Yates's, 30 sovs. at Nottingham, 60 and 50 at Newcastle (Staffordshire), and 50 and 45 at Shrewsbury5

4. Paul Pry, Mr. Yates's, 150 sovs. at Ludlow; the Gold Cup value 100 sovs. with 60 added, and 250 at Burton upon Trent; 80 at Lichfield, 240 and the Champagne Stakes of 160 at Holywell Hunt...6

3. Sharpshooter, Mr. Yates's, 80 sovs. at Anson Hunt, 190 at Mostyn Hunt, 250 and 50 at Burton on Trent, 105 at Lichfield, and 40 at Holywell Hunt6

By PAVILION, Son of Waxy.

a. Pavilion, Mr. B. Davies's, a Stake at Carmarthen, twice 50 at Truro, 45 at Taunton, 45 at Bridgewater, 70 at Martock, and two Stakes at Tavistock.....8

By PENDULUM, Son of Orville.

5. Gaslight, Mr. Brice's, 46 sovs. at Clifton and Bristol; Mr. Chambers's, a Cup at Martock, a Silver Cup with a Stake added at Dorchester3

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By PERCY, Son of Walton.

3. My Lord, Mr. Harrison's, 48 sovs. at Kendal, and 50 at Carlisle2

By PERICLES, Son of Evander.

6. Plutarch, Mr. White's, 30 sovs. at Heaton Park1

By PHANTOM, Son of Walton, out of Julia.

5. Ariel, Lord Jersey's, 25 sovs. at Newmarket First Spring Meeting1

4. Enamel, Lord Exeter's, 100 sovs. at Newmarket Second October Meeting, and 200 at the Houghton2

3. Glenartney, Lord Jersey's, the Riddlesworth Stakes of 2100 sovs. and 100 at Newmarket Craven Meeting, 600 and 400 at Ascot Heath, and 250 at Newmarket Houghton Meeting.....5

4. Premier, Mr. John's, 50 sovs. at Wells, and 155 at Exeter.....2

5. Prude, Mr. Gwalter's, 50 sovs. at Knighton, 50 at Hereford, and 50 at Breconshire3

6. Serab, Lord Cleveland's, the Gold Cup value 100 sovs. at Stockton1

2. Vanish, Mr. Holdsworth's, 100gs. at Derby1

By PIONEER, Son of Whiskey.

4. Carthago, Mr. Rush's, 250 sovs. and 200 sovs. at Newmarket First Spring Meeting, and 50 sovs. at the Houghton Meeting.....3

By POPE, Son of Shuttle.

4. Cynon, Mr. Beardsworth's, 80 sovs. at Ludlow1

By PISCATOR, Son of Walton.

4. Brown Colt, out of Gipsy, Mr. R. H. Clive's, 80gs. at Ludlow.....1

4. Mayfly, Sir W. W. Wynn's, 65 sovs. at Ludlow, 75 at Wenlock, the Gold Cup value 100 sovs. with 60 in specie, at Worcester, 90 and the Gold Cup value 100 sovs. at Stourbridge, and 65gs. at Wrexham...6

By POULTON, Brother to Sir Oliver.

a. Healy, Mr. Day's, 55 sovs. at Glamorganshire1

5. Small Hopes, Mr. Bradley's, 45 sovs. and a Stake at Glamorganshire2

a. Tripoli, Mr. Davis's, a Piece of Plate and 35 sovs. at Bath Spring Meeting, and a Stake at Carmarthen3

By PRESIDENT, Son of Sancho.

0. Saltfish, Mr. Codrington's, 25 sovs. at Bath Spring Meeting....1

By PROSELYTE, Son of Sorcerer.

6. Ranceby, Mr. Rimington's, 50gs. at Croxton Park1

By QUIZ, Son of Buzzard.

a. Euphrates, Mr. Mytton's, the King's

100gs. at Lichfield, the Gold Cup value 120 sovs. and 80 at Oswestry.....3

By RAINBOW, Son of Walton.

2. Serenade, out of Scheherazade, Mr. Payne's, the Newmarket Stakes of 725 sovs. at the First Spring Meeting, and 800 at Ascot Heath2

3. Toso, Mr. Irby's, 900 sovs. at Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 100 at the Second October Meeting, and 50 at the Houghton Meeting3

By REGENT, Son of Election.

2. Kildare, Mr. Scott Stonehewer's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton Meeting...1

By REGENT, Son of Sorcerer.

6. Duchess, Mr. Fuller's, 50 sovs. at Dover1

a. Limestone, Mr. Long's, 45 sovs. and a Silver Cup value 50 sovs. at Doncaster Hunt Meeting2

6. Regulator, Mr. Howard's, 45 sovs. at Canterbury1

By REVELLER, Son of Comus.

2. Bay Colt, out of Racket, Lord Ailesbury's, 110 sovs. at Ascot Heath.....1

By RHADAMANTHUS, Son of Camillus.

4. Crafty, Mr. Clapham's, 50 sovs. at Stockton1

6. Maria, Mr. Ilee's, the Yeomanry Plate at Richmond1

By RINALDO, Son of Milo.

4. Euxton, Mr. White's, the King's Plate of 100gs. at Chester, 100 sovs. and 95 at Manchester; the Gold Cup value 100gs. with 110 sovs. in specie, and 90 at Buxton; the Tradesmen's Cup value 100 sovs. with 120 in specie, and the Darlington Cup value 100 sovs. with 100 added at Wolverhampton; and the Gold Cup value 90 sovs. at Walsall8

By RUBENS, Son of Buzzard.

2. Ches. Colt, out of Little Folly, Mr. Sadler's, 300 sovs. at Warwick, and 180 at Abingdon2

3. Ches. Filly, out of Tippetwitchet, Colonel Wilson's, 100 sovs. at Newmarket First Spring Meeting1

3. Lark, Mr. Mytton's, 55gs. at Nottingham1

4. Lawrence, Mr. Radclyffe's, 50 sovs. at Bath and Bristol, 50 at Wells, 50 at Burderop, 50 at Weymouth, and 40 at Dorchester5

2. Oppidan, Mr. Payne's, 200 sovs. at Newmarket Second October Meeting.....1

4. Profile, Mr. Hiron's, 50 sovs. at Bridgewater.....1

3. Rodenick, Duke of Grafton's, 450 sovs. and 100 at Newmarket Craven2

2. Ruby, Mr. Rawlinson's, 60 sovs. at Cheltenham.....1

By SCUD, Son of Benningbrough.

5. Acton, Lord Kelburne's, one-third of the Great Subscription amounting to 275 sovs. at York August Meeting, 100 at Doncaster, and the Gold Cup value 100gs. at Richmond3

5. Redgauntlet, Lord Exeter's, 50 sovs. and 100l. at Newmarket Craven Meeting, 80 at the Second Spring Meeting, and 200 at the Second October Meeting4

By SEAGRAVE, Son of Walton.

4. Prodigious, Mr. Bird's, 60 sovs. at Lincoln1

0. Tarquin, Mr. Anderson's, 85 sovs. at Warwick Spring Meeting, 100 and 60 at Anson Hunt3

By SELIM, Son of Buzzard.

3. Apollo, Lord Jersey's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton Meeting1

a. Logic, Mr. W. Jones's, 46 sovs. and 75 at Hampton; Mr. Mills's, 70 at Chelmsford; Mr. A. Berkeley's, 49 at Goodwood, 50 at Portsmouth Town and Garrison ...5

5. Saladin, Mr. Petre's, 80 sovs. at Middleham1

4. Scamper, Mr. Lumley's, twice 50 sovs. at Rochester and Chatham; Mr. Howard's, twice 50 at Isle of Thanet4

3. Turcoman, Duke of Grafton's, 700 sovs. at Newmarket Craven Meeting, the 2000gs. Stakes of 950 sovs. at the First Spring Meeting, and 50 at the Houghton Meeting3

By SHUTTLECOCK, Son of Schedoni.

a. Habberley, Mr. Richards's, the Ladies' Silver Cup, with six sovs. in specie, at Bath Spring Meeting, 30 at Bath and Bristol, a Silver Cup with 35 sovs in specie, at Wells, and 48 at Hereford4

By SIR CHRISTOPHER, Son of Sir David.

6. Doctor Russell, Mr. Singleton's, 65 sovs. at Holderness Hunt (Beverley).....1

By SIR HARRY, Son of W.'s Ditto.

4. Harry, Mr. Griffith's, 60 sovs. at Worcester1

8. Solipede, Mr. Baldwin's, 50 sovs. at Stroud and Minchinhampton1

By SIR HARRY DIMSDALE, Son of Sir Peter.

a. Sir Harry, Mr. Barlow's, a Silver Cup value 50 sovs. at Doncaster Hunt Meeting1

By SIR OLIVER, Son of Sir Peter.

3. Ch. Colt, Battledore (out of Racket), Sir T. Stanley's, the Palatine Stakes of 375 sovs. at Chester, and the St. Leger Stakes of 225 sovs. at Manchester2

By SIR ROGER, Son of Orlando.

4. Ches. Gelding, out of Mother Goose, Mr. I. Muster's, 80 sovs. at Nottingham, 1

By SIR WALTER RALEIGH, Son of Waxy.

6. El Dorado, Mr. F. Craven's, the Great Gloucestershire Stakes of 665 sovs. at Cheltenham, the Gold Cup value 150 sovs. (in specie) at Oxford, and the Gold Cup value 120 sovs. at Abingdon.....3

By SKIM, Son of Gohanna.

2. Bay Filly, out of Pentagon, Mr. Rush's, 25 sovs. at Newmarket Second October Meeting1

By SMOLENSKO, Son of Sorcerer.

3. Brown Filly, out of Pentagon, Mr. Biggs's, 75 sovs. at Bath and Bristol.....1

4. Eliza, Mr. I. B. Phillipson's, 50 sovs. at Worcester1

3. Emma, Mr. R. Wilson's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket First Spring Meeting1

4. Fawn, Mr. Greville's, 30 sovs. at Newmarket July Meeting1

3. Gulnare, Duke of Richmond's, 600 sovs. at Newmarket Craven Meeting, 200 at First Spring Meeting, the Oaks Stakes of 2300 sovs. at Epsom, 75 at Brighton, 80 at Goodwood, 150 at Egham, 200 at Newmarket Second October Meeting, and 200 at the Houghton Meeting.....8

6. Jerry, Lord Kelburne's, 80 sovs. at Catterick Bridge, and 325 at York August Meeting2

3. Livonia, Mr. Lumley's, 50 sovs. at Ashford1

3. Memina, Lord Stradbroke's, 350 sovs. at Newmarket Craven Meeting, twice 50 at Ipswich, and 50 at Chelmsford4

a. Naughty Tommy, Mr. Russell's, 100 sovs. at Bath Spring Meeting; Mr. Bailey's, 48 at Tiverton2

3. Nonsuit, Mr. Rogers's, 500 sovs. at Newmarket Craven Meeting, 325 at the First Spring Meeting, and 70 at the July Meeting3

By SOOTHSAYER, Son of Sorcerer.

5. Chea. Mare, out of Mary, Major Parry's, 50 sovs. at Aberystwyth1

6. Helenus, Mr. Payne's, 100 sovs. and 30 at Newmarket First Spring Meeting, and 50 at the Second Spring Meeting.....3

3. Marinella, Lord Exeter's, 80 sovs. and 100 at Stamford, and 100 at Newmarket Houghton Meeting3

5. Moses (late Kangaroo), Mr. Russell's, 75 sovs. at Mostyn Hunt, 45 at Walsall, and 60 at Worcester Autumn Meeting...3

4. Predictor, Mr. Thompson's, 70 sovs. at Newton, 90 and 50 at Liverpool, a Stake at Oswestry, a Cup value 50 sovs. at Wrexham, and 50 at Holywell Hunt...6

a. Sunshine, Mr. Biggs's, 50 sovs. and 35 at Goodwood, and 50 at Basingstoke...3

By SPECTRE, Son of Phantom.

3. Billy Lackaday, Mr. Giffard's, 50 sovs. at Wolverhampton, and 60 at Breconshire2

4. Georgiana, Mr. J. Patrick's, a Cup value 21 sovs. with 25 in specie, at Ludlow1

4. Granby, Mr. White's, 160 sovs. at Manchester1

3. Maria, Mr. Canning's, 100 sovs. at Bath and Bristol1

4. Panic, Mr. Mills's, 250 sovs. at Newmarket Craven Meeting1

3. Passion, Sister to Panic, Mr. Rawlinson's, 110 sovs. at Cheltenham, and 135 at Bibury.....2

By TAGUS, Son of Trafalgar.

4. Jerry, Mr. Wilkins's, 50 sovs. at Anson Hunt, 50gs. at Stafford2

By TEASDALE, Son of Mr. Teasdale.

5. Mortgage, Mr. D. Radcliffe's, the King's 100gs. at Winchester, the King's 100gs. at Salisbury, the King's 100gs. at Warwick, and 50gs. at the Newmarket First October Meeting.....4

By TELEGRAPH, Son of Julius Caesar.

6. Bay Horse, Mr. Ramsey's, 50 sovs. at Morpeth1

By TENIERS, Son of Rubens.

3. Chea. Colt, Lord Wilton's, 25 sovs. at Holywell Hunt1

2. Ultimatum, Sir T. Mostyn's, 175 sovs. at Holywell Hunt1

By TIRESIAS, Son of Soothsayer.

3. Bay Filly, out of Sir Sampson's Sister, Mr. Marris's, 40 sovs. at Malton...1

3. Black Filly, dam by Walton, Mr. Foljambe's, 225 sovs. at York Spring Meeting1

4. Smuggler, Mr. Neville's, 50gs. at Rochester and Chatham; Mr. Theobald's, 100 sovs. and 50 at Canterbury3

3. Spite, General Grosvenor's, 100 sovs. at Newmarket Craven Meeting1

3. Tamworth, Colonel Yates's, 200 at Holywell Hunt1

By TOPSYTURVY, Son of St. George.

a. Nimrod, Mr. Day's, 60 at Egham, and twice 45 at Gloucester3

By TRAMP, Son of Dick Andrews.

2. Ballad Singer, Lord Fitzwilliam's, 300 sovs. at York August Meeting.....1

4. Barelegs, Mr. Riddale's, 100 sovs. at Leeds1

3. Bay Colt, dam by Remembrancer, Mr. F. Lumley's, 50 sovs. at York August Meeting1

2. Bay Filly, out of Bess, Lord Exeter's, 25 sovs. at Newmarket Second October Meeting.....1

3. Bay Filly, dam by Woful, Lord Mountcharles's, 70 sovs. at Hampton.....1

7. Brown Horse, Mr. Johnson's, 25 sovs. at Holderness Hunt.....1

4. Chea. Colt, Brother to Barefoot, Lord Ailsbury's, 50 sovs. at Wells1

2. Chea. Filly, Sister to Pengander, Mr.

Moss's, 40 sovs. at York August Meeting.....1

3. Jupiter, Mr. Johnson's, 75 sovs. at Richmond1

2. Slut, Lord Milton's, 75 sovs. at York Spring Meeting.....1

4. Thales, Sir J. Byng's, 50 sovs. and 70 at Pontefract.....2

2. Zingane, Lord Exeter's, 40 sovs. at Stamford1

By USQUEBAUGH, Son of Young Whiskey.

5. Popinjay, Mr. Sadler's, 60 sovs. at Meestyn Hunt, twice 50 at Epsom, 56 and 50 at Oxford, 62 at Abingdon, 65 at Stroud and Minchinhampton, 50 at Monmouth; Mr. Thornton's, 50 at Worcester Autumn Meeting..... 9

By VANDYKE JUNIOR, Son of Walton.

3. Soldan, Mr. W. Fox's, twice 50 sovs. at Leeds2

By VISCOUNT, Son of Stamford.

2. Ches. Filly, out of Georgiana, Lord Kelburne's, 50 sovs. at York Spring Meeting, and 450 at Doncaster.....2

4. Grey Colt, out of Georgiana, Mr. F. H. Blair's, twice 50 at Ayr2

By VITTORIA, Son of Orville.

0. I O U, Mr. J. Boag's, 50 sovs. at Beadnell1

By WALTON, Son of Sir Peter.

3. Bay Colt, out of Crowcatcher's dam, Mr. Darnell's, 60 sovs. at Catterick Bridge, and 70 at Preston2

4. Hartlepool (late Billy Watson), Mr. Frazer's, 120 sovs. and 100 at Aberdeen, &c. a Gold Cup value 100gs. with 30gs. in specie, and 50 sovs. at Inverness, a Gold Cup value 100 sovs. with a Stake added, at Fife Hunt (Cupar).5

6. Robin Hood, Mr. Baird's, 35 Bolls of Oats at Kelso Spring Meeting.....1

4. Theophania, Capt. Ramsden's, twice 50 sovs. at Beverley2

4. Tom, Mr. Clifton's, 50 sovs. at Chester, and 50 at Manchester.....2

By WANDERER, Son of Gohanna.

3. Bay Filly, out of Meg Merrilies, Mr. A. Farquharson's, 150 sovs. at Bisbury, 60 at Dorchester2

3. Gaberlunzie, Lord Egremont's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket Second October Meeting, and 100 at the Houghton Meeting...2

6. Rambler, Mr. Dickenson's, the King's 100gs. (for horses qualified with his Majesty's Stag Hounds) at Ascot Heath, 1

By WATERLOO, Son of Walton.

5. Conquest (since dead), Mr. Dilly's, 20 sovs. at Winchester, twice 50 and the City Bowl at Salisbury; Mr. Jones's, 40gs. at Blandford, twice 50 sovs. at Taunton,

twice 50 at Bridgewater, twice 50 at Exeter, and 50 at Dorchester12

6. Grenadier, Sir T. Stanley's, the Tradesmen's Cup value 100gs. with 200 sovs. in specie, and 110 sovs. at Chester, 100 at Newton, 110 at Preston, 110 at Knutsford, and 60 at Shrewsbury6

3. Maria, Mr. Delme Radcliffe's, 200 sovs. and 125 at Ascot Heath, 165 at Abingdon, and 100 at Newmarket Houghton Meeting4

3. Pilot, Mr. Greville's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket Craven Meeting.....1

By WAXLIGHT.

3. Edith, Mr. Walmeley's, 62½ sovs. at Stamford1

By WAXY POPE, Son of Waxy.

6. Canteen, General Sharpe's, 60 at York August Meeting1

a. Gossoon, Mr. Payne's, 30 sovs. at Croxton Park1

3. Pontiff, Mr. Haffenden's, 350 sovs. at Newmarket First Spring Meeting, and 75 at Cheltenham2

6. Sligo, Lord Anson's, the Oatland Stakes of 475 sovs. at Newmarket Craven Meeting1

a. Starch, Lord Sligo's, the Gold Cup value 100gs. at Pontefract, and 50 sovs. at Northallerton2

3. Tom Tit, Mr. Pettit's, the Gold Cup value 100 sovs. with 60 in specie, at Epsom, and the Gold Cup Stakes of 100 sovs. and 50 at Yarmouth3

3. Trumpeter, Mr. Haffenden's, 50 sovs. at Cheltenham, the Gold Cup value 100 sovs. with 20 in specie, and 50 at Breconshire3

3. Vatican, Mr. Wightwick's, 60 sovs. at Nottingham1

By WELBECK, Son of Soothsayer.

4. Bedlamite, Lord Kennedy's, 40 at York Spring Meeting1

By WHALEBONE, Son of Waxy.

3. Abigail, Mr. Rogers's, 70 sovs. and 50 at Stamford, 50 and 55 at Huntingdon, 4

3. Brown Colt, out of Snowdrop, Mr. Payne's, 400 sovs. at Newmarket First Spring Meeting, and 50 at the Houghton Meeting2

3. Bay Filly, dam by Seymour, Mr. Combe's, 50 sovs. at Abingdon.....1

4. Black Swan, Mr. Wyndham's, 25 sovs. at Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 360 at Ascot Heath, and 100 at Lewes...3

3. Brocard, Lord Verulam's, 700 sovs. 250 and 400 at Newmarket Craven Meeting, 225 at Ascot Heath, and 200 at Newmarket Houghton Meeting5

3. Buske, Duke of Richmond's, twice 50 sovs. at Goodwood, 50 at Egham, 55 and 60 at Gloucester; Mr. Day's, 55 and 50 at Glamorganshire7

5. Camel, Mr. Wyndham's, 200 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton Meeting1

3. Chateau Margaux, Mr. Wyndham's, the King's 100gs. at Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 50 sovs. at Second Spring Meeting, the King's 100gs. at Ascot Heath, 30 sovs. at Newmarket Second October Meeting, and twice 50 at the Houghton Meeting.....6

4. Gamelia, Mr. Gauntlett's, twice 50 sovs. at Winchester, 50 at Salisbury, 55 at Southampton, and 150 at Blandford5

3. Gamelius, Mr. Gauntlett's, 25 sovs. at Stockbridge, 50 and 25 at Winchester3

3. Grampus, Mr. Wyndham's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket First October Meeting ...1

3. Guppy, Sister to Chateau Margaux, Mr. Wyndham's, 500 sovs. at Ascot Heath1

4. Honeysuckle, Mr. Coleman's, 50 sovs. at Tunbridge, and 50 at Tenterden.....2

5. Lionel Lincoln, Mr. Sowerby's, 60 sovs. at Chelmsford1

6. Longwaist, Mr. Nowell's, the Silver Tureen value 100gs. with 220 sovs. in specie, at Manchester; the Gold Cup value 100 sovs. with 120 in specie, at Newton; and the Gold Cup value 100gs. with 70 sovs. in specie, at Lancaster.....3

3. Miss Eversley, Mr. Pickernell's, 50 sovs. at Tenbury.....1

3. Pandarus, Mr. Dilly's, 65 sovs. at Southampton, the Gold Cup value 100 sovs. with 10 in specie, at Salisbury, 40 and 50 at Blandford4

6. Pet, Mr. Bennett's, 50 sovs. at Canterbury, and 50l. at Tenterden.....2

4. Recruit, Lord Exeter's, 200 sovs. at Newmarket Craven Meeting, 200 and 50 at the July Meeting, 150 and 100 at First October Meeting, and 100 at the Houghton Meeting6

5. Stumps, Mr. Wyndham's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket First Spring Meeting, the King's 100gs. at Lewes, and twice 50 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton Meeting4

3. Tom Thumb, Mr. Brown's, 30 sovs. Dover1

3. Windermere, Mr. Radcliffe's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, 275gs. at Stockbridge, and 400gs. at Winchester3

By WHISKER, Son of Waxy.

2. Fox, Colonel Cradock's, 80 sovs. at Catterick Bridge, and 50 sovs. at Newcastle upon Tyne.....2

3. Bay Filly, Penultima, out of Vicissitude, Mr. Jadis's, 50 sovs. at Rotherham1

3. Sarah, Mr. Tarleton's, 100 sovs. at Pontefract, and 50 at Northallerton2

6. Lady Easby, Mr. Hudson's, 50 sovs. at Durham, 50 at South Shields, 40 at Morpeth, and 46 at Kendall.....4

3. Lunaria, Duke of Leeds's, the Old Stakes of 195 sovs. at Catterick Bridge, 80 at York Spring Meeting, and 260 at Doncaster.....3

2. Mabby (new Delphine), Mr. Petre's, 105 sovs. at Manchester1

5. Memnon, Lord Darlington's, 1000 sovs. at Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, the Gold Cup value 100 sovs. with 60 in specie, at Ascot Heath, and 250 at Newmarket Houghton Meeting3

3. Mystery, Sister to Ringlet, Mr. Croft's, 50 sovs. at Middleham, 60 at Manchester, 50 at Caledonian Hunt3

4. Sirius, Duke of Leeds's, 50 sovs. at Catterick Bridge, and 70 at York August Meeting2

2. The Colonel, Mr. Petre's, 180 sovs. at Leeds, 100 at Pontefract, and the Champagne Stakes of 475 sovs. at Doncaster ...3

By WHITWORTH, Son of Agonistes.

a. The Steeple, Mr. Sitwells's, 40 sovs. at Kelso Spring Meeting1

By WILLIAMSON'S DITTO, Brother to Walton.

a. Luzborough, Lord Palmerston's, the Gold Cup value 100 sovs. with 20 in specie, at Burderop; Mr. Dilly's, the King's 100gs. at Weymouth, a Tureen value 100gs. and 100 sovs. at Exeter.....4

By WILDBOY, Son of Sir Peter.

6. Harriette Wilson, Mr. R. Grosvenor's, a Silver Cup, with 28 sovs. in specie, at Knighton1

By WOODLARK, Son of Remembrancer.

6. Favorite, Mr. Hawkes's, 50 sovs. at Edinburgh1

By WOODMAN, Son of Lop.

4. Sylvester, Captain Berkeley's, 25 sovs. at Egham1

By WOFUL.

3. Arab, Duke of Grafton's, the 1000gs. Stakes of 950 sovs. at Newmarket First Spring Meeting1

2. Ches. Colt, out of Agnes, Mr. Cockburn's, 60 sovs. at Egham1

3. Christabel, Mr. Thornhill's, 25 sovs. at Newmarket First Spring Meeting.....1

4. Forfeit, Mr. Gully's, 90 sovs. at Newmarket Craven Meeting1

4. Helas, Lord Verulam's, 40 sovs. at Hoo1

3. Monody, Duke of Grafton's, 400 sovs. at Newmarket Craven Meeting, and 65 at First October Meeting.....2

2. Scribe, Mr. Rogers's, the July Stakes of 960 sovs. at Newmarket July Meeting, 1

3. Starch, Duke of Richmond's, 75 sovs. at Epsom, 50 at Lewes, 75 at Goodwood, 50 at Newmarket Second October Meeting, and 50 at the Houghton Meeting5

4. Tears, Mr. Sadler's, 55 sovs. at Egham, 130 at Abingdon, 65 at Gloucester, 46 and 55 at Stroud and Minchinhampton, and 95gs. at Monmouth6

3. Whimper, Mr. Caulfield's, thrice 50 sovs. at Brighton, and 50 at Goodwood...4

3. Zoffani, Duke of Grafton's, 200 sovs. at Newmarket First Spring Meeting, and twice 50 at Beccles3

By YOUNG ARDROSSAN.

4. Miracle, Mr. Hudson's, 49gs. at Durham, 42gs. at Beverley, 51l. at Grimsby, twice 40l. at Liverpool, 60l. at Knutsford, 50l. at Newcastle (Staff.), 65l. at the Pottery8

By YOUNG DECEIVER.

4. Gentle Kitty, Mr. J. Laybourne's, 50l. at Durham1

By YOUNG GOHANNA.

3. Grey Filly (out of St. Leger's dam), Mr. Wyatt's, the Manor Bowl at Tunbridge1

By YOUNG GRIMALDI.

4. Ches. Filly (out of Duchess of Limbs), Lord Chesterfield's, 50l. at Burton upon Trent1

By a SON of YOUNG GRIMALDI.

4. Bay Betty, Mr. Haywood's, 55l. at Ludlow, and 80l. at Worcester2

By YOUNG SCREVEYTON.

5. Bay Mare (Sister to Tawpy), Mr. Bretherton's, 40l. at Carlisle1

By XYZ.

3. Bay Filly, out of Jeanne D'Arc, Mr. Riddell's, 30 sovs. at Middleham1

6. Miss Haggerston, Mr. Dunn's, a Silver Cup value 60gs. at Morpeth1

By ABJER, or TEASDALE.

3. Hostage, Lord Tavistock's, 200 and 50l. at Newmarket2

By CANNON BALL or CHILDE HAROLD.

6. Counsellor, Mr. Peel's, 105 sovs. at Croxton Park, and 70 at Wolverhampton, 2

By CARDINAL WOLSEY or VANDYKE JUNIOR.

3. Ches. Colt, out of Linguist's dam, Mr. Fox's, 50 sovs. at Stockton1

By CHAMPION or PISCATOR.

4. Latitat, Sir W. Wynne's, 50l. at Knutsford1

By FILHO DA PUTA or HETMAN.

a. Aleto, Mr. Barrow's, 60 sovs. at Knutsford, 80, 55, 60, and 40 at Heaton Park5

6. Footman, Mr. Hodson's, 50gs. at Stafford1

By MASTER HENRY or CASTREL.

3. Lechmere, Mr. Mytton's, 60 sovs. and 45 at Nottingham, 60gs. at the Pottery, 30 sovs. and 60 at Oswestry5

By SORCERER or ZODIAC.

3. Tarandus, Mr. Udny's, 100 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton Meeting1

By WHALEBONE or OCTAVIUS.

2. Lestelle, Mr. Beardsworth's, 175 sovs. at Burton-upon-Trent1

WINNING HORSES, &c. WHOSE GETS ARE AT PRESENT UNKNOWN.

6. Aleppo, Mr. Baird's, 60 sovs. at Canterbury1

5. Alexander, Mr. Kennett's, 60 sovs. at Dover1

a. Amazon, Mr. E. Stanley's, 25 sovs. at Heaton Park1

6. Antiope (late Miss Holland), Sir W. Wynne's, 40 sovs. at Newton, and 50gs. at Wrexham2

4. Anti-Catholic, Mr. Bayly's, 89 sovs. at Tiverton1

a. Bantum, Mr. Whitworth's, 5 sovs. at Pytchley Hunt1

0. Bay Filly, Mr. Masheling's, a Silver Cup with 6 sovs. at Burderop1

0. Bay Gelding, Mr. Trafford's, a Match at Heaton Park1

6. Bay Horse, Mr. Thornhill's, 45 sovs. at Chesterfield1

0. Bay Mare, Captain Adams's, 89 sovs. at Haigh Park Spring Meeting1

0. Bimbo, Captain Lawrison's, 40 sovs. at Hampton1

0. Blue Bell, Mr. Hampton's, 25 sovs. at Haigh Park Spring Meeting1

0. Bullfinch, Sir J. Boswell's, 10 sovs. at Ayr1

0. Candidate, Mr. Davidson's, 50 sovs. at Inverness1

5. Cardinal, Mr. Mallory's, 60 sovs. at Warwick Spring Meeting1

0. Challenger, Major Spooner's, 45 at Anson Hunt1

5. Ches. Mare, Mr. Lovelock's, 25 sovs. at Abingdon1

5. Chop, Mr. Luck's, 55 sovs. at Tunbridge1

a. Coroner, Mr. Parker's, a Stake at Worcester Autumn Meeting1

6. Crack, Mr. Payne's, the Cavalry Cup at Worcester Autumn Meeting1

a. Crazy Jane, Mr. I. King's, the Yeomanry Stakes at Clifton and Bristol1

5. Czarina, Mr. White's, 45 sovs. at Weymouth1

a. Dick, Mr. Yates's, 50 sovs. at Heaton Park1

0. Dragsman, Mr. J. P. Elwes's, 45 sovs. at Chelmsford, and 45 at Yarmouth2

a. Duce Ace, Captain Locke's, a Stake at Oatlands Park1

a. Duchess, Mr. Niblett's, a Cup value 50 sovs. and another Cup, with 30 sovs. added, at Clifton and Bristol2

5. Emma, Mr. Whitcomb's, 40 sovs. at Gloucester; Mr. Sumner's, 65 sovs. and 50gs. at Leicester3

5. Emilia, Mr. B. Rumsey's, a Silver Cup value 50gs. at Salisbury1
 a. Esper George, Mr. Edwards's, 35 sovs. at Bedford Spring Meeting1
 6. Fair Eleanor, Captain Watkin's, 50 at Canterbury1
 0. Fitz-Jack, Mr. Wightwick's, 25 sovs. at Warwick Spring Meeting.....1
 a. Forester, Mr. Sprigg's, 50 sovs. at Croxton Park1
 5. Forester, Mr. Gale's, a Silver Cup, and a Forced Handicap at Southampton, 2
 a. Fox, Mr. Trelawney's, 90 sovs. at Tiverton1
 a. Frances, Mr. Done's, the Farmer's Cup, with 15 sovs. added, at Tarporley Hunt1
 5. Giantess, Mr. Stent's, a Silver Bowl, with a Stake added, at Blandford1
 5. Gipsy, Mr. White's, the Tradesman's Cup at Truro1
 0. Hetman, Mr. Polhill's, 25 sovs. at Bedford Spring Meeting1
 a. Holme, Mr. Hickling's, 50 sovs. at Leicester1
 0. Horse, Capt. Evans's, the Ladies' Plate at Carmarthen1
 a. Hotspur, Mr. Hughes's, 50 sovs. at Otlands Park1
 a. Jack-of-all-Work, Mr. W. Moore's, 47 sovs. at Buxton.....1
 0. Jerry, Mr. Powell's, a Silver Cup and a Stake at Breconshire2
 0. Kitty, Mr. White's, 75 sovs. at Chelmsford1
 0. Knighton Lass, Mr. Jones's, 50 sovs. at Leominster1
 a. Lancer, Mr. Carthew's, a Silver Cup at Truro1
 6. Lottery, Mr. Westbrooke's, a Stake at Martock1
 a. Maid of the Inn, Mr. Harris's, a Stake at Wells1
 a. Maid of the Inn, Mr. Burt's, 45

sovs. at Clifton and Bristol1
 4. Maria, Mr. Hedgson's, 50 sovs. at Inglewood Hunt and Penrith1
 a. Mildew, Mr. T. Collett's, the King's 100gs. at Ipswich1
 6. Miss Downes, Mr. T. Edwards's, 47 at Knighton.....1
 6. Miss Fanny, Mr. Vicat's, a Stake at Portsmouth Town and Garrison.....1
 6. Nimrod, Mr. L. G. Daubuz's, the Ladies' Cup at Truro1
 5. Pandora, Mr. Brown's, 50 at Warwick Spring Meeting.....1
 6. Phantom, Mr. Green's, 130 sovs. at Pytchley Hunt1
 0. Ploughboy, Lord Anson's, 50 sovs. at Anson Hunt1
 5. Reynard, Mr. F. Gilbert's, 42 sovs. at Truro1
 a. Skyscraper, Mr. Richards's, a Stake at Glamorganshire.....1
 a. Smuggler, Mr. L. Earnshaw's, 49 sovs. at Holderness Hunt (Beverley).....1
 a. Sober Fanny, Mr. Humphrey's, a Silver Cup, with 10 sovs. added, at Dorchester, and 50 at Weymouth.....2
 0. Sutton, Mr. M'Call's, 60 sovs. at Haigh Park Spring Meeting1
 0. Swordsman, Mr. D. Radcliffe's, 50 at Hampton.....1
 0. Sylvanus, Mr. Booth's, twice 50 at Pytchley Hunt2
 a. Syston, Captain Watson's, 55 sovs. at Rochester and Chatham1
 5. The Nun, Mr. Carthew's, 29 sovs. at Truro1
 0. Walton, Mr. A. Macdonald's, 40 sovs. at Holderness Hunt (Beverley).....1
 0. Woldsmid, Sir J. Boswell's, 25 sovs., a Stake, and 25 sovs. at Ayr.....3
 5. Young Marshall, Mr. W. R.'s, a Stake at Carmarthen1
 0. Zirana, Mr. Whittle's, 40 sovs. at Bedford1

WINNERS OF ROYAL PURSES, AND GOLD AND SILVER CUPS—1827.

WINNERS OF ROYAL PURSES.

Ascot Heath Chateau Margaux, by Whalebone, June 12.
 Ditto (for hunters)... Rambler, by Wanderer, June 15.
 Caledonian Hunt Springkell, by Epperstone, October 3.
 Canterbury Monarch, by Comus, August 22.
 Carlisle Springkell, by Epperstone, September 26.
 Chelmsford Leeway, by Aladdin, July 24.
 Chester Euxton, by Rinaldo, May 8.
 Doncaster Brownlock, by Blacklock, September 17.
 Edinburgh..... Apostate, by King David, June 20.
 Guildford Leeway, by Aladdin, June 5.
 Ipswich Mildew, July 3.
 Lewes..... Stumpa, by Whalebone, August 6.

Lichfield	Euphrates, by Quiz, Sept. 11.
Lincoln	Lady Georgiana, by Catton, Sept. 26.
Manchester	Cock Robin, by Blacklock, June 6.
Newcastle	Gazebo, by Ardrossan, July 3.
Newmarket (for mares)	Leeway, by Aladdin, May 1.
Ditto	Chateau Margaux, by Whalebone, May 3.
Ditto	Lamplighter, by Merlin, Oct. 4.
Nottingham	Brownlock, by Blacklock, July 26.
Richmond	Purity, by Octavian, Oct. 3.
Salisbury	Mortgage, by Teasdale, August 8.
Warwick	Mortgage, by Teasdale, Sept. 6.
Weymouth.....	Luxborough, by W.'s Ditto, Sept. 5.
Winchester	Mortgage, by Teasdale, July 18.
York	Brownlock, by Blacklock, August 7.

WINNERS OF GOLD CUPS.

Abingdon (in specie)...	El Dorado, by Sir Walter Raleigh, Sept. 12.
Ascot Heath.....	Memnon, by Whisker, June 14.
Blandford	Presentiment, by Anticipation, August 15.
Breconshire	Trumpeter, by Waxy Pope, Sept. 19.
Brighton.....	Miss Craven, by Mr. Lowe, July 31.
Burderop	Luxborough, by W.'s Ditto, August 23.
Barton upon Trent	Paul Pry, by Paulowitz, August 21.
Buxton	Euxton, by Rinaldo, June 20.
Caledonian Hunt.....	Springkell, by Epperstone, Oct. 4.
Canterbury	My Lady, by Anacreon, August 23.
Carlisle	Springkell, by Epperstone, Sept. 25.
Chelmsford (in specie)...	Upas, by Abjer, July 25.
Cheltenham	Jocko, by Filho da Puta, June 28.
Chester	Grenadier, by Waterloo, May 7.
Ditto	Doctor Faustus, by Filho da Puta, May 9.
Derby.....	Leviathan, by Muley, July 31.
Doncaster	Mulatto, by Catton, Sept. 20.
Egham ..	Link Boy, by Aladdin, August 28.
Epsom	Tom Tit, by Waxy Pope, May 30.
Exeter (Tureen)	Luxborough, by W.'s Ditto, Sept. 12.
Fife Hunt	Hartlepool, by Walton, Oct. 12.
Goodwood	Link Boy, by Aladdin, August 15.
Hampton	Elephanta, by Filho da Puta, July 3.
Hereford	Hesperus, by Hollyhock, August 8.
Holywell	Orthodox, by Filho da Puta, Oct. 16.
Hoo.....	Syntax, by Amadis, April 21.
Huntingdon	Damon, by Amadis, August 14.
Inverness	Hartlepool, by Walton, Sept. 27.
Kendal	Sir J. Beresford's br. c. by Grey Walton, July 24.
Knutsford	Signiora, by Champion, July 31.
Lancaster	Longwaist, by Whalebone, July 10.
Leeds (Tureen).....	Brownlock, by Blacklock, June 28.
Leicester	Cain, by Paulowitz, Sept. 25.
Lichfield	Leviathan, by Muley, Sept. 11.
Lincoln	Fleur de Lis, by Bourbon, Sept. 28.
Liverpool	Signiora, by Champion, July 26.
Ludlow	Leviathan, by Muley, July 19.
Newcastle	Sir Malachi Malagrowther, by Ardrossan, July 5.
Newmarket	Othello, by Blacklock, Oct. 2.
Ditto	Noureddin, by Aladdin, Oct. 3.
Newton	Longwaist, by Whalebone, June 13.
Northallerton	Nonplus, by Catton, Oct. 12.
Northampton	Monarch, by Comus, Sept. 12.
Nottingham	Brownlock, by Blacklock, July 25.
Oswestry	Euphrates, by Quiz, Sept. 25.
Oxford	El Dorado, by Sir Walter Raleigh, August 15.
Pontefract	Starch, by Waxy Pope, Sept. 5.
Preston	Fleur de Lis, by Bourbon, July 18.
Richmond	Actæon, by Scud, Oct. 3.
Salisbury	Pandarus, by Whalebone, August 10.
Shrewsbury	Doctor Faustus, by Filho da Puta, Sept. 19.
Stamford	Hobgoblin, by Comus, July 19.

Stockton	Serab, by Phantom, August 17.
Stourbridge	Mayfly, by Piscator, August 29.
Walsall	Euxton, by Rinaldo, September 27.
Warwick	Leviathan, by Muley, September 4.
Western Meeting (Ayr)	Dominic Skelp, by Champignon, September 8.
Winchester (in specie)...	Maldonia, by Fungus, July 20.
Wolverhampton	Euxton, by Rinaldo, August 13.
Ditto	Euxton, by Rinaldo, August 14.
Worcester	Mayfly, by Piscator, August 22.
Wrexham	Signiora, by Champion, October 2.
Yarmouth (in specie)...	Tom Tit, by Waxy Pope, August 28.

WINNERS OF SILVER CUPS OF FIFTY POUNDS AND UPWARDS.

Bath Spring	Habbi	ock, April 9.
Burderop	Burton	ering, August 28.
Ditto	Mr. M	ly, August 24.
Clifton and Bristol	Duche	
Ditto	Duche	
Doncaster Hunt	Sir Ha	medala, April 2.
Ditto	Limes	April 8.
Dorchester	Sober I	' 28.
Ditto	Gaalig	September 27.
Durham	Sweep	ly 2.
Ditto	Don A	an, May 4.
Goodwood	Nimrod, August 17.	
Manchester (tureen) ...	Longwaist, by Whalebone, June 7.	
Ditto	Thompson, by Buffer, June 8.	
Martock	Gaslight, by Pendulum, September 18.	
Morpeth	Miss Haggerston, by X. Y. Z., September 6.	
Newcastle	Mr. Kirby's br. h. by Bourbon, July 4.	
Oswestry	Predictor, by Sootheayer, September 28.	
Pytchley Hunt	Mr. B. Drage's h. g. by Benvolio, April 5.	
Richmond ...	Purity, by Octavian, October 4.	
Rotherham (tureen)....	Brother to Hexgrave, September 12.	
Salisbury (bowl)	Conquest, by Waterloo, August 9.	
Ditto	Emilia, August 10.	
Tarporley Hunt	Mr. Hand's ch. g. by Cavendo, November 1.	
Ditto	Frances, November 1.	
Tewkesbury	Palatine, by Filho da Puta, September 20.	
Tunbridge Wells (bowl)	Mr. Wyatt's gr. f. by Young Gohanna, August 8.	
Wells	Habberley, by Shuttlecock, July 17.	
Worcester	Maria, by Manfred, October 31.	
Wrexham	Duke of Wellington, by Grand Duke, October 2.	
Ditto	Predictor, by Sootheayer, October 2.	
York (tureen)	Fair Forester, by Egremont, August 11.	

PERFORMANCES OF TWO-YEAR-OLDS in 1897.

ASCOT, JUNE 14.—Lord Aylesbury's b. c. by Reveller, out of Racket (Robinson), beat Mr. Charlton's b. f. by Hedley, out of Sorceress; Mr. Day's The Fallow Doe; and Mr. Charlton's Galileo.

ABINGDON, SEPT. 13.—Mr. Sadler's ch. c. Brother to Defiance, by Rubens (Chaple), beat Mr. Rawlinson's ch. f. Ruby, by Rubens; Lord Aylesbury's b. c. by Reveller, out of Racket (carried 3lb. extra); Mr. Maberly's ch. c. by Walton, out of Prim's dam; Mr. C. Day's b. f. Manes; and Mr. Farrall's b. f. Vittoria, by Carbon (only the three first placed).

BEVERLEY, MAY 31.—Colonel King's Bessy Bodlam, by Filho da Puta (G. Nelson), beat Mr. Moss's ch. f. by Tramp, dam by Sancho, and Mr. Lee's b. f. by Blacklock, out of Miss Paul.

BURTON-UPON-TRENT, AUG. 22.—Mr. Beardsworth's Lestella (C. Norman) beat Mr. Mytton's b. c. Halston, by Banker; and Mr. Yates's Mermald, by Merlin.

CHESTER, MAY 10.—Mr. Mytton's Halston (Whitehouse) beat Sir T. Mostyn's Uldmatum, Sir T. Mostyn's Sine-quanon, Mr. Giffard's Nimrod, Mr. Benson's

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- La Belle**, Mr. Benson's Alcaston, Mr. Beardsworth's Lestelle, Mr. Yates's Boy Blue, and Mr. Houldsworth's Mansfield Lass.
- CATTERICK, APRIL 19.**—Colonel Cradock's b. c. Fox, by Whisker, out of Torch-bearer's dam (Jackson), beat Mr. Darnell's br. c. by Waverley, dam by Sancho; and Mr. Whitelock's b. f. by Reveller, out of Princess Jemima.
- CATTERICK, APRIL 19.**—Mr. W. Scott's Velocipede, by Blacklock (W. Scott), beat Mr. Darnell's Game Boy; Mr. Riddell's Rector, by Dr. Syntax; Mr. Claridge's br. c. by Merlin, dam by Bustard; and Col. Cradock's b. c. by Dunsinane, out of Rosalind.
- CHELTHENHAM, JUNE 27.**—Mr. Rawlinson's Ruby (Pavis) beat Mr. Sadler's Brother to Defiance; Mr. Bartley's bl. f. Wiry; and Mr. Day's Manes.
- DERBY, JULY 31.**—Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. Vanish, by Phantom, beat Mr. Yates's Mermaid; Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. by Master Henry; and Mr. Platel's Projectile.
- DONCASTER, SEPT. 17.**—(Champagne.)—Mr. Petre's The Colonel, by Whisker (Scott), beat Lord Kelburne's b. f. by Blacklock, out of Marchesa; and Lord Fitzwilliam's Ballad Singer.
- , 18.—Lord Kelburne's ch. f. by Viscount, out of Georgiana, by Woful (Johnson), beat Lord Milton's Mariqueta (Sister to Medora); and Mr. Houldsworth's Mansfield Lass.
- , 20.—Colonel King's Bessy Bedlam (Lye) beat Mr. Scott's Velocipede; Mr. Lee's b. f. by Blacklock, out of Miss Paul; Lord Cleveland's gr. c. by Jonathan, dam by Shuttle; Lord Kennedy's b. f. by Champignon, dam by Shuttle; Lord Kelburne's b. f. by Blacklock, out of Marchesa; and Mr. Watt's ch. f. by Whisker, out of Sister to Duport (only the three first placed).
- EGHAM, AUG. 30.**—Mr. A. Cockburne's ch. c. by Woful, out of Agnes (Pavis), beat Mr. Merton's b. f. by Rasping, dam by Waxy.
- EPSOM, MAY 30.**—Mr. Bartley's Brocard, by Bobadil (H. Edwards), beat Mr. Lumley's ch. c. by Walton, out of Grey Duchess; Mr. Day's The Fallow Doe; and Mr. L. Charlton's ch. f. by Hedley, out of Sorceress.
- EDINBURGH, JUNE 10.**—Mr. Baird's Freebooter walked over (since dead).
- , 10.—Mr. Baird's b. c. by Champignon, out of Anne Bullen (Lye), beat Lord Tweedale's br. c. by Champignon.
- HOLYWELL HUNT, OCT. 16.**—Sir T. Mostyn's ch. c. Ultimatum, by Teniers (Scott), beat Mr. Mytton's Halston.
- , 18.—Sir W. Wynn's Master Watkin, 2 years old, 6st. 10lb. (Lear), beat Lord Grosvenor's Gros de Naples, 3 years, 8st. 3lb.; Mr. Yates's Mermaid, 2 years, 7st.; Sir T. Stanley's Grand Duke Nicholas, 3 years, 8st. 11lb.; Lord Derby's c. by Magistrate, out of Sister to Spartan, 2 years, 6st. 10lb.; and Sir T. Stanley's c. by Filho, out of Maid of Milan, 2 years, 6st. 10lb.
- LUDLOW, JULY 19.**—Mr. Mytton's b. c. Halston (Darling) beat Mr. Benson's Alcaston; Mr. Giffard's b. c. by Master Henry; Mr. Charlton's b. f. by Hedley; and Mr. Giffard's b. f. Mischief, by Skim.
- LICHFIELD, SEPT. 12.**—Mr. Yates's Mermaid (Spring) beat Lord Anglesea's b. f. by Don Cossack; and Mr. Giffard's Mischief.
- , 12.—Mr. Yates's Mermaid (Spring) beat Lord Anglesea's b. f. by Don Cossack.
- LINCOLN, SEPT. 26.**—Colonel King's Bessy Bedlam (Lye) beat Mr. Corbett's b. c. Murphy, by Filho.
- LEEDS, JUNE 29.**—Mr. Petre's The Colonel (Scott) beat Lord Fitzwilliam's Kitty; Mr. Milward's b. c. by Tramp; Mr. Powlett's Auchencrieuve; Mr. Turner's b. c. by Blacklock, out of Sister to Sophy; Mr. Gascoigne's bl. c. by Whisker, out of Trulla; and Mr. Hopkinson's Eliza.
- MALTON, APRIL 6.**—Colonel King's Bessy Bedlam (Lye) beat Mr. Armitage's b. c. Picturesque, by Dr. Syntax; and Mr. Watt's ch. f. by Whisker, out of Sister to Duport.
- MANCHESTER, JUNE 7.**—Mr. Petre's Delphine, late Mabby, by Whisker, out of My Lady (Garbutt), beat Mr. Houldsworth's Vanish; Mr. Giffard's Fairy, and Lord Grosvenor's b. c. by Blacklock, out of Tempe.
- NEWMARKET MEETING, JULY 9.**—(July Stakes.)—Lord Lowther's Scribe (H. Brown) beat Lord Lowther's bl. c. Juryman; Duke of Grafton's gr. c. by Skim, out of Zeal; Duke of Grafton's gr. c. by Skim, out of Rowena; Mr. Greville's Elinor; Lord Wharncliffe's b. c. by Comus, out of Octaviana; Mr. Ramsbottom's f. by Aladdin, out of Rantipole; Mr. Wyndham's Sister to Mignonette; Lord Anson's ch. c. by Merlin, out of Prue; Lord Exeter's Zinganee, by Tramp, out of Folly; Major Milner's Staughton Lass; Mr. Gully's b. c. by Walton, out of Conquest's dam; and Mr. W. Edwards's b. c. by Orville, dam by Popinjay.
- , 10.—Duke of Grafton's Lancastrian walked over for a Sweepstakes of three subscribers, Mr. Greville withdrawing his stake.
- , 11.—(Two and Three-year-old Stakes.)—Mr. Ramsbottom's b. f. by Aladdin,

out of Rantipole (Brown), beat Mr. Rush's b. f. by Skim, out of Pentagon; Duke of Grafton's gr. c. by Skim, out of Rowena; Mr. Hunter's b. f. by Gustavus, out of Pea-blossom; Lord Anson's gr. f. by Gustavus, out of Sister to Miracle; Mr. Stonehewer's gr. c. by Mr. Smith's Arabian, out of Epsom Lass; Lord Wharncliffe's f. by Comus, out of Octaviana; Mr. Ridsdale's f. by Blacklock, dam by Cervantes (all two-year-olds); Lord Lowther's Whimper, 3 years; and Lord Jersey's f. by Gainsborough, out of Matilda, 3 years.

NEWMARKET, OCTOBER 15.—The Duke of Grafton's Lancastrian, out of Mona (Barnard), beat Mr. Greville's Elinor; and Sir John Shelley's Barnardo.

—, 16.—(Plate.)—Lord Exeter's f. by Tramp, out of Bess, and Mr. Rush's f. by Skim, out of Pentagon, ran a dead heat, and divided the Plate.—The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Stevenson's br. c. by Skim, or Lory, dam by Smolensko; Mr. Pettit's ch. f. by Woful, out of Harriet's dam; Mr. Payne's Oppidan (Brother to Colleger); Mr. Howard's ch. f. by Blacklock, out of Swiss Guide's dam; Mr. Barnard's gr. f. by Skim, dam by a Son of Dick Andrews; Lord Lowther's Juryman; Duke of Grafton's gr. c. by Skim, out of Zeal; Mr. Wyndham's Sister to Mignonette; Lord Verulam's ch. f. by Mr. Lowe, out of Vittoria; and Lord Wharncliffe's ch. f. by Whisker, out of Propontis.

—, 16.—(Clearwell Stakes.)—Mr. Thornhill's Merchant, by Merlin, out of Quail (Chifney), beat Mr. Wyndham's Urganda; Duke of Rutland's c. by Walton, out of Sister to Adeliza; Lord Lowther's br. c. Medalist; Lord Lowther's Zoe, by Orville, out of Nina; Sir R. K. Dick's Bobadilla, by Bobadil, out of Pythoness; Mr. Payne's b. c. by Merlin, dam by Dick Andrews, out of Donna Clara; Colonel Wilson's gr. c. by Young Gohanna, out of Spotless; and Mr. Stonehewer's bl. c. Don Miguel, by Whalebone.

—, 19.—(Prendergast Stakes.)—Mr. Thornhill's Merchant (Chifney) beat Lord Exeter's Zingane, by Tramp, out of Folly; Mr. Prendergast's Kildare, by Regent, out of Jannette; Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Sister to Goshawk; Duke of Grafton's Lancastrian; Lord Exeter's f. by Tramp, out of Bess; Lord Lowther's Scribe; Mr. Greville's Elinor; Mr. Rush's b. c. by Merlin, out of Romp's dam; Mr. Payne's b. c. by Merlin, dam by Dick Andrews; Mr. Wyndham's Urganda; Major Milner's Staughton Lass; and Mr. Nowell's b. c. by Smolensko, out of Olivera.

—, 19.—Mr. Payne's Oppidan beat Mr. Greville's Dandelion in a match.

—, 29.—Sir J. Shelley's Barnardo received 100 sovs. from Mr. Payne's c. by Smolensko, out of Lady Ern.

—, 30.—The following two-year-olds were beat by Turcoman, in a Plate:—Mr. Greville's Dandelion; Mr. Pettit's ch. f. by Woful, out of Harriet's dam; and Mr. Stevenson's c. by Skim, or Lory, out of Legembia.

—, 31.—(Plate.)—Sir R. K. Dick's Bobadilla (Pavis) beat Mr. Dilly's Othello, 3 years; Mr. Payne's f. by Cervantes, out of Trinculo's dam, 2 years; Mr. Udny's f. by Woful, out of Miracle, 2 years; Mr. Forbes's c. by Smolensko, 3 years; Mr. Wyndham's Sister to Mignonette, 2 years; Duke of Richmond's Starch, 3 years; Mr. Rush's f. by Skim, out of Pentagon, 2 years; Lord Orford's De Vere, 3 years; Mr. Hunter's f. by Orville, out of Canvas, 3 years; and Lord Lowther's Nonsuit, 3 years.

—, Nov. 1.—Lord Lowther's Zoe (Wheatley) beat Mr. Bloss's f. by Gustavus, out of Sister to Miracle; Mr. Payne's f. by Cervantes, out of Trinculo's dam; Lord Wharncliffe's f. by Whisker, out of Propontis; Mr. Stevenson's c. by Skim, or Lory; Mr. Hunter's f. by Gustavus, out of Pea-blossom; and Lord Verulam's f. by Mr. Lowe, out of Vittoria. Zoe was claimed by Mr. Greville.

—, 3.—Mr. Greville's Zoe (Pavis) beat Lord Lowther's Nonsuit, 3 years; Lord Tavistock's Hostage, 3 years; Lord Exeter's by Captain Candid, out of Pantina, 3 years; and Mr. Pettit's f. by Woful, out of Harriet's dam, 2 years.

—, 3.—(Match.)—Mr. Greville's Zoe (Pavis) beat Sir J. Shelley's Garnish, 3 years.

NEWCASTLE, JULY 2.—Mr. Riddell's Rector, by Dr. Syntax (Johnson), beat Lord Kelburne's br. c. by Reveller, out of Hell Cat; Mr. Russell's gr. f. by Blacklock; Mr. Baird's b. c. by Champignon, out of Bit of Tartan; Mr. Hunter's Meg, by Abjer; and Sir M. W. Ridley's b. c. by Blacklock.

—, 5.—Col. Cradock's b. c. Fox, by Whisker, out of Torchbearer's dam, walked over.

NOTTINGHAM, JULY 25.—Mr. S. Walker's b. f. by Magistrate, dam by Cervantes (Garbutt), beat Mr. Houldsworth's Vanish.

NORTHALLERTON, OCT. 11.—Mr. Scott's Velocipede (Nelson) beat Mr. Darnell's Game Boy; Lord Cleveland's ch. c. by Comus, out of Gonsalvi's dam; Mr. Horner's ch. f. Redlock, by Blacklock, out of Scancataldi; Colonel Cradock's Fox; Mr. Powlett's Auchencrieuve; and Duke of Leeds's ch. f. by Octavian, out of Lady of the Vale.

PONTEFRAC, SEPT. 4.—Mr. Petre's Emmelina, by Blacklock, out of Agatha (Templeman), beat Lord Fitzwilliam's Kitty, by Cervantes, out of Kitten; and Col. Sykes's b. c. by Phantom, dam by Sorcerer.

- PONTEFRACT, 6.**—Mr. Petre's 'The Colonel (Scott) beat Mr. Houldsworth's *Vanish*; Mr. Lunley's Brother to Coronation; and Lord Fitzwilliam's *Miss Pratt*, by Blacklock, out of Gadabout.
- RICHMOND (YORKSHIRE), OCT. 3.**—Mr. W. Scott's b. f. *The Nun*, by Blacklock (Noble), beat Mr. Serjeantson's b. c. by Phantom.
- ROTHERAM, SEPT. 12.**—Mr. Ridsdale's *Harlequin* (Templeman) beat Mr. W. Scott's b. f. *The Nun*; and Mr. Churchill's *Vivian Grey*.
- RUGLEY, AUG. 28.**—Lord Anglesea's ch. f. by Don Cossack, dam by Selim, out of Donna Clara, beat Mr. Beardsworth's bl. c. *Frederic*, by Waterloo, out of Orion's dam.
- STOCKTON, AUG. 18.**—Mr. Darnell's *Game Boy* (Templeman) beat Lord Cleveland's ch. c. by Comus, out of Gonsalvi's dam; Mr. Russell's gr. f. by Blacklock, dam by Delpini; and Mr. Robinson's ro. c. by Don Juan.
- STAMFORD, JULY 19.**—Lord Exeter's *Zinganee*, by Tramp, out of Folly, beat Mr. Platel's b. f. *Ianthe* (Sister to Conviction).
- STOURBRIDGE, AUG. 28.**—Mr. Charlton's b. c. by Master Henry, dam by Ambo, walked over.
- SHREWSBURY, SEPT. 19.**—Mr. Yates's *Mermaid* beat Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. by Master Henry, out of Lady Caroline.
- WOLVERHAMPTON, AUG. 14.**—Mr. Mytton's b. c. *Halston* (Whitehouse) beat Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. by Master Henry, out of Lady Caroline.
- WARWICK, SEPT. 5.**—Mr. Sadler's Brother to Defiance (Robinson) beat Mr. Beardsworth's *Lestelle*; Mr. Rawlinson's *Ruby* (ran against a post); Lord Warwick's ch. c. Brother to Paul Jones; Mr. Platel's *Projectile*; and Mr. Charlton's b. c. *Macassar*, by Hedley, out of Black Beauty.
- YORK, MAY 21.**—Lord Milton's *Slut*, by Tramp, out of *Urnula* (J. Day), beat Lord Scarborough's b. c. by Catton, dam by Dick Andrews.
- , 21.—Mr. Russell's gr. f. by Blacklock, dam by Delpini, received 100 sovs. from Mr. Ridsdale's *Ridotte*.
- , 21.—Lord Kelburne's ch. f. by Viscount, out of *Georgiana*, received 100 sovs. from Mr. Ridsdale's f. by Tramp, out of *Remembrance*.
- , 22.—Mr. W. Scott's *Velocipede* (Templeman) beat Mr. Watt's f. by Whisker, out of Sister to Duport; Mr. Churchill's b. c. *Jour de Noces*, by Blacklock; Lord Kelburne's f. by Viscount, out of *Georgiana*; Mr. Riddell's *Prebend*, by Dr. Syntax; Mr. Browne's *Lady Vane*, by Reveller; Lord Fitzwilliam's *Ballad Singer*; Mr. Lee's *Plutus*, by Catton; and Mr. Churchill's *Sans Souci*, by Blacklock.
- , AUG. 8.—Lord Fitzwilliam's *Ballad Singer*, by Tramp, out of *Clinkerina* (Lye), beat Mr. Ridsdale's *Harlequin*; Mr. Watt's ch. f. by Whisker, out of Sister to Duport; Mr. Houldsworth's *Mansfield Lass*; Lord Kelburne's f. by Blacklock, out of *Marchesa*; Mr. Wilson's Brother to The Juggler; Lord Kennedy's b. c. by Champignon, out of Bachelor's dam; Mr. Hopkinson's *Eliza*, by Filho; Mr. Sykes's b. c. by Blacklock, dam by Timothy; and Mr. Churchill's *Vivian Grey* (only the three first placed).
- , 10. Mr. Petre's *Emmelina* (Templeman) beat Lord Fitzwilliam's *Ballad Singer*; and Lord Kelburne's f. by Viscount, out of *Georgiana*.

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Croxton Park.....	April 3	Bath and Bristol.....	June 25
Newmarket Craven	7	Haigh Park	25
Caistor	8	Newmarket	July 7
Catterick Bridge	9	Newcastle-upon-Tyne.....	7
Bath Spring	16	Stamford	16
Newmarket First Spring.....	21	Knutsford	31
Chester	May 5	York August Meeting	August 5
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York Spring	12	Goodwood	12
Hambledon Hunt.....	13	Stockton	14
Clifton and Bristol	13	Burton-upon-Trent	20
Kelso	15	Warwick.....	September 2
Epsom	20	Lichfield.....	9
South Shields	26	Northampton and Abingdon	10
Manchester	28	Doncaster	15
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